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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

F. Procopovitch.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

January, 1929

Volume V. Number 5

THE NEW EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY

MICHAEL J. DEMIASHKEVICH

"Oh Socrates, I used to be told before I knew you, that you were always puzzling yourself and others; and now you are casting your spells over me, and I am simply getting bewitched and enchanted and am at my wit's end . . ." **Plato**

ACCORDING to an Arab story there lived once upon a time an industrious and virtuous peasant. In fact, he was so good a man that his irreproachable ways of life caused a great deal of uneasiness to the mullah of the village.

The mullah himself being not of high character, in his capacity of justice never missed an occasion to try to throw a shadow on the name of the peasant. This naturally grieved him not a little. But still more was he perplexed since the mullah always found a justification of his unjust decisions in the Koran, reading in the court fitting quotations. Is it possible that the sacred book should be faulty? Such was the question the good man asked Ali the Wise. And this was the answer of the sage: "Do not occupy your mind with things which do not concern you. It is not of our province, humble men like myself and you, to know whether all that is written in the book is perfection or not. What really does matter is how it reads when we are concerned. A prudent man knows how to avoid being hurt while the imprudent does not."

Cannot a similarly modest position be taken by average people in their everyday life with respect to doctrines, philosophic, political, and economic?

An Adam Smith, a Fourier, a Tolstoi, a Dewey may have conceived and put forth a doctrine. It may fit perfectly only in the organization of life built completely after its author's outlook on life. Or it may contain suggestions as to a good way to improve the actually existing society without radically recasting after the theory of a certain author.

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At all events, a theory brought forward by him if at all gaining ground, is more likely than not to become reduced in the course of percolating downwards, to a sort of current, prevailing version in which it becomes generally known, judged and practiced. The original thought may or may not be distorted in the process. As often as not it is, due to the various causes of which the most frequently recurring can be traced to the natural desire of the author himself to boil his theory down to brief, rounded off, portable slogans and catchwords. Or, his successors and followers mistaking the husk for the kernel, the movement has more to fear from its disciples than from its critics. Professor Dewey is not the first and, presumaby, not the last thinker to find himself called upon to address a reproof to the advanced educationists who advocate in his name hardly tenable views. In a word, it is in its popular interpretation that the profession of a creed, a doctrine, a law affects or fails to affect, positively or negatively, the life of the majority.

For all most vitally concerned, that is to say the parents whose children receive the new education, the children themselves and the society into which they will enter when they have grown up, little does it matter who, in what particular phraseology and in what time, set going a certain formula that the educational authorities and teachers propose. What *does* matter is the formula.

In this essay, an endeavor will be made rather to analyze the new theory of the school while placing one by one its principal current precepts against the background of natural difficulties and expectations, of anxieties and responsibilities of those who are directly concerned with education of the maturing members of a nation striving to organize itself into an ever-progressing democracy.

For good or evil, it appears to be in the order of things that there be people commonly called philosophers, who occupy themselves with producing and propounding ideas, or merely speculating and playing with ideas. It seems also in the order of things that there should be a vast army of the rank and file in every sphere of human activity. They, the humble folks, do not, as a rule, play with the ideas determining their occupational duties. When they take an idea, or are commanded to take it, they take it, in all earnestness, of the ones who bear the real brunt of life. In common with the ancient philosopher they believe that "we must practice what we preach; for philosophy is not a subject for popular ostentation, nor does it rest in words, but in things."

It is in the hope to be of service, however modest, to them that this essay has been written.

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The Principal Tendencies of the New Education

What year it was, you figure out!
What land it was, you guess yourself!

Nekrasov

IN the course of the last twenty-five years, and in particular since the end of the Great War, many important and fruitful changes have been worked out in democratic countries in the organization, administration and financing of education. Many of these innovations are remarkable and destined to influence the spirit of democracy. A few decades ago they would hardly have been thought feasible. Consequently, they can be called really new.

One would expect the New Education to be the collective name for writings and oral discussions that go under the title of the New Education in this country and elsewhere. Yet the term is practically monopolized by certain theories related to the general method of education.

What is then, substantially, the New Education?

It is a demand that schools should discontinue feeding children on bookish facts and formal discipline. The old bills of fare could not fail, it is asserted, to make the young anaemic, physically and mentally. If their latent possibilities are to be realized, vital activity must take the place of mechanical memorizing, and learning by doing, by experiencing and experimenting, must be substituted for learning by sitting still.

The school, it is claimed, must be converted into a living creative influence, producing self-directing citizens and not stultified masses of graduates. To that end, the detrimental characteristic features of the orthodox education, such as coercive discipline and dogmatic instruction on the side of the teacher, and automatic obedience and passive receptivity on the part of the child, must be banished from the school. They must be supplanted by free and joyous activity, devolving upon the child's interest, and based on his environment.

That the school be true to real life, it must, it is pleaded, be the scene of physical activity of the child, of handling things. Allowing for individual differences, there are certain cravings inherent in natural youth, we are reminded. Among these, the insatiable hunger of the young for making things, for being active, is of great educational value. While working with their hands, children accumulate first hand knowledge of the world of things. Learning by merely looking at or hearing about those things can never be of the same benefit to the student: only life can teach life.

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It is maintained that such a school of experience and activity will be at the same time the school of productivity. The new school will take children away from the sickly, barren intellectualism which is alleged to be the greatest curse of the conventional education. To save the wits of children from getting as worn out as their elbows, their inventive powers and creative instincts are to be set free in workshops. The type of production can be determined by the needs of the school, by orders from without and by the vocational character of the community. It is held that manifold advantage will result from the method advocated. Children will "find themselves" vocationally.

They will develop not only the skill valuable for material production, but also the sense of responsibility and the spirit of cooperation. Physical labor, performed by all children in the school would integrate them. They would be made into a real educational community. Furthermore, through the school cultivating reverence for the working man, a strong, humanizing influence would permeate all the walks of life, and eventually, would smooth out the ugly phenomena of social inequality and degrading exploitation of man by man. The school, organized as a cooperative group for work and life, it is asserted, constitutes the broad way leading toward that social order which may be called economic democracy, if the word "socialism" should sound formidable.

The customary method of education, it is further argued, fails chiefly because it does not develop in the child the ability to meet new situations, to attack problems which constantly crop up in real life. The break in the gauge existing between the passive, tedious learning in the familiar school, and the active work of life must be avoided. How? By the simple device of leaving the child free to choose and execute his tasks. This will make the child happy and will eliminate the hurtful divorce between the school and life. The atmosphere of freedom is best for all, for a nation, for a man and for a child.

Learning and thinking, it is still further stressed, are superlatively stimulated and fructified when the student recognizes the purpose of learning, when he takes up the problem as his own. Those who are not convinced have but to watch the child at a game. Indeed, all school work should be penetrated by the spirit of play. It is by busying himself with real problems and overcoming real obstructions that mind consciousness can be best fostered in the mind of the student; the need of the three R's and, by implication, proficiency in them. Besides, the *what* of school work is less important than the *how*, the principal objective of school education being to afford the child means of developing complete, harmonious personality rather than to impart to him information which can be simply

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memorized. Education is not a mere packing of articles, however exotic, in a trunk. If the quality most desired in a democratic community is the ability to think for one's self, then the method of free school activity is a great pillar of democracy, since it does nourish independent thinking as against parrot-like conventional book learning.

The traditional teaching by chalk and talk, guided by official regulations instead of the child's interests, we are told, is particularly wrong because it ignores the fact that children want to learn as respects both method and rate of speed, not in our way but each in his or her own way. Once give children the chance to work as they like and you will be surprised at what they can accomplish. In conceding the child his freedom the school must go, it is demanded, unflinchingly all the length of the new road. The school must not be discouraged at the sight of a pupil breaking away from the task he has undertaken or at the other irregularities. Some among the advocates of the new education insist on holding sacred every desire and feeling of the child. Dissipative as the new method may be, it is helpful, they affirm, to the growth of the learner. Desultory, scrappy, haphazard learning, though conducive to shortcomings, is infinitely less so than the tyranny of established programs of study and rigid time schedules.

Artificial stimulation of interest of the learner, we are counselled, must be abandoned. In place of the more or less cunning application of a system of rewards and punishments, the interests that are already present of their own accord are to be permitted full play. Under the new method, competition, a great weapon of the old regime, will cede its dominating position to cooperation; self-activity, self-government and self-discipline, will be enthroned where formerly sat coercion on the one side and hypocricy, resistance, passive or active, on the other. In short, while the old system is militarism in education, self-activity is the real way of democratizing education.

Since pupils should be permitted and encouraged to discover and to acquire matters instructional by their own efforts, it is only logical, we are advised, to depart from the artificial splitting and chopping of the subject matter characteristic of the old school. Integrated instruction, the one which dispenses with time schedules and separate subjects has been made the order of the day: students must be granted the liberty to swim right in the stream of life which is a living unit. Then they will learn how to swim in it well. Furthermore, it is reasoned, the child has his roots in the home environment. Accordingly, the school can derive its greatest strength if it lays the foundation of education in the native soil of the home locality or region.

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Finally, it is emphasized that the self-activity school presupposes a kind of teacher vastly different from that of the old school. In the new school, which is the school of free experience, he is not to rule supreme, an incessantly talking dictator. He is there to listen and to aid rather than to command and to contract a throat disease. Every child being a self-activist, his teacher's job is to provide the setting, or, at best, a suggestive environment where the free creative spirit of the student could operate.

The method of education that would carry into effect these principles would, it is contended, constitute the way of educating the young, which, being the only natural way, is at once recommended by the modern science of education demanded by the interests of democracy and appointed to serve the ideal of social progress.

Such, in substance, are the tenets of the New Education.

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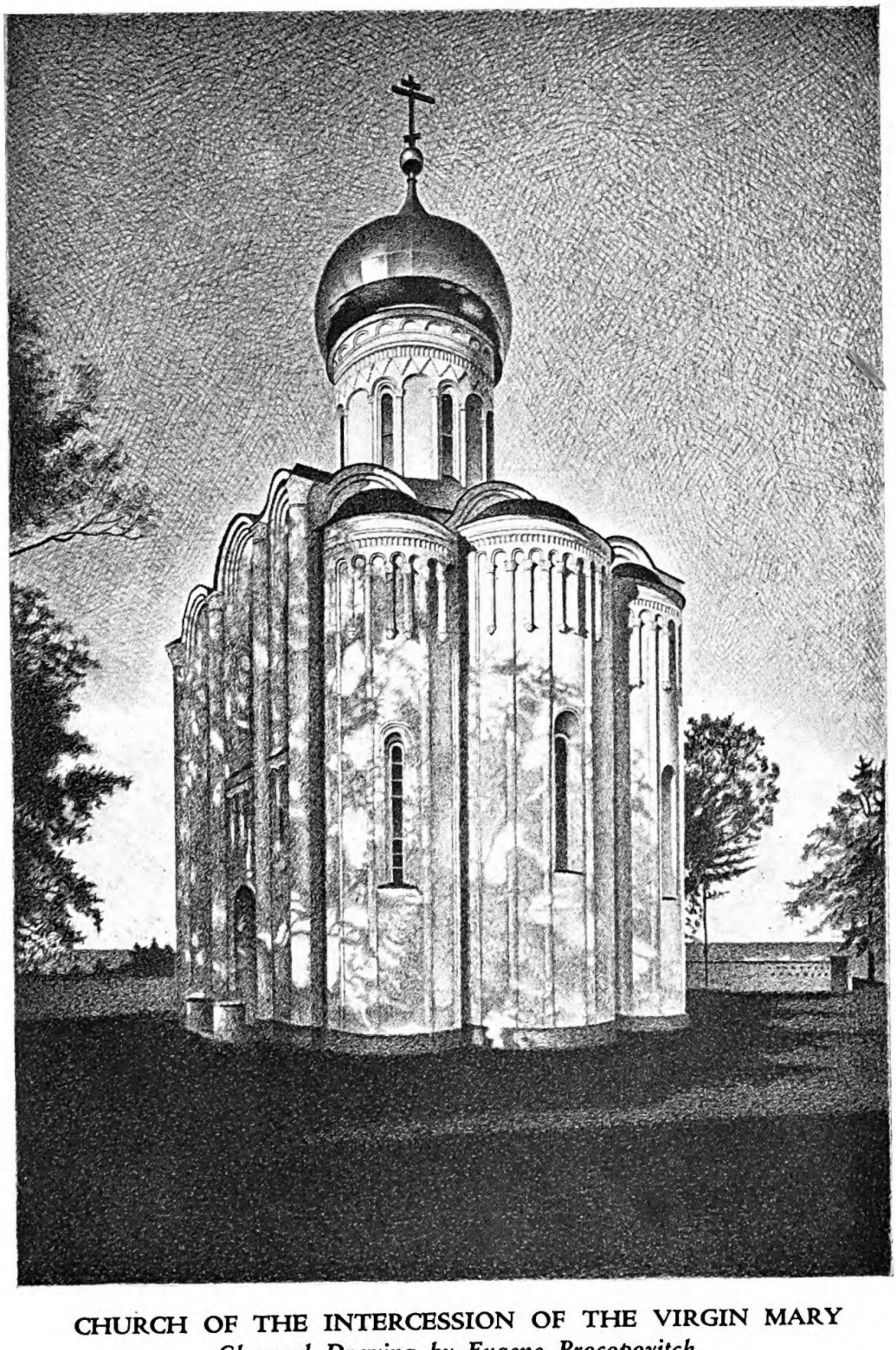

CHURCH OF THE INTERCESSION OF THE VIRGIN MARY

Charcoal Drawing by Eugene Procopovitch

This church was built by peasants about 1165 on the River Nerly near the town Vladimir and is considered by authorities to be one of the finest examples of early Russian architecture.

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STUDENT MIGRATIONS

ARCHIE M. PALMER

(Continued from the December Number)

IN an age of oppression the universities stood for freedom and in an age of might they made their contribution to the progress of mankind by stimulating the substitution of reason and law for brute force. Upon their return to their home communities these students who had studied in a distant university and had met there men from all over the civilized world, accomplished a great deal in dispelling the ignorance, prejudice and superstition that was so prevalent in the Middle Ages. The practice of inviting a master from one country to serve in the university of another was equally important in this connection.

The gain to mankind which resulted from the disintegration of medieval unity during the Renaissance was accompanied by a real loss in this respect. As the national states arose and became consolidated, their universities also became national in character and the former movement of students from all over Europe to great centers of learning almost ceased.

In Modern Times

It was not until well into the Nineteenth Century that we observe any significant revival of this practice of the students of one nation seeking intellectual nourishment in the universities of other nations.

It has been stated that the "English universities gave origin, quickening and form to higher education in America." Harvard College owes its inception to the sons of Emmanuel College and the other Cambridge colleges. The original provision was "for a college at Newtown," but in recognition of the English University where many of the colonists had been educated, the name was soon afterwards changed to Cambridge.

Student migrations to the universities of Great Britain were of very early origin. It is recorded that in 1369 Edward III ordered the expulsion of foreign students from Oxford and Cambridge. The manner of electing the rectors of Aberdeen and Glasgow Universities still suggests the old nationality group organization. During the Colonial Period many Americans attended the Inns of Court in London, among them five signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Each year a selected group of about 175 scholars from the British Dominions and the United States entered Oxford on three-year scholarships provided by Cecil Rhodes a quarter of a century ago. In a survey of foreign students in Great Britain

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and Ireland during 1912-13, there were found to be more than two thousand, without including the Rhodes Scholars. In 1924 there were in academic residence in the United Kingdom, 4,171 foreign students, over one-quarter of them from Africa.

With the foundation of Yale, through the special influence of graduates of Harvard, the native American movement became dominant. The English tradition in academic government, methods and content of instruction continued, however, until the outbreak of the War of Independence. Following upon the close of the war a new foreign academic influence, the French, appeared. From the very beginnings of university life in the Middle Ages, France, and especially Paris, had been a center of far-reaching intellectual influence and of student migrations from many lands.

During the War of Independence and in the years immediately following, French influence in literature and in philosophy was most pervasive among the American people. Thomas Jefferson was an ardent advocate and a frequent expositor of appreciation for French science and education. In founding the University of Virginia he patterned it in many respects on the French ideal. Yet, the number of American students who matriculated at the Sorbonne and the provincial universities of France during the Eighteenth Century was never very large. It was not until the world war that the American people were aroused and brought to a full realization of the wealth of intellectual and inspirational opportunities available in France.

The total university enrollment of France in 1914 was over forty thousand, of which 6,132 students were from foreign lands. In 1919 the figures were 28,899 students enrolled in all, of which the foreign students exceeded six thousand. The American students in France were 54 in 1914 and 2,772 in 1919. It was very aptly remarked at that time that "there is no doubt that France has definitely replaced Germany as the mecca of American students."

A study of the literature of Latin America or of Russia before the Revolution, provides a striking conception of the vitality of the influence of French culture upon the intellectual life of great ethnic groups. Nearly one-third of the foreign students in France in 1909 were Russians, and in 1914, one-half. In Germany, in Belgium, and in Switzerland, Russian students comprised the largest component part of the foreign student groups of that time.

With the opening of the Nineteenth Century and the waning of French academic influence in the United States, the German universities assumed a very significant part in the development of American higher education. This movement, which resulted in such a lasting contribution to higher education in America,

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forms a most important chapter in the study of student migrations. Credit for the origination of the university idea in America may be attributed to the experiences in Germany of George Ticknor, one of a group of four New Englanders who studied at the University of Göttingen in the second decade of the Nineteenth Century. Profoundly impressed with the thoroughness and systematic administration of German education, Ticknor, upon his return to the United States to fill a chair in the language field at Harvard University, proposed many reforms which gave the initial impulse to those changes which ultimately transformed Harvard into a university in the broadest sense of the word.

According to official records less than two hundred Americans had enrolled in different German universities prior to 1850, among them Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Edward Everett, George Bancroft and J. Lothrop Motley. Included in the advantages cited for study in a German university was the elasticity of the curriculum, the mental activity required of each individual scholar, and the extreme freedom from restraint so highly prized by a student in a foreign land. To these factors is ascribed Longfellow's preference for Göttingen over Oxford. Subscription to the thirty-nine Articles, which was a necessary requirement for matriculation in the English universities, caused many American students to turn to Germany rather than to England.

During the century prior to the World War, about ten thousand American students matriculated in Germany. About one-half of this number attended the University of Berlin; the Universities of Leipzig, Heidelberg, Halle, Bonn, Munich and Göttingen each enjoyed a goodly number of the remaining five thousand. More than one-half took their work in the department of philosophy; the other half were divided among the faculties of theology, law and medicine.

In the spring of 1922 there were some 1,500 Russian students in Germany, while about one thousand Chinese students were reported to have been resident in Germany during the following year. The ratio between Germans and foreigners in the universities has hardly changed since then. According to official statistics about ten per cent of the students in Germany are foreigners. It is to be noted, however, that the real number of German students has increased materially. The latter now amount to about one hundred thousand, and the number of foreigners in the Hochschulen would approximate nine or ten thousand.

The Russians have long occupied a very prominent place numerically in every foreign student center in Europe, even before the Revolution. Estimates vary but it is safe to assume that the present number of Russian students resident in foreign

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lands is in the neighborhood of twenty thousand. This migration of refugee students has spread over the whole of central and western Europe and into Syria, Egypt and the United States. In 1921 there were about two thousand Russian students in Constantinople. At the end of that year most of them left for Prague. The Czechoslovak government offered scholarships and transportation to Russians desiring to study in the universities of Czechoslovakia. So large was the Russian group in Prague that there were established in 1922 a Russian faculty of law and a Russian Institute where the instruction was given by Russians in Russian.

The whole history of medieval culture and civilization is marked by the influence of the universities of one people over the universities of another people. It may truly be said that the medieval university took its place with the empire and the papacy as an institution providing for international contacts and relationships. And so to-day, as we look to the universities and to their graduates for the dissemination of knowledge and better understanding, so may we look to the student who has returned from study in a foreign land for the promotion of international amity and mutual understanding. This applies equally to the student who goes to the university of a distant state.

Some years ago at a meeting of international societies the late Andrew Carnegie remarked that in time there would be no place in the world for the peace societies which he had founded, but that there would always be need for organizations and movements which would bring different countries together in points of intellectual contact.

Whether one is a foe or a friend of internationalism, whether one believes in a society of nations or thinks that the human race will prosper best when parcelled into small, assertive nationalities, one must admit that in the future, as in the past, nations will be stimulated by the contact of one civilization with another. The understanding and appreciation of one's neighbors can be best realized through a comprehension of their culture, of their social life, and of their psychology. In what more effective way can this end be attained than through the interchange of students and teachers, thereby effecting the interpretation through the observing eyes of discerning youth?

Student migrations have been, and will continue to be, one of the most effective media for the realization of this ideal.

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AFTER FIVE YEARS

VICTOR IVANOFF

TIME has been a powerful factor in changing the life of many Russians who came to this country five years ago. Their manners, habits, professions, material conditions, social standing, as well as points of view, have been modified; and without bias one may say that their achievements are considerable, especially if they have been connected with American higher educational institutions.

Being deaf and dumb to the mighty roar of American life, it was difficult for a Russian to find himself. It is true that American sounds at first easily rebounded from our ear-drums, without any marked effect, and it was a hard problem to catch the strange sounds correctly and in due time. When I came here, I fortunately knew more English than several of my friends, who were perfectly familiar only with two expressions: "Morning" and "Good Morning," but that was at the same time a disadvantage because I imagined and claimed that I knew *pure British* English.

Once, after two months of my life in America, I was waiting for a couple of hours to see a person, who might give me a job, and when that gentleman came, he asked me in a friendly manner: "How long have you been in *this country?*" "That's all right. Just half an hour," I answered modestly. I thought that he was anxious to know how long I had been in discomfort, waiting for him. The gentleman was generous enough and did not pay any attention to my poor hearing.

I often confused the words: "floor" and "ceiling." I used to send visitors, on one of my temporary jobs, to the twelfth ceiling. "You mean the thirteenth floor?" asked a nice lady, widely opening her blue eyes. "Yes, madam, if you count the basement, too." Her long eye-lashes started to swing rapidly. Apparently she was stupefied by my prompt answer. No wonder—I was always strong in mathematics.

But once I was given a hint to clear up my ears! The University, which I was going to attend, kindly furnished me with a recommendation to visit an oil-refinery. In five hours I studied the description of that factory in the Carnegie Library and I came to the plant quite familiar with the chemical process (as I had enough chemistry in Russia) and even with the arrangement of the shops. I was wise enough not to talk much; asked an engineer a few technical questions, but sometimes failed to understand the answers. Regardless of that, the visit

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was very helpful to me as I saw some new machinery. The engineer, however, who gave me an exhaustive explanation, finally was puzzled by my "yes" and "no," or "I see" and "certainly," which not always were put in the right place and shaking my hand, when I thanked him cordially, he suggested that I clean my ears, as the badly smelling vapors of acids could do some harm to my ear-drums. I should say also that I received a large piece of green soap, prepared from oil without any charge at all.

Two years passed! Russian students overcame many difficulties. They understood professors delivering their lectures in plain and explicit English as well as in highly technical language or in pseudo-scientific style, when simple ideas shadowed by "verbiage" were not easy to understand even by American born students. Many hundreds and thousands of pages in scientific books were read and many writing pads of paper were used, a diploma was received and the period of hard and strenuous work was over. But that meant that the eyes and ears became opened to American life, science and industry! This was done in a comparatively short period of time.

A self-made American engineer or any successful professional worker, when he had occasionally a lucky chance for self-education, must spend a longer period of time "earning, while learning" and performing a lot of experiments, at the expense of the company which sometimes does not realize how much that overhead costs.

Some experienced Russian engineers, who graduated in Old Russia, and who were fortunate enough to follow their line in America and for whom, mainly, it was necessary just to master the technical language or to become familiar with American methods in their trade, regardless of their success, will always lack some elementary knowledge of their profession and will meet many disadvantages in comparison with Russian graduates of American colleges. This is due to a lack of system in their self-education. They were forced by life to study American text-books without knowing how to select them or were badly entangled by tremendous technical material, which one finds in libraries. For this education we will be always deeply thankful to our American Alma Mater.

After graduation there is usually a connection with large and well-known concerns. The horizons of life widen. There are new problems, new experiences and new friends. Life itself becomes more interesting and worthwhile. By and by the whole country with all its peculiar traits is becoming more and more familiar to us. What is more important, several years of observation and patient study have brought a real understanding of the creative spirit of this country.

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When the five year period ends, the man who took the right way in this country sees now a clear and beautiful picture of a prosperous land, and, without loss of his individualism, he thinks and feels in the same manner as the best Americans do.

He finds himself proud of seeing gigantic battleships, enormous airplane-carriers, the world's largest dirigibles, or scores of aircraft soaring in the blue sky and calls them "Ours." And he will be more proud to stand under the Star Spangled Banner, when the bugle sounds will call him. Old Glory reminds him of the great figures of the famous leaders of the United States in the past. He sees in the foggy history of America the shadows of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and others, who, due to their sincere devotion to their native land created the best ways for the present brilliant progress.

Indeed, he may be proud of the country, with numerous water, land and air lines; the country of the greatest industry and mineral deposits, producing three-fourths of the world's output of crude oil; the country of rare political stability, based on wisely created laws.

At the same time, nobody intends to wash out his natural and tender love to the Old Russia, the memory of which will never die in his heart.

Being associated with the best forces of this country, due to his education and conscientious work, one may hope that he also supports this great country on its path of progress.

Only years and years and forces accumulated in number may bring tangible results, but philosophically appraising them one must recognize the absolute, effective value of these minute, but positive, forces. The great historical disasters in the life of nations and countries were due to a considerable lack of those elementary, positive, supporting members.

And so, these minute forces with strong determination and enthusiastic devotion to the higher ideals which, it may be, led us many times to sacrifice self in our old native land, may be considered as our modest gift to the country which has befriended us.

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WHAT ELEVEN YEARS DID TO TURGENEV

DMITRY A. SHIRIAEFF

THOSE unable to read Turgenev in Russian have become familiar with his writings through French (some of his novels were first written in French) and through the English translations of Mrs. Garnett. Among Turgenev's famous works are FATHERS AND CHILDREN, *published in* 1862, *seven years before he filled out this questionnaire, and* POEMS IN PROSE *in* 1882, *written after he revised his set of answers.*

AMONG the literary heritage left us by I. S. Turgenev has been found a very interesting questionnaire answered by Turgenev himself. This is in the possession of the grandchildren of Poline Viardo, at Paris. The novelist answered the questions twice, once in 1869 and again in 1880; the answers show a change in attitude and philosophy—at least a superficial one—between those dates.

This questionnaire was filled in by Turgenev in French. The following is a translation of the Russian translation as it appeared last July in Number 30 of *Krasnaia Panorama*, a weekly Russian magazine published in Leningrad, Russia.

Question	*Answer of* 1869	*Answer of* 1880
What is your favored virtue?	Sincerity	Youth
Your favored quality in man?	Kindness	Age of 25
Your favored quality in woman?	Kindness	Age of 18
Your favorite recreation?	Hunting	To sniff tobacco
Characteristic feature of your personality?	Laziness	Laziness
What is your idea of happiness?	Excellent health	To have nothing to do
Your idea of unhappiness?	To be blind	To work
Your favorite color?	Indigo	Gray
Your favorite flower?	Narcissus	Cauliflower
Your favorite writers?	Cervantes	I do not read any more
Your favorite poets?	Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Pushkin	The same

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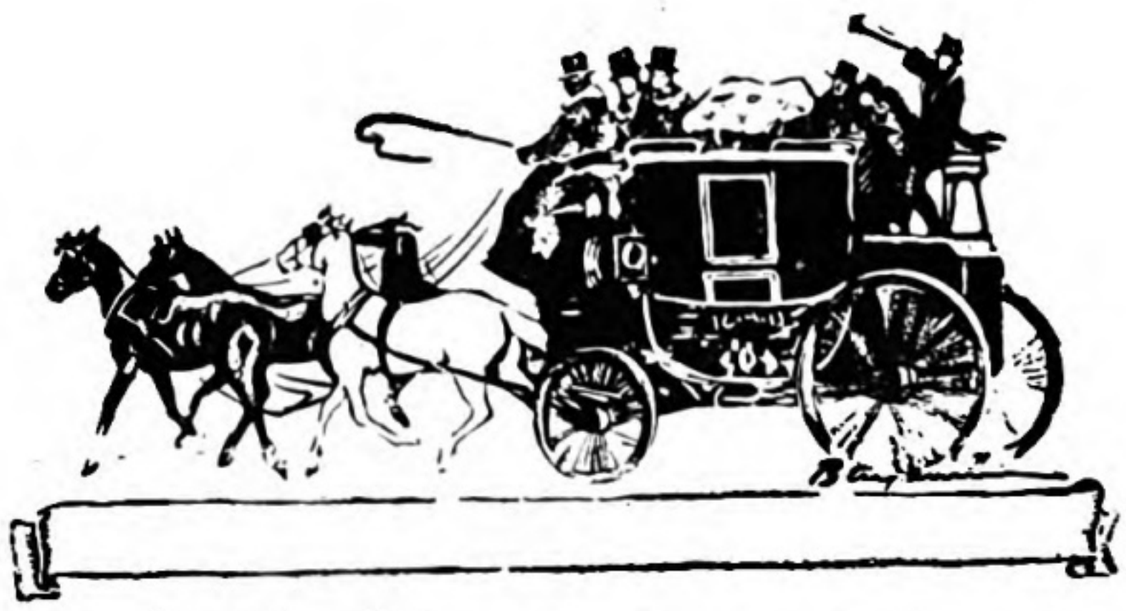
Your favorite artists and composers?	Rembrandt, Mozart, Schubert	I do not go to concerts or exhibitions
Your favorite heroes in history?	Washington, Pericles	The man who discovered oysters
Your favorite heroines?	Madame Rolland	All dark-complexioned maidens
Your favorite heroes of Romance?	King Lear, Prometheus	Falstaff, Gargantua
Your favorite heroines of Romance?	Juliet	*Mme. Korobochka
Your favorite dishes and drinks?	Meat, Champagne	What my stomach can digest
Your favorite names?	Boris, Mary	Spiglazoff
Upon what vice do you look most leniently?	Drunkenness	All
Your favorite Motto?	(None)	Goodnight!
If you were not what you are, what would you like to be?	My dog, Pegas	Nothing

* Heroine of Gogol's *Dead Souls*. Miserly type.



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POEMS IN PROSE (SENILIA)

IVAN SERGYEEVICH TURGENEV (1818-1883)

From *Anthology of Russian Literature*, LEO WIENER

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons

NATURE

I DREAMT that I entered an enormous subterranean hall with high vaults. It was all filled with an even, subterranean light.

In the very centre of the hall sat a majestic woman in a flowing garment of a green color. Bending her head on her hand, she seemed to be buried in deep meditation.

I saw at once that that woman was Nature herself, and, with a sudden chill, a reverential awe entered my soul.

I approached the woman who was sitting there, and making a respectful bow: "O our common mother!" I exclaimed. "What are you meditating on? Are you, perchance, pondering on the future destiny of the human race? Or, how it may reach the highest possible perfection and happiness?"

The woman slowly turned to me her dark, piercing eyes. Her lips moved, and there issued from them a ringing voice, like the clanking of iron.

"I am thinking how to add greater strength to the muscles of a flea's legs, that it may more easily save itself from its enemies. The equilibrium between attack and defence has been impaired—It must be re-established."

"What?" I lisped an answer. "Is that what you are thinking about? But are we not, men, your favorite children?"

The woman barely frowned: "All creatures are my children," she spoke, "and I take equal care of them, and equally exterminate them."

"But goodness—reason—justice—" I muttered again.

"Those are human words," was heard the woman's voice. "I know neither good nor evil—Reason is not my law, and what is justice? I have given you life, and I will take it from you and will give it to others, worms or men—it makes no difference to me—You defend yourself in the meantime, and do not bother me!"

I wanted to retort—but the earth around me gave a dull groan and trembled, and I awoke.

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DMITRI IVANOVITCH MENDELEEFF

(1834 - 1907)

ALEXIS N. SOKOLOFF

THE name of Dmitri Ivanovitch Mendeleeff is enrolled with those of Boyle, Dalton, and Lavoisier as one of the founders of modern chemistry. A well known English chemist, pays this tribute to him: "No man in Russia has exercised a greater or more lasting influence on the development of physical science than Mendeleeff. His mode of work and of thought is so absolutely his own, the manner of his teaching and lecturing is so entirely original, and the success of the great generalization, with which his name and fame are bound up, is so strikingly complete, that to the outer world of Europe and America, he is to Russia, what Berselius was to Sweden, or Liebig to Germany, or Dumas to France."

The father of Mendeleeff was the principal of the Gymnasium in Tobolsk. Shortly after the birth of Dmitri in February, 1834, the father was compelled to resign his post and soon died. The mother, Maria Dmitrievna, a wise woman of unusual energy and ability, and greatly respected by the local community, managed the glass works at Tobolsk. When Dmitri was fifteen years old, his mother took him to Moscow and then to the Pedagogical Institute in St. Petersburg where the future scientist enrolled as a student. Shortly after this his mother died.

After graduation from the Institute, Mendeleeff taught in the Simferopol Gymnasium in Crimea but in 1856 he was admitted to the Degree of Magister Chemiae of the University of St. Petersburg and was made Privat-Dozent. Here, as later, his work covered a wide range from questions in applied chemistry to the general problems of chemical and physical theory.

In 1860 he obtained permission from the Minister of Public Instruction to travel, and fitted up a small laboratory at Heidelberg for his own use. In 1861 he returned to St. Petersburg and in 1863 was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Technological Institute, and three years later was appointed to the same chair at the University. During this period, he investigated the petroleum resources at Baku in the Caucasus, edited *Technic Instructions*, and made experiments for the Imperial Farmer-Economic Society, investigated the solutions of alcohol, based on atomic weights and received the degree of Doctor of Chemistry in 1866.

About this time he was invited to the Siberian University to occupy the position of Professor of Chemistry. He wröte

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Fundamentals of Chemistry and started in 1868 his first work on Periodic Law which he finished in 1870. This was undoubtedly his greatest achievement. Although Lothar Meyer and Mendeleeff arrived at this law independently about the same time (1869), Mendeleeff's statement of it is different and in some ways superior to that of Meyer. The Periodic Law is fully explained in Mendeleeff's classical text book—*Principles of Chemistry,* published in 1869. A brief statement of the Periodic Law is usually given as follows: "The properties of the elements, as well as the forms and properties of their compounds, are in periodic dependence on, or form a periodic function of, the atomic weights of the elements."

The book *Principles of Chemistry* has been published in various editions and languages. For his work on the Periodic Law Mendeleeff was awarded in 1882, with L. Meyer, the Davy Medal of the Royal Society and in 1905 he received the Copley Medal. One hundred and fifty of his scientific contributions appeared in German and French scientific journals.

As a member of the Council of Commerce and Industries, Mendeleeff formulated the policy of Russia in the protection of home industries. The petroleum industry of Baku has attained a prosperous condition, mainly owing to the exertions of this famous chemist.

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SMATTER

WITH our heart bowed down in grief because we had not kept our last New Year's Resolutions to help give the postmen a holiday on Christmas, we mouched along the crowded avenue until we found halting space in a bookshop. Before we knew what we were at all about, we found ourselves staring at the motto of that most American of poets, Walt Whitman—the motto being, "Make the Works." A nice motto to hand a person who can't even keep a perfectly good New Year's Resolution!

But over in the middle or thereabouts of this book edited by a Bostonian, Clifton Joseph Furness — to be exact — and published by the Harvard Press, no less, we found out that Walt Whitman was interested in the Russian personality and knew an old Count—a Russian refugee of the period between 1863 and 73. In a letter to I. F. Lee, who wanted to translate *Leaves of Grass,* Walt, (who presumably did make the works whether he made New Year's Resolutions or not) wrote: "You Russians and we Americans" — we are quoting from *Walt Whitman's Workshop*—"our countries so distant, so unlike at first glance—such a difference in social and political conditions and our respective methods of moral and practical development the last hundred years—and yet in certain features and vastest ones, so resembling each other." There's a lot in that book that we didn't have time to write down. The clerk in the store cast aspersions in our direction. No wonder! The book costs seven and a half! It's probably worth it.

Sometime after the first of November a reader of *The Russian Student* wrote us a letter and used the word magazine facetiously, spelling it with capitals. We thought little of it until we happened to have lunch with her one day and she had something emphatic to say about a magazine. In the end she wrote a check for four dollars which was duly deposited and credited.

But there's nothing that's been quite so satisfying to our libidinal instincts as an epistle written by an American to one of his former Russian classmates, who happens to be a graduate of the Fund. The writer of this letter said he would like to write to the editor and tell him (or her)—that's exactly the way he put it and the editor would like to know what on earth that young man learned in college. Anyway he thought the November number was the best ever published and here's how

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he says so:

"I will agree with the editor that *The Russian Student* is a magazine and not a pamphlet. When I received the *Magazine*, I started to read here and there as I have been doing lately. Well, the first thing I started to read was an article of comparison of Russian and American railroad systems. My first thought was 'here is a student about to tell all about his father having been head of all Russian railroads and now he, the son of this railroad magnate, must shine his own shoes.' Instead, to my utter amazement, he dashed off an article that the most simple minded layman, including myself, could understand. Yes, not only understand but appreciate. Next, Nicholas Kozlinsky's article under the caption, 'I Confess", was fine. We can, however, forgive him for making the American student a big good-natured, democratic fellow . . . And now for the masterpiece by one Ksenia Polevitzky. That girl shows, in my humble opinion a marked ability in the field of description. She has in a rather short space painted a picture of a personal touch of the revolution. We all more or less have a general knowledge of the historical revolution, that is the mass conflict. But Miss Polevitzky tells something of the personal struggle. One time I told you that *The Russian Student* would interest American readers by telling something of Russia. Many contributors in the past have spent much time and space telling us about the American system of education or telling us of the difficulties they encountered in the American colleges and universities. After all, their biggest difficulty was the same as ours—FINANCE. Language, it is true is a handicap, although I know of cases where absolute thickheadedness was excused by the fact that the man could not understand the language."

Now, what do you think of that?

In case there's anyone who is a subscriber to *The Russian Student* who has not read all the news that's printed in *The New York Times* we would like to be permitted to announce that the Class of 1928 has started to repay. An editorial writer of the *Times* took cognizance of this fact on Sunday, December the ninth, a few days after the Board of Directors of the Russian Student Fund had expressed its intense gratification. Said editorial writer thought it was quite an achievement, and so do we, if the truth were known, but we believe it would be showing a sense of the fitness of things if we inhibit our elations, on this subject.

We are very much afraid that all this talk about subscriptions in the December number has given us what might be known in certain circles as a subscription fixation. The other day we walked into a drug store with a cold and said, dazedly: "I want a subscription."

So, now we fain would read about the "friends of the golden-haired Dawn, friend of the gods of the hearth," the romping waves, the whistling winds, the far moon shining through the misty night and all those daggers, reeds, demons and morning songs, which methinks are to be found in the Russian section of Mark Van Doren's *An Anthology of World Poetry*.

Yours for broken resolutions and everything you want in 1929,

—deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The attractive cover on this number of *The Russian Student* is by Eugene Procopovitch, who designed the much liked October and December covers. We are also indebted to Mr. Procopovitch for the work of art on page seven. He sat up nights to do it, and we think he did a good job.

After Michael J. Demiashkevich obtained his Doctor's Degree from Columbia University in 1926, he was a member of the staff of International Institute at Teachers College. In the summer of 1927 he went abroad where he has made a first hand study of French and German educational systems. At the time this issue goes to press he is in Paris, waiting for a visa for England where he hopes to continue his research work. Dr. Demiashkevich was educated in Russia for the teaching profession, having completed courses at Historio-Philological Institute and Archaeological Institute in Petrograd. For eight years he taught in the public schools in Petrograd before coming to the United States in 1923. Other chapters from Dr. Demiashkevich's book *The New Education and Democracy* will appear in later numbers of *The Russian Student.*

The article by Archie M. Palmer, Assistant Director of the Institute of International Education, is the second instalment of his study of the migration of students. Mr. Palmer, who is a graduate of Cornell and holds his Master's Degree from Columbia, will receive his Ph.D. from Columbia this year.

Victor Ivanoff obtained his Master of Science Degree from the University of Pittsburgh in 1926. He took special work in the Oil and Gas Department of the School of Mines. Since his graduation he has been employed by Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Sikorsky Manufacturing Company, Boston Aero-Marine Manufacturing Company, and is at present engaged in consulting engineering and research work along such romantic lines as aviation, air-ports, applied geophysics, optics.

Dmitry A. Shiriaeff was born in Astrakhan-on-the-Volga although he received his intermediate education from the Classical Gymnasium in Petrograd. Before going to Dartmouth College, he studied at American International College. Mr. Shiriaeff has a keen interest in poetry and music although he is specializing in chemistry. He will graduate in June.

At the time of the Russian Revolution Alexis N. Sokoloff was a student in a gymnasium at Odessa. He came to the United States with his father, a priest of the Russian Orthodox Church, in 1923. Mr. Sokoloff studied at evening high school until he saved enough money to enter the day session. He is now a Fund student at Armour Institute of Technology.

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BOOKS TOO!

ADEPTS IN SELF-PORTRAITURE—CASANOVA, STENDHAL, TOLSTOY. *By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cesar Paul. New York: The Viking Press.* 1928. $3.00. An exquisite interpretation of the inner life of three great men by a famous European critic. A chapter of this book, *The Artificial Christian,* appeared in the September issue of *The Russian Student.*

THE HAMMER AND THE SCYTHE. COMMUNIST RUSSIA ENTERS THE SECOND DECADE. *By Anne O'Hare McCormick. New York.* 1928. *Alfred A. Knopf & Co.* $3.00.
A collection of articles which appeared last year (1927, if our memory is correct) in *The New York Times Magazine.* An excellent characterization of all sides of Russian life and interesting reading too.

THE NEW RUSSIA. *By Dorothy Thompson. New York.* 1928. *Henry Holt & Co.* $3.00. Likewise a collection of articles! This book is a rewrite of the articles written by Miss Thompson (now Mrs. Sinclair Lewis) for the *New York Evening Post.* Should be read by those looking for a discriminating discussion of conditions in present-day Russia.

DREISER LOOKS AT RUSSIA. *By Theodore Dreiser. New York.* 1928. *Horace Liveright.* $3.00. Likewise a collection of articles! These originally appeared in the *New York World,* we believe, shortly after certain other articles appeared in a certain other New York paper. Revision and cutting might have improved them and caused less controversy.

NAPOLEON THE MAN. *By Dmitri S. Merezhkovsky. Translated by Catherine Zvegintzov. New York.* 1928. *E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.00. An unusual biography. Merezhkovsky feels that Napoleon was not quite just to the Russians. "Not all of them", he says, "are 'barbarians'; there are among them such as love Europe and know it better than the Europeans themselves. Even so, Russians now see that which is invisible", but why don't you read it yourself?

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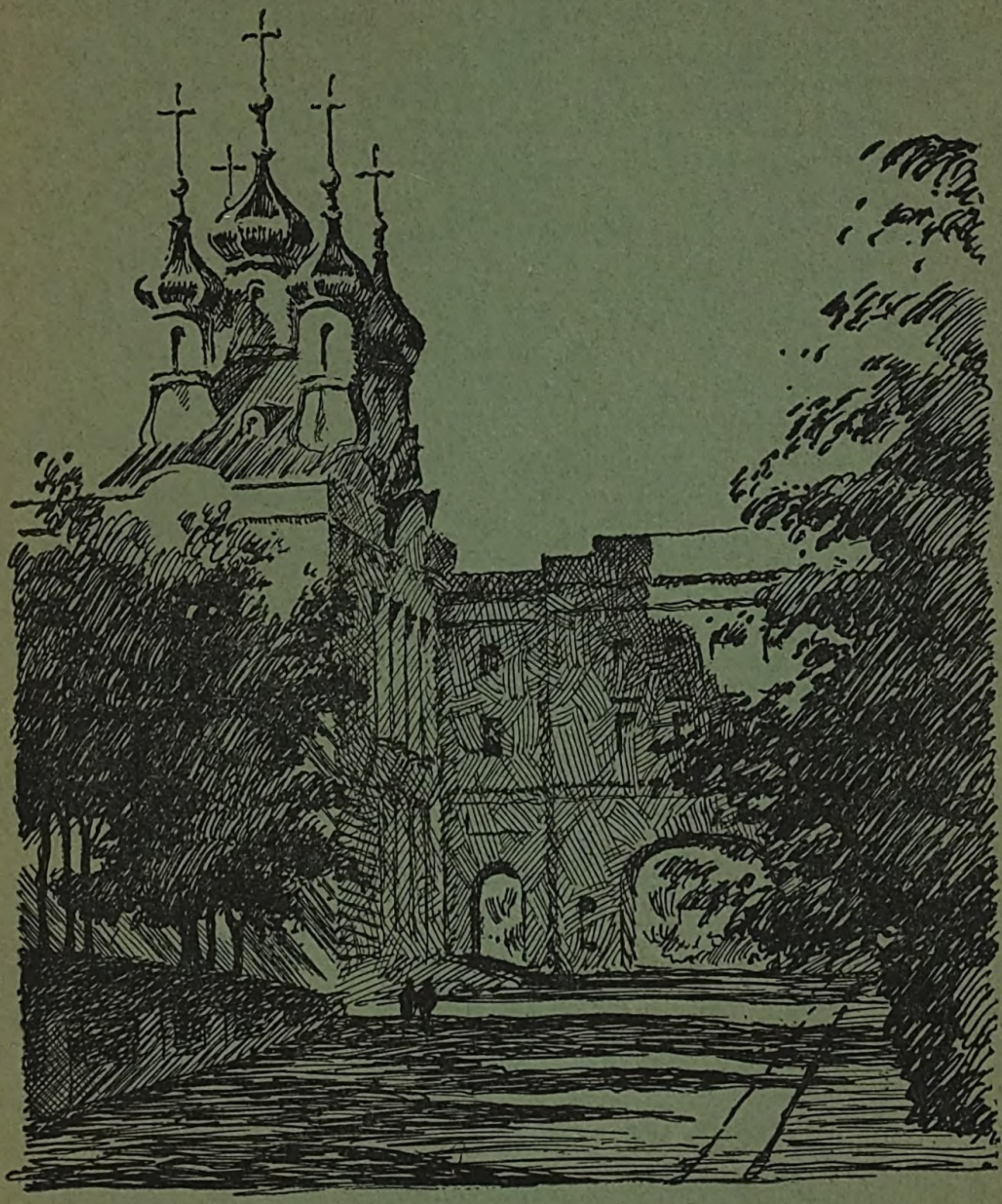

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

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Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York. **This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 400 men and women, of whom 112 are still studying, have been advanced over $440,000. Former students have repaid $72,102.42; 41 graduates have repaid in full. Since September 1928, repayments have been averaging over $2,000 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.**

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Volume V, No. 10 June, 1929

GEORGIA

ALEXANDER N. JOUKOVSKY

Illustrations by the Author

THE Cradle of White Races, which used to be called in the days of the Russian Empire, "The Pearl of the Russian Crown—Caucasus, the Beautiful" is very little known on this side of the Atlantic. The Caucasian Range proper stretches for about 1,000 miles from the Black Sea, running in a south-westerly direction to the Caspian Sea and has an average height of 10,000 feet, with half a dozen peaks like Elbrous and Kazbek which rise to the lofty heights of 16,000 to 18,000 feet. It is found by many world travelers to surpass in sheer Alpine beauty all other famous groups of mountains. With its snowcapped peaks standing like old and faithful sentinels over rich sunshiny country to the south the range presents many unforgettable and delightful views of grandeur and beauty.

There is to be found an infinite variety of nature and climate. Starting at the foothills of the range on the Black Sea Coast one finds oranges, lemons, bamboos, even corn and banana trees surviving through the winters which are very mild and resemble those of the Sunny Riviera of Southern France and Italy.

The tea shrubs which were brought from China over a quarter of a century ago by the Russian Government as an experiment, grew in later years into formidable plantations near Batum on the Black Sea and became a promising, self-paying industry.

Further into the interior of Transcaucasia which is a generally mountainous country at a height of four to five thousand feet the oak, beech, chestnut, boxwood trees please the eye. And as one goes higher and higher into the range the grazing regions are supplanted by pine, spruce, and other evergreen forests,

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which in turn give way to eternal snow and glaciers.

The Georgian Military Road, a splendid highway cutting the range from north to south and connecting by the shortest route, Tiflis — the Capital of Georgia and Transcaucasia—with Russia, affords the tourist an opportunity to see the Caucasus at its best.

In the best Alpine manner this road winds its way with innumerable hairpin turns, bridges and tunnels through the heart of the range—the Darial Pass within almost a stone's throw of the Giant Kazbek.

The huge rock strangely called "Carry Us Through, O Lord", as shown on the sketch, used to be a wonder and the best known spot on the road. I say "used to be" as, with much regret, I have heard that due to recent earthquakes and decay it has fallen down blocking this stretch of the road for a long time to come.

The Georgian Military Road and the Rock "Carry Us Through, O Lord"

It occurs to one that the name given to this rock was not so baseless as one might think.

The conglomeration of nationalities that populate the Caucasus always attracted the attention of scientists and the gathering of so many of them in this area would delight any student of origins and history. One of the main groups is Georgian. It is a distinct nation of about 4,000,000 in southwestern Caucasus.

The origin of the Georgians dates back to 1000 B.C. and they boast one of the most interesting histories of the world. Prof. Lenorman is inclined to classify Georgians as descendants of the Great Hitite race, which once was master of Asia Minor. Another authority, Professor Marr, prefers the opinion that Georgians belong to Japhetic branch.

The History of Georgia is one of the old Cultural Development, Empire building, triumphs and defeats, defeats more terrible because they were received at the hands of wandering Arabian, Mongolian, Persian and Tartar tribes which periodically invaded the rich and Christian Kingdom of Georgia.

Christianity was first taught by St. Andrew the Apostle and St. Nina in the First Century. It was officially adopted as

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the State Religion in 323 A.D. when the Bysantian Emperor Constantin sent Greek Bishops to convert Georgia to Christianity.

Several churches and the Cathedral of Zion in Tiflis which were built in the fourth or fifth century still stand, having survived many invasions of hostile enemies of this little nation.

In the year 643 A.D. Georgia was conquered by Arabs. Their domination lasted until 750 when they were followed by the Turks. In the reign of King David in 966 Georgia became again a powerful kingdom and in the days of Queen Tamara 1184 to 1212 we see the Georgian Empire as a dominant military and Cultural Center of Asia Minor. This did not last very long, however, and in 1224-1318 Georgia suffered the first invasion of Mongols, followed by another one in 1360-1395—this time under the leadership of Tamerlane.

With the Fall of Constantinople in 1453 Georgia was isolated so to speak from the rest of the Christian World and left to itself to combat constant onslaughts of the powerful enemies from the East and South. In 1783 the eyes and hearts of

Church and Castle built in Fifth Century

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Georgians turned north where Russia was rapidly expanding its dominions.

Help against the Turks and Persians was asked and the Friendly Treaty of Alliance was signed. Russia, however, failed to provide the troops at the time and Georgia was invaded and ransacked again.

Finally came the Russian occupation in 1801 and Georgia became a Russian Province.

During all these wars and invasions the Capital of Georgia, Tiflis, suffered probably the most. It has been burned on several occasions. As I left it in 1920 it was a very picturesque city close to a half million in population. The beauty of Tiflis is that it blends even more than Constantinople or Cairo, the modern European City with the Oriental, Asiatic conception of the Town.

The European part of Tiflis with its new schools, splendid Opera House, electric tramways and up-to-date shopping centers, with its running water in all the houses, squares and gardens, is next to the narrow, dirty and crooked streets—passages with very colorful crowd of Tartar, Armenian, and Persian merchants sitting lazily outside their shops exhibiting rare tapestries, Persian rugs, silver and brassware, et cetera.

One of the show places of Tiflis is the Mountain of St. David which overlooks the City. The funicular electric cars which ascend to the top of this mountain more than a thousand feet at an angle steeper than 45 degrees take you to the top and you have all of the big city at your feet as if it were gathered into the palm of your hand. Another attraction in Tiflis are the very famous Sulphur Springs and luxurious bath-houses in connection with these springs.

Tiflis lies on the banks of River Kura, the water of which is partly used to augment supplies from the clear water springs for drinking purposes. And the saying goes, that anyone who drinks the waters of River Kura, will like this river so much that he will stay at Tiflis and if he goes away, he will always want to come back to it. It has not taken nine years of absence from dear old Tiflis to convince me that there may be a lot of truth in that.

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RUSSIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS

NIKOLAI BORODIN

THE inexplicable ways of Destiny have brought Russians during the last fifteen years into a closer contact with Americans.

Their mutual interests as allies during the World War; the relief, unprecedented in its magnitude, given to millions of Russians by America during the famine of 1918-19; the many thousands of Russian refugees who have become residents of this country; the thousands of Russian children now in the American schools; the hundreds of Russians becoming United States citizens; other hundreds becoming students of American universities, colleges and other higher educational institutions where many Russian scientists have become professors, lecturers, instructors—all these facts could not remain without considerable influence upon the better mutual understanding between these two nations, living so far away one from the other topographically, "so distant, so unlike at first glance, economically and morally, and yet", as Walt Whitman truly said, "in certain features and vastest ones, so resembling each other". (I am quoting from *The Russian Student*, Number 5, 1929, p. 20).

When I visited this country for the first time as a young man in 1891-92 to study American fisheries and fish culture, I felt that way myself. My conviction that there are no two other countries in the world so similar as the United States and Russia and that therefore they both must have mutual advantage in closer friendly relations, grew stronger after my later visit in 1913. At that time I planned to write a book in which I intended to present an exhaustive comparison of the United States and Russia, and I collected material for that work.

Upon my return to Petrograd I found several enthusiastic supporters of my ideas on Russian-American relations; they were the late Baron R. R. Rosen, formerly Ambassador to the United States, Mr. V. Pachitonoff, M. Yantzyn and others who formed in 1915 a Russian-American Friendly Society with Baron Rosen as president and myself as vice-president.

The chief aims of this society were—to make every effort to develop mutually friendly relations between the two countries by the exchange of professors and students so that Russian professors and students would be able to teach and study in the United States and American professors and students would come to Russian universities.

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At that time I wrote: *

The United States of America is the only country in the world which may be compared with Russia in regard to the enormous area of the territory, the broad scale of colonization of virgin lands, of agriculture, forestry and fishery industries and mining. Closer and more detailed acquaintance with the great transoceanic republic, it seems to me, must be for us Russians particularly important. The history of the development of its economic and agricultural life must be for us especially instructive as an example of what may be accomplished by a country which possesses analogous natural resources, under better conditions of political and social life; by studying its history, we may with some approximation foresee which way the development of our native country might take.

When in April 1917 the United States entered the World War as our ally, the Russian-American Friendly Society of Petrograd immediately organized a mass meeting in the great Municipal Hall of Petrograd. Some of the best speakers of Russia —Fedor Rodicheff, Maxim Kovalevsky, Pavel Miliukoff—were on the program together with the late U. S. Ambassador David R. Francis and Baron R. R. Rosen and myself as executive. Though there was an admission fee of one rouble (fifty cents), the timely organized meeting was attended by more than three thousand people.

In May of the same year I came to the United States for the third time representing the Department of Agriculture in the Provisional Government Extraordinary Missions headed by Mr. Boris Bakhmeteff. Steps were taken at that time to organize an American-Russian Friendly Society which would help in the fulfillment of our aims for establishing closer cultural relations between the United States and Russia.

Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, agreed to be nominated president of the Society. Unfortunately the October-November revolution of 1917 and all the great troubles connected therewith caused this and many other cultural enterprises to be postponed. But, as a Russian proverb says, "There is no evil without something good in it," many Russians were forced to come to this country to live and work. As a result thousands of Russian men and women, boys and girls, entered into American life, liked it and have continued not by preaching but by acting and very often without a conscious purpose, to build up the much needed closer connection of Russians with Americans.

I notice with a particular pleasure the success of this process in which the Russian students in this country are probably playing a most important part.

* Preface of book *United States of North America and Russia*, Petrograd, 1915. Russian.

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NICOLAI IVANOVITCH LOBATCHEVSKY (1793-1856)

ALEXIS V. BUSHKOVITCH

MOST of the men whose work opens new vistas in science achieve fame in their lifetime. Newton, Leibnitz, Lagrange, Laplace, Gauss, to take the most familiar examples from the domain of mathematics, all enjoyed the admiration and respect of their contemporaries. To be sure, this renown was often limited to a small circle of the initiated, scattered throughout the civilized world. In these days of widespread scientific education, the names of Einstein and Curie are familiar to a much larger group of people. Every educated Russian is proud to be a compatriot of Mendeleeff.

Yet throughout history, men appear from time to time, of genius no less commanding, of intellect just as powerful, discovering trails which science is to follow for years to come; and yet failing utterly to impress even the learned circles of their time with the tremendous importance of their researches. Nicolai Ivanovitch Lobatchevsky belongs to this class. If the work of Mendeleeff is regarded as epoch-making, what shall we say of Lobatchevsky, who in one bold stroke cut the Gordian knot which had held the geometrical thought of the world imprisoned for two thousand years, and created a new system of geometry, giving an insight into the nature of mathematics hitherto impossible? Yet his name is little known to the general public even in his native country.

Euclid's Elements, often regarded as one of the most perfect creations of the human intellect, contained, in the eyes of mathematicians from ancient times to the beginning of the last century, one most serious defect. Among the intuitively evident axioms, such as, that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, is included a statement, equivalent to asserting that, given a plane, a straight line in the plane, and a point in the plane not on the given line, one and only one straight line can be drawn in the plane through the given point and parallel to the given line. This assertion, known as the Fifth Postulate of Euclid, does not possess the self-evidence of the other axioms and postulates, and mathematicians in the centuries following Euclid had labored to deduce it from the other axioms. All these attempts have, however, completely failed. Innumerable proofs have been devised; but all of these, upon careful analysis, were found to contain some fallacy in the reasoning, or were shown to depend upon a tacit assumption equivalent to the Postulate of Euclid. The maddening thing was that all deductions from the Postulate agreed with experience; and yet a rigorous demonstration of the

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Postulate itself could not be produced. No one seriously doubted the validity of Euclid's geometry, or that it was the only one possible; but from the mathematical standpoint the situation was far from satisfactory.

In order to solve this riddle of two thousand years' standing, a Copernican revolution in viewpoint was necessary; for the admission that all attempts to prove the postulate have failed, a statement that all such attempts must fail, had to be substituted; and it was necessary to show that other geometries were possible in which the postulate did not hold. But to do this would be to contradict the authority of Euclid himself and the learning of two thousand years; and to proceed contrary to all common sense: for who can doubt the absolute truth of the geometry one learns in school? Only a genius of the first order could dare to attempt such a task.

It is, therefore, most surprising that no less than three men solved the problem practically simultaneously, after it had been the stumbling-block of the foremost mathematicians for twenty centuries. The great German mathematician Gauss, Johann Bolyai, a young Austrian officer, and Lobatchevsky, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Kazan, are regarded as the founders of Non-Euclidean geometry. Of these, Gauss seems to have obtained the solution first, but he never published his results, perhaps fearing to be misunderstood, although it is probable that his great authority would have readily gained him an audience. Lobatchevsky was the first to publish a complete exposition of his new geometrical system (1830) although he and Bolyai arrived at their solutions practically simultaneously. The results were obtained by different methods, and Lobatchevsky carried the development of his system much further than Bolyai.

Nicolai Ivanovitch Lobatchevsky was the son of poor parents. His father, architect and surveyor in the Government of Nijni Novgorod, died when Lobatchevsky was four years old. But fortunately his mother was an energetic and capable woman. She moved to Kazan where she managed to give secondary education to her three sons, all of whom were good students. Just then the University of Kazan was formed, and the three brothers were admitted with free tuition on the condition that they would serve the University for six years after graduation. As it turned out, Lobatchevsky served the University not for six years, but for the rest of his life; and the development of the University is intimately connected with Lobatchevsky's long activity as its head.

The first set of professors for the new university was drawn from Germany, and the mathematical and physical department was particularly well represented. The chair of pure mathe-

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matics was occupied by Bartels, a friend of Gauss and an accomplished mathematician. Under his guidance young Lobatchevsky made rapid progress, and became an instructor at the University upon graduation. The theory of parallels occupied him as early as 1815, but at first he followed the traditional path, trying to prove the postulate. By 1823 he came to the conclusion that all proofs were futile, and in 1826 he read a paper before the Physical-Mathematical Society of Kazan in which, it is known, the new system was made public (the MS. has been lost). Here the impossibility of proving the fifth postulate was demonstrated by showing that a consistent geometry, containing no contradictions, could be constructed by assuming a postulate different from that of Euclid.

A full exposition of the new geometry was published in 1829-30, but it attracted as little attention as the first announcement. Thinking that this might have been due to faults of exposition, Lobatchevsky published work after work on the new theory, in German and French as well as Russian, but only Gauss, who learned of Lobatchevsky's discoveries in 1841, spoke of them in terms of high praise; these pronouncements were, unfortunately, restricted to private conversation and correspondence. Long after, when Gauss' letters began to be published, these references to the work of Lobatchevsky, and also of Bolyai, were instrumental in calling the attention of the mathematical world to the new Non-Euclidean Geometry; but both of its creators had by then passed away without receiving recognition. Even in his own country, the work of Lobatchevsky was ignored; in 1853, the academician Bunyakovsky published an extensive work on parallels in St. Petersburg, which did not contain a single reference to Lobatchevsky.

The last years of Lobatchevsky's life were saddened by domestic troubles, and the fact that, due to some intrigue, he was deprived of his professorship ten years before his death, while he was still in his prime, and given an administrative post instead. In his closing years, his eyesight gradually failed him, and he finally became totally blind, but the interests of the University lay so near to his heart that he attended all examinations held in the University even though he had to be led to the examination table by his wife. He died, disappointed and misunderstood, in 1856.

In recent years, owing to the doctrine of relativity, non-Euclidean geometries are receiving more and more attention; and the names of Lobatchevsky and Bolyai, as well as of Riemann, the later founder of still another system, are becoming more familiar. The time may come when Lobatchevsky will be regarded as the greatest intellect that Russia has ever produced.

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JUST WHAT I HAVE SEEN

VICTOR M. KIBARDIN

A LITTLE more than two years ago, I stepped off a steamship in the harbor of San Francisco, California. A new land was before me—a land unknown and mysterious. While I was in the old country, I had many letters from other boys who came here before me. There were personal interviews with boys who had come back as well as with American citizens who were visiting my home town. But it was very difficult to understand anything about the States. Some of these men with whom I talked praised this country as if it were a paradise. Some, on the contrary, cursed everything about the States—cursed even the hour when the thought of coming over came to their minds. So striking was the difference in opinions that no one knew who was right—who was wrong. This diversion of opinion gave me a well-formed idea not to listen to anybody, but to find out who is who, and what is what, right on the spot.

Seventeen days on the ocean is plenty of time to form a plan of action. So, when I stepped off the steamship two years ago in San Francisco, I said to myself: "Do not believe anybody, whether he praises or curses. See the things for yourself, and try to see them as they really are without any illusions. Keep your eyes, ears, and mind open for a new life. Let this new life write its true story on your soul. If you make a mistake, do not blame anybody but yourself, try to find the real reasons for making that mistake and act accordingly in the future.

"Do not make hasty conclusions because you may not be right. Absorb everything, but keep only what is worth while. Forget what is behind and live in the present, getting ready for the future. There will be plenty of time for you to compare old and new. No comparison can be made when only one side is known. Wait; try to acquire some knowledge of a new life at first."

I am glad that I made such a decision. It saved me so much trouble. It helped me to get along. A new life, new ideas, new men, rushed upon me heavily. I had to wake up in order to stay alive. Because I had no previous biased opinions, I did not suffer so much on account of the change in conditions of life. I did not suffer as other boys did. Everything was taken for granted, just like a child studying grammar without any understanding, I was absorbing a new life. No comparison has been made as yet, and will not be made for a long time. Two years have passed, and I know but little. I cannot make any conclusions yet. There is a long way to go before I can be sure

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that I can formulate an opinion which will be of any weight.

I have been asked to write something about what I have seen. I will write what I have seen and no more. Let someone else do the comparative study—someone who is sure of his knowledge of both sides.

There are two things in American life about which I would like to say a few words. One of them is the ability which the American individual has to receive satisfaction and joy out of work. Another is the highly developed sense of cooperation among all classes.

Work is a necessary evil in everyone's life. We must work if we want to exist. If a man can get around this rule, he is clever. But there is no way around for the average man. He can only dream of the possibilities of avoiding work; and, at the same time, work day after day. The result of such an attitude is misery and dissatisfaction. "I will do my share, but no more than it is necessary for me to keep on the job," is the idea of the majority of people. I am not quite sure, but it seems to me, I had such an idea myself too.

On the very first day of my work as an electrician in the heat and power plant of a college in Kentucky, I happened to meet another student whose actions, while he was working, were very strange. We spent two years together in that college, working our way through. I have talked with him many times and can consider him now as a friend. I understand him now, after I know what it is all about. He showed to me what a real man can do if he is willing. Maybe he is an exceptional case among American boys, although I hope he is not.

The actions of that boy were very strange to me, at that time, because it looked as though he were taking his work as a pleasure. Whatever he did, he did willingly and fast. He inspected every detail of his work carefully. If he saw any mistakes in his work he tried to improve it immediately. He did not pay much attention to what was going on around him. He did not try to avoid working, even if there was a chance for doing so. When a day's work was over, he usually was saying with satisfaction: "Well, I have accomplished something today."

At the first possible chance I stopped him, and asked him about his attitude toward work. This is what he said to me:

"Yes, work is a necessary evil. Everyone has to work in this country. If you do not know this yet, you will find it out very soon. But it is not the fact that you must do a certain amount of work daily that makes you happy or unhappy, but your attitude toward it. If, like many people, you do not like to work, you will not feel good, because you have to do the thing

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you do not want to do. You will be tired and miserable all the time. You will feel that way not only during working hours, but even after work is over, because you will remember that you will have to work again.

"There can be no satisfaction whatsoever in such a state of mind. But if you will make yourself interested in the work you do daily, there will be a situation of quite a different character. Work will not be a necessary evil any more; it will not be something that has to be done against your will; but it will be the very thing you want to do; it will be a thing worth while doing.

"Of course you are going to ask me now how a fellow can make himself interested in such a thing as work. There are many ways of making yourself interested in your work. The best one is to know what you are doing all the time; to know what it is all about; to know how important is the work you do. Another way of making yourself interested in your work is to try to find out if there are some other methods of doing it besides the one you know of. If a new method is better, use it. Take an attitude of personal responsibility for everything you do and have to do. Try to leave your work in such a shape that you would be proud to admit that it is your work, whenever anybody inquires about it. Work for the sake of accomplishing something worth while, not for the sake of making a living only. You will see for yourself what a difference there will be in your disposition. You will be quite a different man with a new outlook on life in general."

That boy lived up to the principles he preached. I have seen proof of that many times. Quite often we walked together on the streets, and he always showed me the work he did on the telephone and electric lines of that town. He remembered every pole he had to climb. He could give a full description of all the troubles he had to shoot on those lines. He remembered how much time he had spent on each pole, how much time he spent on each job; how much material had been used in each case; what kind of trouble there was. But he did not talk about his accomplishments exclusively. He remembered his mistakes also. He was willing to admit that some of the jobs could have been done better. He confessed even that he learned from his mistakes more than from his accomplishments.

After all, it was not the amount of work he did that struck me mostly, but his attitude toward it.

It does not matter how good any person may be or how well he can do his work, he cannot get very far unless he can

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cooperate with other fellow citizens, forgetting about his personal likes or dislikes for the sake of common business.

I had a pretty good chance to watch cooperation among people whose personal dislike for each other was obvious. For two summers I worked in a camp located in eastern Pennsylvania, very close to New York City. This particular camp had been organized many years ago by three sisters. For several years they had been working hard, trying to make a camp the best thing of that kind there could have been in that locality. They had a hard time quite often, but working out their common problems together they succeeded in making a camp which ranked among the best, not only in that locality, but also in all the eastern states.

Every one tried to do her best for the success of the camp by taking part in different activities. So striking was the success of the camp, when, after careful observations, I found that personal relations among the owners were not so congenial. There was a great deal of criticism all the time. There was much disagreement regarding the personal attitude toward life in general and personal conduct. But all personal matter was forgotten when the success of the camp was at stake. They realized that their common business required from them all possible attention and work. They realized that nothing could be more injurious to the system than a disagreement among the parts of that system. They realized all this very well and tried to do their best. "Common business before everything," was their motto.

If during the reading of these lines one can find something interesting I will not consider my writing to have been in vain.

is not a sentiment ~ it is an economic necessity. —·—·— *Charles Steinmetz*

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EDUCATION IN AGRICULTURE

A. R. MANN

THE educational system of a State is presumed to reflect the State's aims as to the type of social order or of civilization which it would create and maintain. In the United States we credit the inception of the free-public-school system to a desire to safeguard the institutions of the democratic commonwealth. If we may quote from Webster, "On the diffusion of education among the people rests the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions." This elemental conception of the necessity for public provision for general education has fortunately been operative, with varying degrees of effectiveness, for the scattered populations of the countryside as well as for the centers of population.

After the middle of the past century, however, with the rise of industrialism, the emergence of large financial corporations, and the decline of agriculture, it became evident that social justice in a democracy, as well as the need to safeguard the institutions and the food supplies of the Nation, demanded public attention to the requirements of farmers for technical education for the improvement of their industry. This need had long been voiced by the wiser leaders of the day and by societies for the promotion of agriculture, and numerous privately supported institutions for training in agriculture had come into existence prior to 1850. It was not, however, until after the middle of the past century that a concerted public effort, aided by public grants, got under way on an enduring basis.

While the desire to develop and utilize more fully the agricultural resources of the Nation for economic profit was never absent, the purpose of social justice and amelioration for a disadvantaged group in the national population was implicit in the movement. The aims of the States and of the Nation as to the sort of social order desired in this country were found to include economic well-being, occupational progress, and the maintenance of sound standards of living as well as general intelligence and the perpetuation of the institutions of democracy. Provision for education in the vocation of farming, for those expecting to engage in agricultural occupations, began to take shape as an item of public policy.

Education in agriculture is manifestly age-old, arising slowly out of experience and the ancient philosophies concerning the nature of the world and the mysteries of plant and animal life. Mankind has always sought to understand nature and to cooperate with it in safeguarding his existence and in adding to

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his comfort. The earliest recorded history reveals man's attempts to adjust himself to his natural environment. The classical literature of ancient Greece and Rome concerned itself frequently with the processes of nature, and the allusions therein to agriculture were not unimportant contributions toward the gradual emergence of the idea of agricultural experiment and education. Man's social inheritance has been enriched by the steadily widening understanding of how the things and the processes of nature may be utilized, modified, and controlled for his benefit.

While its roots run far into the past, agricultural education, in its formal aspects, as a phase of technical and vocational education through the medium of schools and societies, is relatively a recent development. To trace its beginnings and its formalization, one must see it in relation both to the unfolding and progress of general education and of the natural sciences, to the changes in economic conditions attendant on the growth of the population and the extension of civilization, and to the crystallization of interest in the welfare of farmers brought about by the special societies or organizations which arose to promote it. Furthermore, while agricultural education in the United States has certain distinctive features, the fact is not to be overlooked that it derived its inspiration and its patterns from European experience. We may briefly review this background.

Modern science had its beginnings in Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a long period of time elapsed before it came to be significant for agriculture. Francis Bacon (1561-1626) and Johann Amos Comenius (1592-1670) were notable in connection with the early elaboration of methods for progress in scientific discovery, and in voicing the aim in education that whatever is taught should be of definite use and should find application in daily life. Much progress had been achieved in the teaching of the natural sciences by the end of the eighteenth century, and it is from this latter time that agricultural schools arose in number and of significance in Europe.

The progress of science in specific relation to agriculture received its most notable stimulation from the researches in agricultural chemistry by Sir Humphry Davy (1778-1829) in London, Jean Baptiste Boussingault (1802-1887) at Paris, and Justus von Liebig (1803-1873) at Giessen and Munich, and in botany by Carolus Linnaeus (1707-1778) at Upsala. During this period, zoology, geology, and minerology, which are essential for agriculture, also took shape as specialized fields of science.

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It is seen that, while in a measure progress in agricultural education and experiment was a concomitant of progress in the natural sciences, the fruitful application of the knowledge and methods of science to agriculture awaited a century and more of development of the fields of natural science. It must always be so, that progress in agricultural research, the basis for agricultural teaching, is conditioned by progress in the foundation sciences. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a body of literature on agricultural subjects developed in Europe, which played an important part in furthering the movement for agricultural education not only in Europe, but in America also.

The whole movement for the establishment of agricultural schools and places of experiment was greatly influenced by voluntary agricultural societies in Europe, and the early publications of such societies concerned themselves with agricultural practice and means for its improvement. This influence is still a vital factor throughout Europe, and it also carried over into the development in the United States. Prior to 1860, at which time there were nine hundred and forty-one agricultural associations listed in the records of the United States Agricultural Society, these societies had led the way in this country in creating a public understanding of the special problems of the rural population and the need for education, experimentation, and demonstrations which should make for a more productive industry and a better social status for those who worked the land.

The agricultural societies, and agricultural journals which began to appear in America at the close of the eighteenth century, did much to establish the idea that the technical needs of farmers should receive more effectual consideration by the National Congress and the State Legislatures, and that provision should be made out of the public treasury on an ample scale for the teaching of agriculture in schools and colleges especially created for that purpose and for the conduct of experiments and scientific investigations for the betterment of farming.

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ONCE A YEAR

BORIS SHISHKIN

BORIS SHISHKIN
President, National Russian Students' Christian Association

IN AN age which it would be very hard to describe with exactness — for the simple reason that it belongs to the distant future—two rather queer individuals indulged in a conversation.

"I am at work on the most interesting chapter of my new textbook," said the professor of industrial history. "It is going to be called 'The Dawn of a Golden Age'. We moderns shall never be able to appreciate the tempo, the breath-taking pathos of that primitive age in which the outlines of the new civilization began to take shape. I wonder whether you would be inclined to collaborate in the preparation of this chapter."

A fleeting disdainful smile touched the lips of the other professor whose subject was history of philosophy.

"If you mean that miserable twentieth century in which the Electrical Revolution was accomplished, I have little to say in its favor. Some of my colleagues treat it under the heading of 'The New Middle Ages', but I never even discussed it anywhere except for the appendices and miscelleni."

The industrial historian shrugged his shoulders. He felt that he and his colleague had no community of interests.

"Excuse me," he said politely, "but in fifteen minutes I am having a lecture in one of our overseas departments—Oxford, I think."

This article, by the way, is about the community of interests —the story is merely prefatory. The difficulty of the two historians is obvious. They live in an age of a world-unity in which there is a complete absence of social or national conflicts, in fact, an absence of all national or local cultures and, therefore, of all national or local interests. They cannot generalize because they cannot make contrasts. There is no adventure to thrill them because they have no world to win. And I doubt very much that these people of the future millenium can possess the most valuable element of human relationship—the true fellowship and friendship.

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For real fellowship is not based merely on common likes or dislikes. It is in struggling with a common problem, in actually creating, or fighting for the same end that the close link of intimacy is forged. In other words, it is by giving together, not by taking together, that a true community of interests is formed.

But common action usually arises from a similarity of experiences or a common heritage, and this last thing is the most important for a thorough mutual understanding between individuals.

I remember vividly one evening at the first conference of Russian students in this country, which was held two years ago. After a heavy day of meetings, formal lectures and discussions, the delegates who came from various universities of America and got together for the first time, assembled on the rickety steps of the old camp lodge in which the conference meetings took place. A little tired by the strenuous work of the day, as well as by the uncustomary air of the Connecticut countryside, they sat on the porch, facing the black starlit sky, and sang the old familiar songs of their native country. It was so dark that people could recognize each other only by their voices. Song came after song and melted away in the mellow air of the summer night. Somewhere a guitar tinkled softly. And it seemed that those simple melancholic tunes brought with them a breath of the vast expanses of the Russian plain, a gentle breath of the native soil.

I cannot think of a group of people penetrated more deeply by the feeling of unity and friendship than that handful of Russian youths brought together by a queer turn of fortune on the steps of a New England camp lodge.

Long after the singing ended and the students retired to their bunks, one could see the lights flickering in the translucent and weird-looking green tents, and hear the low, excited voices, recounting the past experiences, sharing the hopes for the future.

Once a year, in the third week of June, forty or fifty Russian students come together for an annual conference. They discuss their material and spiritual problems, they talk of Russia —past and present. If you want to know whether there exists such a thing as a real community of interests, ask someone who attended one of these conferences in the past. Or, better still, come to the next one yourself.

You will learn that the Russian students in America are not only hard workers, but also good friends. You will also find that they, in spite of being freshly extricated from a net of social and political conflicts, are far better off than our professors of the millenium who have no constructive problems to solve and no common ideals to fight for.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

SEVERAL Americans have asked what kind of a glass to use in trying to cook like a Russian. The answer seems to be—just an ordinary glass, or, if you prefer, a cup.

If the cutlets (recipe in April number) are too thick, add milk or water to the mixture. It is not really necessary to use cream. The Russians say that cutlets are not always made round but flat—it is much quicker. Round meat balls—or *tufteli*—are very good served with tomato sauce.

Sose iz Seenich Boklazhan (Egg Plant Sauce) Vegetable Dinner

1 Egg Plant
3 Potatoes
¼ Lb. of String Beans
¼ Lb. of Peas
3 Carrots
1 Onion
1 Small Can Tomatoes
Mazola Oil
Parsley

1—String the beans, cut them into halves and put together with the peas into water to boil until they will get a little softer, but will not be quite cooked.
2—Slice egg plant, salt it, dip into flour, and fry each slice on both sides in Mazola Oil. Arrange then the fried slices in a row on the bottom of the pot.
3—Peel and slice potatoes, salt them, and fry in Mazola. Arrange in row on top of the egg plant in the pot.
4—Peel and slice carrots, fry in Mazola and put into pot on top of the potatoes.
5—Put string beans and peas which are not quite cooked into pot on top of the carrots.
6—Slice onion horizontally and vertically so that it will be cut into very small pieces, fry it in Mazola and put into the pot with the egg plant.
7—Pour a small can of tomatoes into pot.
8—Cut some green parsley into small pieces and put into pot.
9—Pour about 2 glasses of water into pot, place on a low fire and let boil for 20 minutes or half an hour, shaking the pot from time to time so as to prevent burning.

Vozdoushny Pirog—Dessert
(*Ether Cake*)

6 Whites of Eggs
1 Glass of Apple Sauce

1—Beat up the whites of eggs into foam.
2—Add the whites to the apple sauce gradually mixing the apple sauce while adding.
3—Add sugar to taste.
4—Put into an earthenware flat dish or platter and place into the oven for about 15 minutes just before serving.
5—Serve warm with cream or with any desirable jelly for flavor.

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SMATTER

"I'M so tired; I've been washing the spinach," complained Mrs. Pratt, closing the door of her husband's book emporium down on Sixth Avenue, as she laid me not too gently on the curb, with a Commencement Card that was double the price it should have been.

At the corner I ran into a friend who had been chased out of the Pratt store once because Mrs. Pratt was hungry and had to eat her supper and the friend was of the book-browsing variety.

"Imagine! What a thing to make that woman so disgustingly fatigued! Washing spinach! ! ?" "That just shows you don't know anything about it. It takes *ages* to wash spinach. It has to be washed and washed and—" "No wonder children have to grow up to like it," was my only defense.

But when 51 Fund students are graduating from 23 colleges in 20 different specialties, it's not the time to be spreading propaganda about the development of food tolerance. Now that the public is really being educated to the finer things of life, we decided not to print a long list of those portals whence Russians are stepping forth these rare days in June, ready for a chance to use their knowledge. That list was eternally confusing. There was always some Russian—usually one who didn't graduate—who, failing to find his college mentioned, asked why he was left out. We thought we'd spare him that letter.

We suppose that Edward Bok's remarks about "those men who have made the greatest success in life are men who have fought their way up and who have had to depend largely upon their own efforts" are just as true this year as when he said them, but we've decided also to neglect the development of up-from-the-ranks theme. It's so obvious. It has been more than adequately covered by those who have succeeded, and the younger graduates don't believe in it anyway.

One of these bright and shining members of the younger generation says her problems are: "American slang, names, and the question of age."

She goes on:

I have heard that Russian seamen have a genius for oaths. That might be true, I don't know for sure, but I sincerely believe that the Americans cannot be beaten as far as the production of slang is concerned. Their imagination in this field is unlimited. I admire it and I loath it, because it is as contagious as the measles, and because if the Americans use it they are said as "trying to be intellectual", if foreigners do they are called "smarties". I don't like the compliment. Does any one of my country-

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men know how to avoid the use of slang without looking into a dictionary or an encyclopedia at the sound of every new word?

Queer names are numerous in Russia. They are objects of jests, abuses, etc. Many of them are old and are symbols of simple-mindedness, vulgarity, etc. But goodness knows what some American names mean. I really wanted to say "some of the names found in America."

Once when I was on duty at the registration desk in the library, a Chinaman asked for a card. I inquired about his name, and the answer was "Ng". I did not understand it. The man spelled it "N - G." I did not believe it. The man wrote it. He was furious. Later when I told one of the assistants, she remarked that she had a Mrs. Odd Egg Hillhouse. Really, there should be some law for human fancy and sense of humor.

The question of age also puzzles me. Do Americans ever grow old? Do they ever acknowledge the fact that nobody can remain young forever? I make this inquiry because I had several misunderstandings with my American friends. The last one is still vivid in my mind. I remarked casually, but tactfully, that a man of fifty was too old (he was not present) to marry a girl of twenty. His friends jumped at me saying that we Russians waste half of our lives by growing old at fifty. At what age is it safe to call an American old? Is it ever safe?

No! Never! Won't some one with the good of Russians at heart give us a rule book?

If we were asked to name our current problems (and we haven't been), we'd say: talkies, radio and *The Russian Student.*

Why must one flee to the country to discover the silent cinema, when one doesn't care for indoor rural sports, especially in the summer. Why can't the radio play music all the time and dispense with the announcers who do nothing but ruin good people's watches and then say "Goodnight" in a tantalizingly personal manner. How can one persuade the radio advertisers and associated radio stations to pay the tuner-in (especially me) to listen to their advertising. Ten thousand dollars would not be enough!

Why do so many people appear to prefer to read *Henry the VIIIth* to subscribing to *The Russian Student?* We had our session with the librarian the other evening and noticed the reserve shelves were full of Henry. "Do you mean to tell me, everybody is reading *that*". We could not believe it. "Everybody always wants the same thing at once", the librarian sighed heavily. "But now and then some kind soul tries to be original and refuses to read a popular book," she added hopefully, establishing in me a state of mind. "I've heard about him all my life. I don't want to read it," we complied, thinking of one beautiful day in June when we had to recite the names of all his wives after school hours. We mean we were after hours, not the king's spouses. "Thanks", she murmured finally.

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Our real reason in mentioning this is to strengthen our resolution. The gregarious instinct is strong within us, but believe it or not, we expect to be occupied during the summer with procuring articles for the *September number and figuring out how to grow two or three thousand subscriptions next year where one grew before.

Haven't you heard that this magazine has today 1040 paid subscriptions, and don't you know that we thank you one and all? Well it's so, it is. And we do!!

See you in September about Labor Day, if not before,

—*deN.*

**The Russian Student is not published during July and August.*

TRYSHKY'S COAT

Translated from the Russian of
IVAN ANDREYEVITCH KRYLOV
By Ferdinanda W. Reed

TRYSHKY'S coat was old and worn,
At elbows it was badly torn,
But Tryshky optimist was born,
Cut the long sleeves off a quarter—
Though it made them so much shorter—
Plied his needle and his thread,
Patched his elbows whole instead.
Now look! The coat's as good as new!
His wrists stick out all bare, its true.
But who'd be sad at that, would you?
Just the same the boys all jeered
At Tryshky, others looked and sneered.
"I am no fool," said Tryshky then,
"Mishaps can be made good again,
You'll see I will those sleeves restore
Longer than they were before."
Clever Tryshky simply snips
The shirt from off his coat, and rips
The folds—that gave it still an air—
And sews them to the sleeves with care.
Then proudly buttons round his chest
A coat that's shorter than his vest!

In this manner I could name
Certain gentlemen of fame
Who take pride to make repairs
In their muddled up affairs;
They disport themselves; but note!
They are wearing Tryshky's coat.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

Leon N. Zaitzevsky, who designed the cover, received his Master's Degree in architecture from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1927. Mr. Zaitzevsky is now with Maginnis and Walsh, Boston, Massachusetts.

Alexander N. Joukovsky (University of Michigan '27) was born in Kutais, Transcaucasia and was educated at Tiflis. During the civil war he served with the British Army of Occupation of the Black Sea and on the staff of the American Relief Administration. Mr. Joukovsky has been with the General Motors Export Corporation since his graduation.

Nikolai Andreevich Borodin was chief specialist of Fish Culture in the Department of Agriculture in Russia (1899-1917) and during this time made scientific investigations of the Ural, Volga, Kura, Kuban and Don Rivers and the Caspian and Azov Sea fisheries; from 1910-1917 he was professor and head of the division of Fish Culture and Fisheries at the Petrograd Agricultural College. Professor Borodin has done ichthyological work with the American Museum of Natural History in New York City and has lectured at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Harvard University. At present he is Acting Curator of Fishes at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Massachusetts and lecturing at Harvard. He is the author of *Fish Culture and Fisheries in Western Europe and North America, United States and Russia* and many other volumes.

A few days before going to press we were informed that Alexander V. Bushkovitch has been elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Bushkovitch, who is preparing himself for research work in physics is also a member of the honorary mathematical fraternity, Pi Mu Epsilon. Former members of the Odessa staff of the American Relief Administration will recall the Russian probationary office-boy in 1922 who learned to take shorthand notes in English with startling rapidity. At the age of sixteen Mr. Bushkovitch translated into Russian a book on radioactivity, *Interpretation of Radium* by Frederick Soddy.

On the advice of an American friend, Victor Kibardin came from Harbin, Manchuria to Berea College, Kentucky in July, 1926. Last September, Mr. Kibardin transferred to the University of Michigan to study electrical engineering. Mr. Kibardin seems to have the idea that a mark of "B" in each subject is something like a failure.

The article by Albert R. Mann, Dean of the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University, is an extract from an address given last January to a large group of foreign students at International Institute, Teachers College, Columbia University. For more details regarding Dean Mann, the reader is referred to *Who's Who In America.*

The president of the National Russian Students' Christian Association, Boris B. Shishkin is one of Columbia's most brilliant students. He founded the Russian Literary Society and has recently been elected secretary of Philolexion. The conference which Mr. Shishkin mentions in his article will be held this year at Camp Greenkill, near Port Jervis, New York, June 19-23. Mr. Shishkin will be glad to give additional details to those who are interested, if you write him at Room 607, 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

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WHO'S WHO

(*Continued from Page 23*)

There have been few, if any, translations of Krylov's fables by Americans, although the work of Sir Bernard Pares, published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, is fairly well known in this country. Mrs. Ferdinanda W. Reed has had the cooperation and assistance of Russians in making a number of translations of these delightful fables. It is interesting to notice that the fable used here is translated by Sir Bernard Pares under the title "Sammy's Coat."

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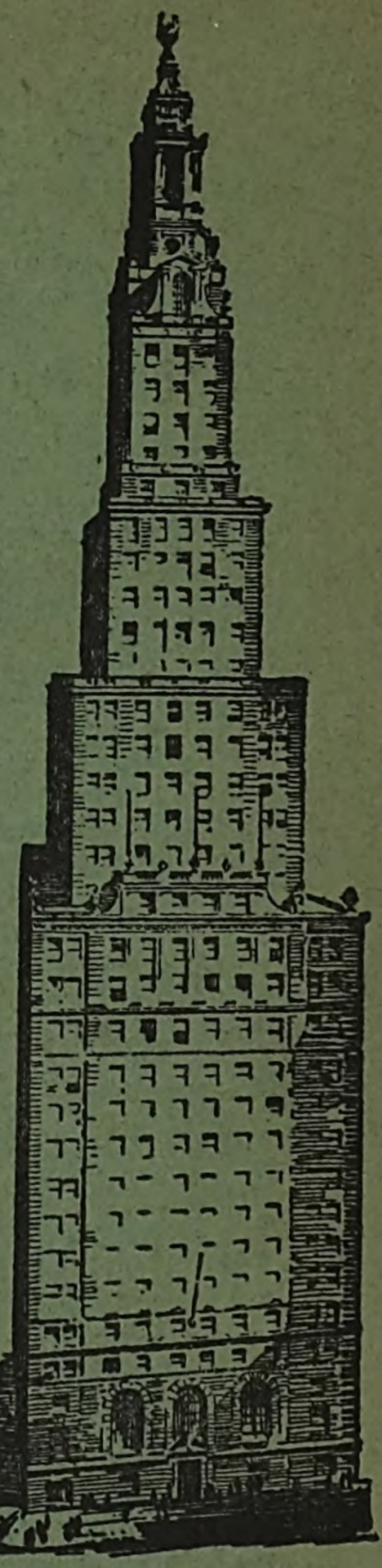

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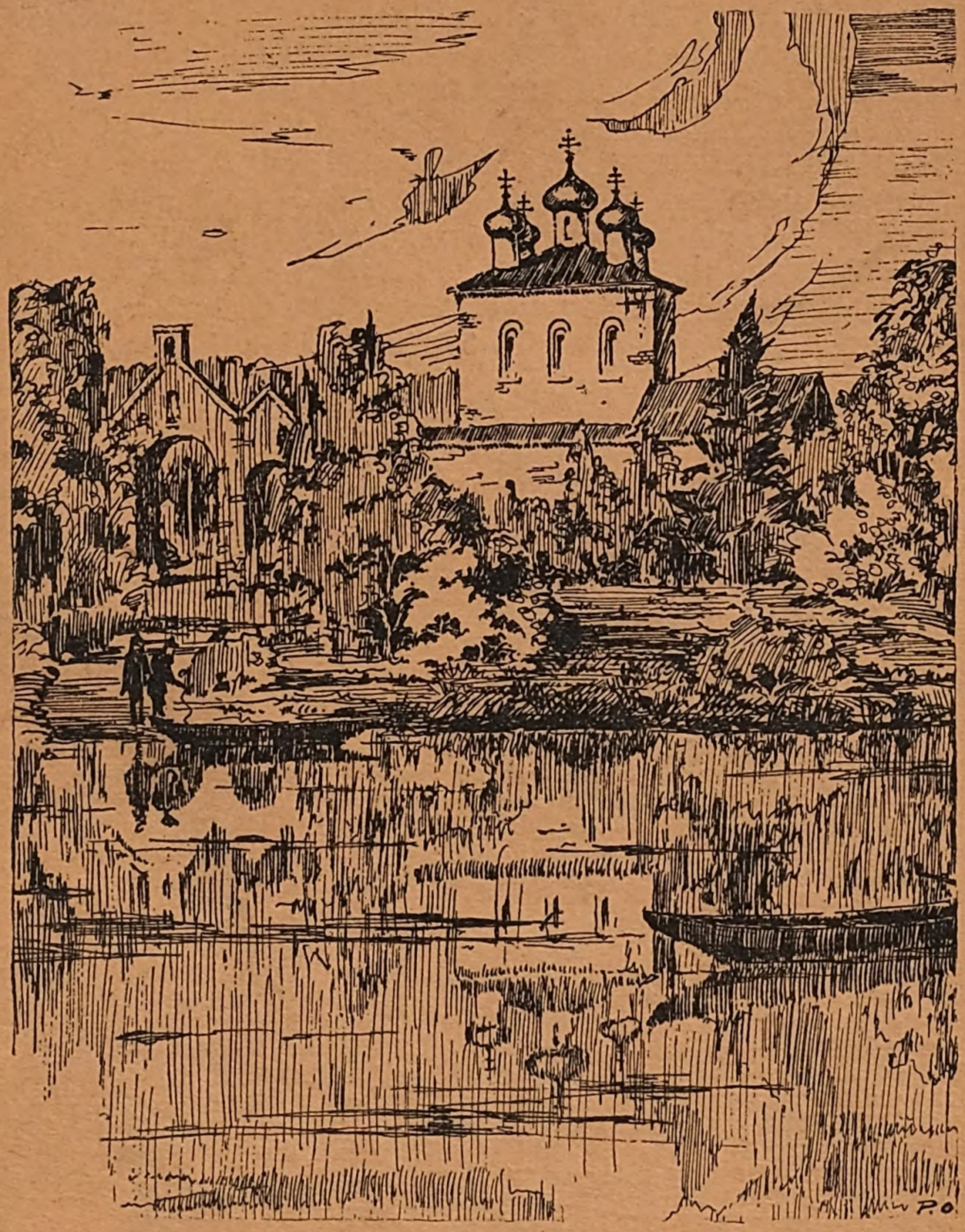

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

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This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 430 men and women, of whom 80 are still studying, have been advanced over $450,000. Former students have repaid $77,965.90; 45 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,000.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

September, 1929

Volume VI **Number 1**

UNOFFICIAL AMBASSADORS

MSTISLAW LOUKOMSKY

NOT very long ago I attended a conference of the Student Volunteer Union. While it was a rather small one, and there was not a large number of different nationalities present, it made up in its lack of formality for this seeming disadvantage. We felt ourselves more like members of a big family, and we made more intimate friendships with each other than could have been possible in a larger group. From different parts of the United States and from far off points of the world representatives came, bringing their ideals and the spirit of the countries they came from. Thus besides forming personal friendships they brought what is of far greater importance, mutual understanding and good will for all peoples.

As an outgrowth of these friendships and expressions of mutual ideals I was again impressed with the fact that almost all of our prejudices and hatreds are the result of hasty or rash conclusions formed in ignorance or from unrepresentative samples. One very vivid example of this case presented itself to me during the conference—a student from the Philippine Islands made a most polished and interesting speech. I had previously formed my opinion of the Filipinos by the people I had seen on the East Side of New York, sitting on the steps of their houses on some dirty street surrounded by the squalor and filth attendant upon such an existence. After this speech I saw clearly that the Filipinos are not necessarily like the ones I had seen in New York, but are capable of the greatest refinement and culture.

Later during the day there came to my mind the words of an American who said that every student is an unofficial repre-

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sentative of his country. How true these words are! Everyone knows that people form their opinions about a country by the people they see from it. Most Europeans have the opinion that every American is a millionaire, just because they have seen some rich tourists who do not know what to do with their money and throw it away on all kinds of extravagant things; but those who live in the United States know very well that this "showing off" is very far from being the case with every American. It is sometimes surprising to what extent the idea of a country may be exaggerated when a person meets the wrong people or hears or reads books without paying much attention to the author or his period.

It is a well-known thing that many Europeans seeing some western movies or reading some Western stories think that west of Chicago there are still blood-thirsty Indians whose trade and avocation is scalping white people. Americans also are in the same situation—they also have exaggerated and sometimes ridiculous conceptions of countries other than the United States. I do not know how true these stories are about Americans who believe that in Russia white bears walk right on the streets of the cities, but the fact is that once a mature, and I suppose well educated, American asked whether it is true or not that in Russia snow stays the whole year round, and he was very much surprised when I told him that in some parts of Russia it is so hot that he would be done to a turn in a short while if he happened to decide to take a sun bath. All these things may seem to be "funny," but in reality they are of great importance. Considering it in all seriousness, a book of fiction about a foreign country, or several meetings with some foreign people who are very far from being typical, may cause a prejudice. It may even influence the international relations of the future.

We Russian students have to bear in mind that we are, so to speak, unofficial representatives of our country, and therefore we should try to make few mistakes, because we are Russian advertisements. It is a well-known fact that a good advertisement builds good will and wins customers.

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WINTER PALACE AND THE ADMIRALTY

Wood Cut by Paul A. Schillingovsky

From a series of wood cuts published in 1923 by the Academy of Arts of St. Petersburg. The artist dedicated these wood cuts to friends "who share my feelings of love for the Palmira of the North and to all those who cherish the historical survivals of the capital."

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ABOUT RUSSIAN POETRY

BASIL B. PETROV

IT is astonishing that Russia, having produced novels of the very first magnitude, profound in thought, sharp in analysis, impeccable in style, should have brought forth a mediocre poetry. It seems that somehow, having given the world the abundance of rhythm, the opulence of tone, the richness of color, Russia left underdeveloped the poetic form all through the ten known centuries of its history.

"The shield of Europe" against the Yellow Peril was hard to bear. The Grand Duchy of Kiev was born in the eleventh century, with much labor, out of the military chaos of Slavonic tribes migrating in a succession of waves from time immemorial. The Grand Duchy of Kiev gave Russia the Christianity of Byzantium and was destroyed by the Tartars before reaching the zenith of its civilization. This epoch gave its first landmark to Russian poetry.

"Biliny," epic compositions of exceeding length and exceeding irregularity of rhythm, transmitted verbally, began to originate in all parts of Russia. They described the court of "Wladimir the little red sun," Grand Duke of Kiev, the exploits of his and other knights, the battles of "bogatirs", liberally proportioned even for giants. They were long, simple, conventional, Homeric in all but what makes Homer a great modern author. For real poetic expression one has to look, paradoxically enough, to the impeccable prose manuscript *The Word about Igor's Host,* written in the tenth or the eleventh century. The lament of Prince Igor's wife over the fatal battle with the Polovtzi and the resulting captivity of the Prince is really as fine as anything in Europe at that time.

The yoke of the Tartars stunted the growth of the nation. Favorable to Feudalism, it scattered the civilizing efforts, exiling them to isolated monasteries all over Russia. Russian poetry, cut off during this time from European influences and too far away from the brilliant Chinese courts of the Khans, continued along the same lines as in the preceding period.

The concentration of land and power around the Grand Duchy of Moscow, the wars of independence and deliverance from the Tartar yoke, then the resistance to the Polish conquest engaged, in perpetual warfare, the energy of the half-civilized people.

Not until the Romanovs, enthroned, began the civilization of a Byzantine country, not until Peter the Great, did conditions become favorable for the development of lyric poetry. The

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great Empress Catherine, erudite, clever, cultured, aided the osmosis of the foreign influences superimposed by Peter. She was the first to have leisure to polish the surface, to foster attentively the budding of the arts. Thus, at the end of the eighteenth century, Russia finally emerged, with the pseudo-classic, ponderous Derzhavin, into the world of poetic letters. To be sure, the first Russian verse was written by Prince Kantimir, who began to write under Elisabeth, but his execrable imitations of Boileau, written with a somewhat puerile technique, have no great value other than purely historical one. The pride of Russian history, the scientist Lomonosov, in his spare moments used, about the same time, to compose odes, precursors of Derzhavin's. Having sung much and long in praise of the Great Empress, Derzhavin died in great glory, greatly overrated. The success of his career in the civil service was an indication that the term "Northern Semiramis" was not passed over unnoticed. In the unbearable rhetoric of his odes, which lack the elements of clarity and force so magnificent in his French contemporaries, one is surprised by a certain impression of light and color together with the masterly use of the language. It is to be suspected, however, that his fame rests more on the chronological importance of being the first Russian poet of consequence, than on the beauty of his most famous ode *To God.*

The English and the Americans consider Russians curiously devoid of humor. There is nothing astonishing in their not understanding the "laughter through tears," so peculiarly Russian, possessed as they are by their own broad, naive or cuttingly cruel humor. Perhaps only among the very modern writers does one encounter, nowadays, the same, sad, ironical laughter. Having taken morality much too seriously, English literature never produced a fable-writer. There is something in the tolerant, quiet laughter of a fable which does not find itself *en rapport* with the Anglo-Saxon temperament. The Greeks, French and Russians, with their tolerant attitude, devoid of outward puritanism, delighted in the mild satire of the fables. Krylov, in many ways a pupil of La Fontaine, remained as much of a classic as Æsop, the first discoverer of this medium. Having studied in his own person perhaps the whole gamut of vices, Krylov brought a charming wit, a simple realism, a rustic lyricism into his poems. Master of the language, he achieved a most happy effect, as it were a flavor of "the soil." Until the advent of Pushkin he is the only one to whom a modern dilettante turns for refreshment. Certainly not to

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such writers as the famous Zhukovsky, who gushed European romanticism all over the map of Russia in numerous translations and writings of his own, in the sentimental manner of the proverbial convent school-girl.

If the nineteenth century was the century of Russian poetry, Pushkin epitomized it fully. For a hundred years he overshadowed Russian literature, sufficing for the ample expression of the epoch. In Ovsianniko-Kulikovsky's apt phrase, his genius and significance increase as the evolution of Russian letters unfolds its course.

Pushkin's talent was manifold: historical plays, short stories, fairy tales, narrative poems, all written in a magnificent style with an impeccable technique. But one must not be deceived by this versatility. In all these forms his essence remained the same—that of a lyric poet. One witnesses different types and forms of lyric emotion, rather than the presence of diverse talents. This problem was made possible, more than that, facilitated in its perfection, by the extraordinary nature of the author. He possessed a personality devoid of ego-centrism, a sunny, objective nature, which eagerly took in the world as it was, arranging it into the mould of his verses. He was excellent at the "pastiche" and created quite a disturbance in literary circles with his short stories published under the name of Bielkin, a personality and outlook totally different from his own. He brought into his prose the qualities of his poetry and was triumphant in the medium.

At the beginning of his creation—and he began quite early, while yet at school—he paid toll to the prevailing romantic wind of Europe. Fortunately he was strong enough to withstand the shadow of Byron, which proved fatal to more than one Russian poet. Already with the first cantos of *Eugene Onegin* all romanticising disappeared and he became the mature, glorious person in whom sincerity, realism, simplicity were united in perfect accord with intelligence, feeling and technique.

There is no "literature" in his works, no mannerisms of style. He took the Russian language, overburdened at the beginning of the epoch with foreign terms, imperfectly assimilated, and made it sonorous, beautiful, elastic. It assumed a precision, a simplicity under his pen which appealed to the discriminating public, brought up on the French eighteenth-century tradition. Russian began to be used more and more instead of French by the rank of fashion. He crystalized the language which expressed a great period of Russia and which is slowly dying among the emigrés of Paris.

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About Russian Poetry

Foreign critics are fond of detecting Greek elements in Russian literature and in Pushkin especially, with his pagan, joyous nature. The temptation is strong, because of Byzantium, but the chance is really quite remote. The qualities which misled them are purely northern in origin, and only superficially similar. The rigorous, uniform climate of Russia, its gray monotonous landscape, the life of poverty in the innumerable villages, produced certain similarities but, above all, a greater complexity. Pushkin combined, prefigured it all. An unquestionable realism produced by observation of painful facts, an honesty in this direction at times unnecessary and disconcerting, led to simplicity of form and sincerity of feeling. With the capacity for sadness he combined a truly African childish delight in life and joy, which characterizes the Russian in a happy mood. With his negation of spiritual values, with his preoccupation with material comfort, he combined, in a truly national way, a large propensity for faith and compassion—faith and love being the mainsprings of Russian religion as contrasted with the Law of the Catholics and the Moral of the Protestants.

Nobody expressed so perfectly in verse the lyric possibilities of the Russian landscape. Pushkin reminds one of the Great Dutch masters who with precision, with perfect analysis, with a few elements of composition, expressed their country. He reminds one of a van der Neer who renders moods on his canvas, of a Vermeer of Delft in his expression of the "genre." His "chiaroscuro" is always good. Like Vermeer he bathes his subjects in a clear light of the North, natural, polished, real.

The calling of a lyric poet is a slippery one. He falls into the trite and vulgar, condemned to express the thing most overdone. Only great simplicity and sincerity without restraint, interpreting the full emotions of the heart in chiselled form, will move the reader. Pushkin had more. The quality of his verse, as genuine as it was, always retained the polish, the perfect breeding of the society he moved in. Devoid of the prejudices of his class, he betrayed his allegiance by superficial attitudes and habits, which place any person, leaving him free, given the intelligence, to vibrate in sympathy with everybody.

A great lover, he expressed Russia's greatest inheritance, her women. They are perhaps, like English portraits, a little too beautiful, too distinguished, but with infinitely more depth in them. A connoisseur, he sang the best of women whose insinuating charm interrupted his poems, whose legs he drew on the margin of his manuscripts—the pure Tatiana absorbed in a grand passion, the light Olgas forgetting poets for a uniform.

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In the end he died for them, shot by a foreign parvenue, much as he described it in the mill scene of *Eugene Onegin*. Tatiana in her later period is really the personification of women to whom Nekrasov, vulgar and coarse as a rule, gave such moving appeal. One feels in her the possibility, the strength which will drive the wives of the Decembrists out of their palaces to follow the Siberian exiles, the character which will emerge later in such glory among the emigrés. Tatiana, too, can sacrifice her life in the same grand fashion with which she dresses. Tatiana, the timid little girl, the poetic "amoureuse," has the germs of that heroism of love, of negation, of passion which will build the only refuge for the exiled and for the newborn Communistic Russians.

Contrasted with Pushkin's sublimity, insignificant indeed appear his contemporaries, but taken by themselves they are good minor poets. They expressed the different moods of society, taking this or that aspect of Pushkin's poetry and embroidering on it arabesques and variations. Until the advent of Soloviev, the great philosopher, who had such profound influence on the contemporary poets, one will find no marked new development, no marked change of ideas and style. The impression must not be gained, however, that this century of Russian poetry presents no genius except Pushkin. Count Alexis Tolstoy convinces one of the contrary.

The author of the famous play *Tzar Feodor*,—he is the only one—with the exception of Pushkin, of course—who succeeded with Russian local color. He satirized with delicacy and keenness of humor the Russian people and Russian institutions. His rippling laughter was saturated with such sincere love, understanding, and genuine feeling for local color that it bore no rancour. He laughed with Russia, not at her. His poems in the style of "the old Slavs" have the same quality in them, the same extraordinary talent. Pure, simple, utterly convincing, they did so well where Koltzov only blundered. Alexis Tolstoy's technique is excellent, his lyricism of the purest water. In him one finds this characteristically local mood, a little loud, broad but sensitive at the bottom of its primitive simplicity, of its archaic vigor; this strange contrast of delicacy and coarseness, which "the old Slavs," one presumes, had in plenty.

(*Concluded in the October Number*)

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RESEARCH AND MEDICINE

EUGENE DE SAVITSCH

EUGENE DE SAVITSCH
University of Colorado School of Medicine

CLAUDE BERNARD, celebrated French physiologist and one of the most outstanding scientists of the world, once mentioned that the most desirable qualities in a research worker are ignorance and curiosity; no doubt many will think that such a statement is rather strange if not downright ridiculous. I have hopes however that most of you will agree with it after some cerebration. Nothing contaminates the mind of the research worker more than the so-called well established theories and beliefs. A brilliant scientist would often discard his ideas simply because they did not conform to the well established beliefs of his time. Fortunately every rule has its exception and to this exception we owe most of our progress in scientific attainment.

It would be indeed a very hopeless task to attempt to mention in this article all the "poles" of progress,—they are far too numerous and their fields of endeavor are too varied. I would like to say a few words, however, about medicine, since it is the subject in which I am most interested. It would be a great compliment indeed, to call it a science now. Using the words of one of the best known figures in the profession, medicine is ten per cent knowledge and ninety per cent tact. No doubt this statement has a great deal of truth in it.

Many of you will probably feel surprised at such a rash definition of what is generally considered one of the noblest human callings. Strange as it may seem, but it was not until the end of the nineteenth century that the bacterial origin of disease was firmly established. We owe this not to a physician, not to a bacteriologist (no such science was known then), but to a French chemist Louis Pasteur, probably the greatest benefactor of the human race, assuming of course, that a person responsible for prolonging the span of human life is a benefactor. His discoveries have firmly established the bacterial origin of diseases thereby facilitating enormously their control.

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The Russian Student

In connection with Pasteur's name it is quite appropriate to mention another name, the name of a great Russian—Elie Metchnikoff, who was the first to throw light on the subtle mechanism of nature by which the body is protected against infection by the leucocytes and other cells which englobe and destroy the invading organism. This is known as phagocytic theory and is the foundation for the study of immunity and preventative medicine.

It is quite useless for me to mention the enormous benefits derived from these discoveries; most of us know them already. It will suffice to say that the length of human life was doubled and infection in surgical operations which killed a great many people, is a negligible factor now. Epidemics of cholera, diptheria and typhoid, veritable scourges of the middle ages, are practically unknown in the civilized countries; their prevention and control are within the grasp of every intelligent human being.

In spite of all this enormous success two diseases have almost entirely eluded all the attacks of scientists: cancer and tuberculosis. No doubt tuberculosis is much more important, not only because 100,000 deaths may be attributed to it in the U. S. A. alone, but principally because it takes vengeance among younger people, usually between the ages of 18 - 35. Cancer cannot be considered equally important as its victims are usually people passed their prime. Fortunately, Robert Koch, was able to isolate and demonstrate the causing factor of tuberculosis,—the tough and highly resistant tubercle bacillus. Now the scientisfs of the world concentrate their efforts in conquering this germ. Many suggestions and methods are offered daily, but let us not forget that though science owes a great deal to the reasoning powers of a thinker and acumen of a guesser both are futile until facts have been actually established and no such facts are available at present.

A NEREID

Alexander Pushkin

From *Poetry: An Anthology* by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky
Published by International Publishers Company

AS the skies flushed with dawn, where the green billow dies
To kiss gold Tauris' side, I saw a nereid rise.
Breathless for joy I lay, hid in the olive trees,
The waters lapped about her swan-white breast and young,
As from her long soft hair the wreaths of foam she wrung.

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EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. PETERSBURG

GEORGE M. DAY

Editor's Note: The substance of this article was given in an address before the members of the sociological honorary society of the University of Southern California, Alpha Kappa Delta, at the home of Dr. E. L. Bogardus, Head of the Department of Sociology, in the autumn of 1928, and is to be printed under the title, "Russian Traits of Character" in *Sociology and Social Research*, an International Journal, published at the University of Southern California.

IN attempting to write upon Russian character traits, it should be borne in mind at the out-set that the writer is probably thinking of one kind of Russian and the readers of several other kinds. For example, when I think of Russia, I have in mind great masses of peasants who have endured much suffering, who are childlike, naive, who have no sense of time, are lovers of the soil, peaceful and deeply religious. When the reader thinks of Russians, it is doubtless in terms of either chain-gangs wending their way across Siberian snows into exile, or of fierce, uncouth peasants, or in terms of Red Bolshevism.

The ideas and point of view of this article are based upon eight years of rather intimate acquaintanceship with all classes of Russian people. After enduring for a year the tortures of learning the Russian language, I entered the University of St. Petersburg in the autumn of 1910 as a student, enrolling in the historical philological department. The five semesters which I spent in this University yielded an invaluable fund of personal experience and an opportunity for intimate contact and observation. It was while walking arm in arm with sociable Russian students down the long corridors of the University that I learned their political, social, and religious aspirations. It was here that I discovered that the major sport of many Russian students about the year 1910 was to conspire against the government. In those dreary winter months, having no other wholesome outlet for pent-up feelings of hostility and ill-will, they gave vent to them in political plots and street demonstrations.

The outstanding characteristics of Russian student life in those days were these: loneliness, poverty, high idealism, willingness to suffer for political or social causes, inclinations to suicide, a sense of being torch-bearers of enlightenment to the dark masses in the provinces.

Loneliness was such a striking characteristic because students were not permitted by the police to gather in numbers

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of more than a dozen or so without special permission. Hence students could not congregate except within the walls of the university or technical schools. No group-life, no fraternity life, no athletic activities, no freedom of movement so familiar to American students lent variety and gaiety to the routine of university life in Russia. Instead, the typical Russian student had a friend or two who visited him in his rented quarters. He went to classes, went back to his room or to walk, went to the restaurant for his meals, returned to his room to study. Isolation, loneliness, therefore was a prominent characteristic.

In addition poverty was for thousands another distinguishing mark of student life. Out of a slim budget ranging from thirty-five to sixty roubles* per month, room-rent, board, books, laundry, incidentals were paid. Hundreds of students could not afford to buy dinner every day. Many of my friends were accustomed to dining only every other day, the rest of the time they "filled up" on black bread and tea.

Notwithstanding such hardships, one marveled at the high idealism which these students showed. They were willing to risk their careers for their social and political ideas. In those days politics was their religion. With utter abandonment many of them would place themselves at the head of labor demonstrations only to be nipped off by the police and sent into exile. I have some vivid memories of an episode in connection with the death of Count Leo Tolstoy. Russian students idolized this world figure. At the time of his death several hundred students in the University of St. Petersburg were in the act of arranging for a memorial service in honor of Tolstoy and while thus engaged they were raided by the police. Two of us Americans, Harvey Anderson and myself, happened to be caught in the round-up, but were immediately released, while approximately two hundred of the Russians were exiled to Siberia or outlying provinces for no other crime than that they wished to honor their beloved Tolstoy. This incident affords a glimpse into the harsh treatment of students by the government.

Again the idealism of the students ran so high and in contrast the outlook for realization of ideas and ideals was so gloomy in those days that the only solution of the riddle of life for many of these eager students was suicide. Hence every spring produced a crop of them. Students of both sexes in the bloom of youth, after enduring the rigors of a bitter winter, overwhelmed by the brightness and joy of spring would find their spirits out of accord with the cheerfulness of nature and in despair over their, to them, utterly hopeless future welcomed

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* A rouble at that time, pre-war, was approximately 51 cents.

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suicide as a relief. A trusted Russian friend interpreted these suicides as an expression of extreme idealism. Reality stood in such dark contrast to their ideal that they could not bear to live. Such a dramatic solution is to most American youths startling and forbidding, but to many Russians was a natural and inevitable conclusion.

Again I marveled at the wide range of reading which these students accomplished and particularly how well read they were in foreign literatures through translations. Their choice of American authors was surprising, but it was soon readily understood why they chose Jack London, for instance, or Walt Whitman, or Lord Byron. It was the love of freedom and adventure which these writers incarnated. Mark Twain was also a great favorite among them and his humor even through translation convulsed them with laughter.

Furthermore a strong undercurrent of genuine religion characterized Russian student life in the dark days of 1910-1912, and in this matter the students merely reflected a general trait of the Russian people, a nature inherently and deeply religious. It was true that many students protested against the ecclesiastical form of religion, prevalent at the time, but they nevertheless admired and revered the religious aspirations of such writers as Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, Solovieff and others. There was a strong desire to make religion more social, more practical. The government, however, repressed any practical expressions.

The contrast between the German and Russian traits is illustrated by the following incident. It seems as though it were only yesterday that my esteemed old German professor at the University of Marburg exclaimed, "Ah, Mein Gott, Vy do you go to that land of barbarians where there is no 'kultur', no sanitation, no enlightenment, 'vy do you throw your life away by going to live in that land of dirt and darkness?" Many a time I wished that I might have returned to tell that professor that he had Russia all wrong. Oh yes, some of the things which he said were probably true enough, but I know now that one could find in Russia things of greater importance than German 'kultur', than mechanical efficiency, sanitation and orderliness. At his distance the professor failed to appreciate the value of those human qualities which the Russians possess, of compassion, mercy, humility, and their deep social interest in just common folk. Great tides of human interest and concern for the personal welfare of one's humblest neighbor surge through the Russian breast. Such matters as mechanical efficiency or even punctuality or orderliness seem in contrast superficial or insignificant.

In summarizing the outstanding Russian traits I would say

(*Continued on page* 18)

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A RUSSIAN'S APPRECIATION OF POE

BORIS BRASOL

IN the complex gamut of conflicting emotions the mystical tendency is the most compelling, and also perhaps the most profound manifestation of the human spirit.

Edgar Allan Poe has rarely taken interest in the banal things of life, which, however, seem to comfort and attract the humble, shallow, mediocre intellect.

Almost everywhere, even in America, the classical land of Positivism, Edgar Allan Poe was both not understood and mis-understood. It took a long while for his countrymen to recognize the fact that he justly occupies a prominent place on the literary Olympus. But even in our day, on this side of the water, there is a strange reserve concerning the merits of Poe's artistic achievement. This, I think, is largely due to the peculiar nature of Poe's mentality, which led him to become one of the foremost dreamers in world literature. As Poe himself put it:

"They who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night. In their gray visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in awakening, to find that they have been upon the verge of the Great Secret."

For those possessed with the practical idea—"the real" exists only insofar as it can be registered by one of our five senses. Still, these fanatics of realism, obviously forget that, besides this world in which we physically dwell, there is another world beyond, a realm full of delicate thoughts, and unsuspected revelations. These apostles of Common Sense assuming at times a dangerous form of insanity certainly do not suspect the very existence of a mysterious wonderland with its gentle murmurs and divine inspiration which are more genuine, more real than the most visible objects that surround us in our every day intercourse.

Those "melodies unheard," those precious gems of human wisdom unseen belong to the Kingdom of the Lords of Thought—the Pioneer, the Poet, the Artist, the Creator, the Dreamer.

The Russian nation long ago discovered that there is such a thing as "mystical reality." From our own famous men of letters, men like Lermontov, Vladimir Solovieff and Dostoevsky, we have learned that a refined intellect, just as an X-ray, may penetrate beyond the film of material substance, and may, like Oedipus, riddle the great mystery of the Sphinx.

The keynote of Poe's creations, like the ever recurring harmonies in Wagner's musical dramas, like the theme of the Moon in Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, like the majestic leit-motive in Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, is the theme of fate.

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A Russian's Appreciation of Poe

The poetical conception of fate knocking at the door of human hearts invariably reminds Poe of the things which may happen, of the infinite mystery of the future. For it is not here, on the platitudes of reality, it is there, in the bottomless depths, on the snowy heights of human vision that Poe's thought dwells and seeks to attain its artistic perfection. For Poe the real is nothing but the imaginary and the imaginary nothing but one of the phases of the real. His mind is full of mystical recollections of things that never happened, but which will inevitably happen, perhaps "recollections of the future." At times the wings of his imagination take him back to the remote Past, and there, like Flaubert, he finds the seeds of events which really never ceased to exist and which are only concealed from us by the veils of Space and Time.

The turbulent spirit of Edgar Allan Poe leads him from one abyss to another. He does not calmly observe life like Goethe, Shakespeare or Pushkin. Nor is he content with the aesthetical credo of the French poet who said:

"I hate the movement which displaces the lines."

Poe's soul is a stormy ocean whose waves beat against the rocks of self-conceit. His heart is Raging Passion, intense longing for the unique, the beautiful, the immortal. Between this world and the next, he seeks to find something that would reconcile the two. But being a fugitive of fate he finds peace in neither; and the symbol of Poe's pessimistic philosophy is fully expressed in his *Raven* with its hopeless "Nevermore."

Strange as it may seem, we, in Russia, learned not only to appreciate, but also to love the great American genius, as one forming part of our own body, part of our own blood, part of our turbulent soul. The sad melodies of Poe's Muse reached our own palpitating hearts because in his poetical dreams he has used materials more precious than mere stones and plaster, feelings more refined than the mere longing for material possession.

Almost subconsciously we know that in spite of Poe's pessimism, in spite of the dark shadows which his poetry casts, there is an element of immeasurable value in his creations which is difficult to define, but which must be attributed to his deep sympathy for and understanding of human suffering, the sorrows which are common to all, the tears which are shed everywhere. That is the reason why Edgar Allan Poe, despite his gloomy attitude towards life, has produced such melodies as may have come from heaven, such sounds as probably are borne when angels touch the silver chords of some celestial harp.

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A HISTORY OF RUSSIA

A Review by Pierre Routsky

PROF. VERNADSKY has written *A History of Russia** for the English reading public or at least for that part of it which takes an interest in the country of 150,000,000 inhabitants and covering almost one fifth of the world's area. This book is not a translation of his Russian *Outline* which was published in Prague two years ago.

It is indeed due to the author and to his translator, George A. Nebolsine, to say that the difficult task has been very successfully accomplished. Disregarding many pedantic methods of style and form so cherished by many historians, Prof. Vernadsky has given a full, comprehensive, logical and sufficiently exhaustive outline of the history of Russia. I am not using the word "outline" in any sense derogatory to the author for in my humble opinion nothing is so conducive to the study of a subject as an able and scientific outline.

In marshalling his ideas, in grouping his facts, in determining the historical causes, Prof. Vernadsky has been thorough and scientific. He opens alluring vistas to the student and to the lover of history alike.

On the historical side one is impressed by two ideas. The first one is his novel interpretation of Russian expansion eastward to the Pacific Ocean. This is best explained in his own words: "The geographical limits of the expansion of the Russian people are extremely wide. They exceed greatly what is known as 'European Russia.' This conception of European Russia is an artificial creation of German and Russian historical and geographical science of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. At no time in history did the conception of European Russia correspond to the actual distribution of the Russian people. 'Russia', in the sense of the territories occupied by the Russian people, never coincided with the limits of 'European Russia', which has no natural boundary in the east. The geographical character of 'European' and 'Asiatic' Russia is the same. On both sides of the Ural Range there are the same zones of tundra, forest, and steppe. The Ural Range, far from separating, brings together by its orographic and geological peculiarities, eastern and western Russia. There are no 'natural boundaries' between 'European' and 'Asiatic' Russia. Therefore, Russia is not composed of two parts, European and Asiatic. There is only one Russia, 'Eurasian' Russia, or Eurasia. By Eurasia I do not

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* A History of Russia by George Vernadsky, Research Associate in History in Yale University. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1929. $4.00.

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SMATTER

OH, yes, we had a vacation. Between peels and unguentine administrations and sittings-in on that most infantile of games—where're-you-from, we found that we had a penchant for red canoes. Just one bright and shiny red canoe!

"There was a Russian on the lodge porch this morning," announced one whose intent was to detain me from that red canoe. "Did you talk to him? Do you know his name?", I was skeptical at once.

"No, but he had a long black beard and he couldn't speak English very well. I'm sure he must be Russian. Let's find him."

Fortunately or unfortunately the stranger had disappeared so we calmly assured the curious one that he might have been almost anything, nine chances out of ten not Russian. And we looked at the red canoe.

In Princess Marthe Bibesco's dedication to *The Green Parrot* she tells of an argument which she had with her husband about the Russian soul. The husband insisted that all of us human beings suffer from the same ills as Dostoevsky's heroes. "They are men. A Russian is just like you and me and our neighbors. The only difference is in your imagination."

Just as the Princess declared that the Russian is different, a tall man with a yellow beard appeared on the Champs Elysses. He had crafty eyes, high cheekbones, a short nose; his cigarette had the odor of an incense burner; he walked like the Russian army.

"Look! He is a Russian," exclaimed the Princess. Whereupon the husband asked the stranger and received the answer; "I am Spanish."

A professor at Columbia—a female professor—asked a student his nationality. "I am Russian." Then she said in front of the whole class, or so the story was related to me; "Russian!" You *are* very good looking. You have such beautiful blue eyes." When we looked into that student's eyes, they were not blue, but agate.

A Russian reader confided to us before our vacation that she did not like the title of this column. She thought we had taken it from "S'Matter Pop?" An American wrote us while on vacation; "Where did you get that word? Is it Russian?" When a Russian doesn't like something, he thinks it is American. When an American doesn't understand something, he thinks it is Russian. Such vivid imaginations!

This word—Smatter—we cribbed from the largest diction-

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ary we could find. It — Smatter — came originally from the Middle English. As a noun it means superficial knowledge; a smattering; as a verb it means to babble; to chatter. That and a red canoe account for this babbling, but we don't expect the writers of articles to follow our example and chatter, chatter, chatter. They are urged to say something.

The first day after our vacation we had a conversation with a tall brunette who was born in Petrograd. He had just come to the big city from the Middle West. "I got tired of being branded out there as a foreigner. I couldn't get a decent job because everybody said, being Russian, I would have trouble with my English."

More imagination, we thought. This engineer butchered the King's English in just the same spots as the native American boy who was preferred and he probably knew more about machine design. But he went on: "I got a job here the first day. At the first place, the man asked me two questions: 'When can you start?' and 'How much do you want?' I got the job and financially speaking I am now at the top of the world. I realize that the best jobs right now are in mechanical. In civil the situation is not so good and in electrical it's rotten. I chose the right field. I did make some mistakes in college, though. I didn't know it then, but I know it now." He rose to go. I am sure he was afraid that I would ask him what they were and how he found out.

We turned to a letter from a student in the Middle West: "I made a mistake and I will tell you about it sincerely. I could have blamed the professor or conditions here, or I could have said that being a foreigner I could not get over the subjects on account of a poor knowledge of English. I do not want to do that. I am old enough to realize my own mistakes and have enough courage to admit them." We rather liked that letter.

Ah, what follies some Russians think they are justified in committing because they are Russians and the world thinks they are different and will forgive them! What a reputation some of them try to live up to!

But we must not philosophize. We must chatter.

Realizing the necessity of advertisements in this number, we have been hanging on the telephone for the last half hour with eventually this kind of luck: "Mr. S. is on his vacation. Won't be back till the middle of September."

Vacation? Now? That's queer. Then we remembered. Some people do take theirs out of order. He's just the kind to get lost in the Coliseum by moonlight. He may never come back.

And so, yours for continued vacations, —deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

When we want to be sure of getting what we ask for, we call up Peter Obninsky and in a few days he presents us with a new cover. We think he stays up nights to do it, and we would be sorrier than we are if it were not for the fact that we suspect 4,000 people besides us are grateful. Mr. Obninsky graduated from Columbia School of Architecture in 1926. He is doing some special work on country houses for Charles Platt, New York.

Mstislaw Loukomsky will be remembered for his article "Behind the Mask" which appeared in February 1929 in *The Russian Student.* Mr. Loukomsky has spent the summer working in New York but returned to Virginia Polytechnic Institute this month.

There is more than one person pained that space would not permit printing Basil Petrov's article in full in this issue. It will be concluded in October. Mr. Petrov, who is now with Knoedler & Co., New York, is a Yale graduate of the Class of 1926. Mr. Petrov's article "About Women" appeared in the Tolstoi Number of *The Russian Student* a year ago.

Eugene de Savitsch, medical student and laboratory assistant, at the University of Colorado Medical School was born in Petrograd but came to this country via Japan in 1922. Mr. de Savitsch has been doing some valuable tuberculosis research work with Dr. Henry Sewall of Denver. Some of their findings were presented to the National Tuberculosis Association in November 1928 and published in the *American Review of Tuberculosis.* Other results of their investigation were presented in May.

George M. Day is Professor of Sociology at Occidental College. He is making a study of Russian life in the United States, a part of which pertaining to the Russian church in Los Angeles appeared in the May issue.

Boris Brasol, author and lecturer, is Vice-President of The Edgar Allan Poe Society, 640 Washington Avenue, New York, a national literary organization which is preparing to erect an Edgar A. Poe Memorial Monument on Riverside Drive between 91st and 92nd Streets. The Society has chosen the Russian sculptor Gleb W. Derujinsky for the execution of the work. Memberships range from student memberships of one dollar to life memberships at one hundred dollars. Mr. Brasol has recently been working on some translations of Russian folk songs which are to be published by Schirmer. For additional information regarding this writer, the reader is referred to Who's Who for April.

Pierre Routsky, Director of the Service Bureau for Russians, is a graduate of the Imperial School of Law, St. Petersburg He has held consular and diplomatic positions in Paris, Rome, London and Brussels, and was the Russian Consul for New York City from 1914 to 1927.

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BOOKS AND RUSSIANS

Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith are to bring out in October the work which Gorki has been working on since the beginning of the Revolution. The title is "The End and the Beginning" and the translation by Bernard Gilbert Guerney — the translator of the Merejkowsky and Bunin novels—is the first to appear in any language.

The new publishers, Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., have reprinted in a two-fifty edition, the folk story classic—"Skazki; Tales and Legends of Old Russia, Told by Ida Zeitlin, illustrated by Theodore Nadejen."

The artist, Boris Artzybasheff, has collaborated with an engineer, George E. Bock to produce a picture book of machinery for boys. Macmillan will publish the work in a two dollar edition under the fascinating title "What Makes the Wheels Go Round." Mr. Artzybasheff has illustrated it. Macmillan has also re-issued at the price of two dollars Platonov's well known "History of Russia."

Dr. Alexis L. Romanoff has designed and assembled a special laboratory incubator at the College of Agriculture, Cornell, and is doing a unique piece of research as to the effect of physical factors of incubation on the growth and metabolism of chick embryo.

When Tolstoy, or if you prefer, Tolstoi, was annoyed by the questions of biographers, he said: "My best biography is to be found in my letters to Alexandrine." The correspondence between Tolstoy and his most intimate woman friend and cousin was brought out in Russia eighteen years ago, but has just recently been published here by E. P. Dutton & Co. Another addition to Tolstoyana has been published by Payson & Clarke—"The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife (1860-1891)." As explained in the preface this is probably the most valuable first hand document in existence on Tolstoy's family life and explains the psychological factors that underlay that famous unhappy marriage. Most of the wives of geniuses seem to go on record as revealing the colossal vanity of their husbands and why shouldn't they?

For the first time in over thirty years, a publisher has the courage to print a translation of one of Pushkin's novels. We refer to "The Captain's Daughter" (Viking Press). This novel was conceived, as everyone knows, through the example of Scott's historical novels, but we are told, it reads far better even in translation.

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Other articles, stories, poems, book reviews, translations, drawings, by students and graduates, as well as material by A. P. Kashevaroff, Curator of Museum, Juneau, Alaska; Prof. N. Borodin, a specialist on fisheries; Dean W. R. Gray, Tuck School, Dartmouth College; J. F. Abel, Specialist in Foreign Education; Dr. Eugene L. Fisk, Director, Life Extension Institute; Prof. M. M. Karpovich, Department of History, Harvard University; Prof. I. V. Emelianoff, Specialist in Cooperatives, and many others.

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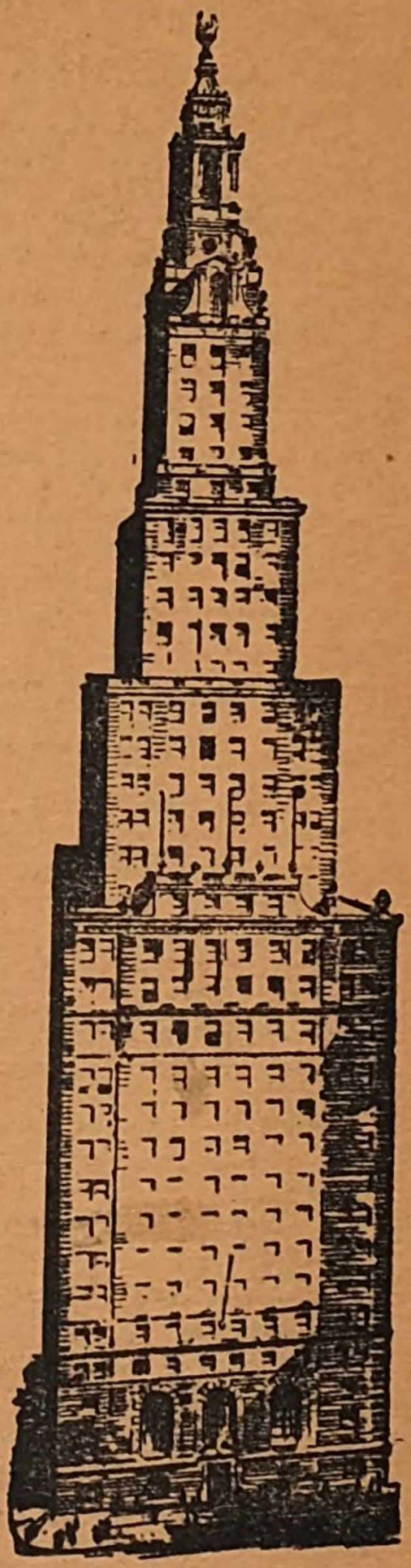

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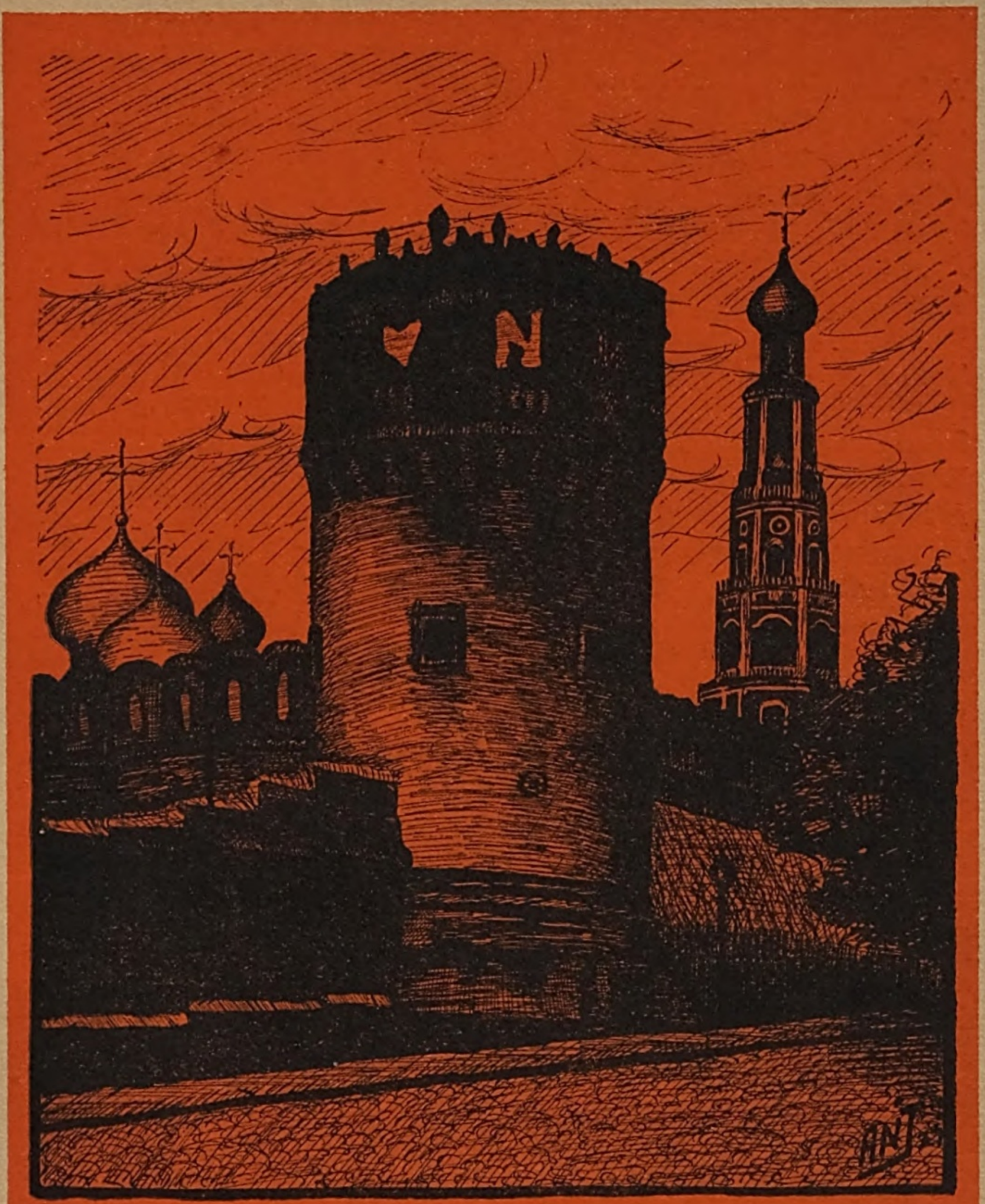

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

October, 1929

Volume VI **Number 2**

A VOICE FROM THE BACK WOODS

DMITRY NICONOFF

UNLIKE the majority of Russian students who have been—or are—studying in American higher educational institutions, most of my life in this country, even since I decided to go after learning, was spent in small western towns or mining camps. While these secluded spots may be ideal places for securing health or technical knowledge, one hardly can expect to become a cosmopolitan, being associated for five years largely with miners, farmers, or cowboys.

Probably on account of these peculiar conditions—or it may be due to the fact that I was compelled to give all of my time to study and outside work, thus neglecting whatever there was available of social activities—I feel as if I failed to acquire certain points of view which appear to be so widely accepted nowadays.

One of these is the importance of several activities in the life of a technical man, who is striving to get anywhere. Some well-meaning college professors, addressing their graduates ready to face the rough sea of life, appeal to the better nature of their students and inspire them to serve society—while others are more practical and frankly stress the necessity of having personality and playing golf with the boss or marrying the boss' daughter, to obtain rapid advancement.

Even in such a non-partisan and non-political organ as *The Russian Student,* one may notice occasionally an article of more or less similar character. There seems to be so much arguing on behalf of this teaching and so little contrary to it, that if it were not for the fact that the preachers still consider it necessary to continue this campaign, one would be inclined to assume that everyone has been converted already.

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It is a nice thing to be a social fellow, to have a good personality or, as they say, to be a good mixer. It is so much easier to wear clean clothes, do nice talking or pass a cigar, than to be covered for eight hours with dust and dirt in the plant, to spend one's own time in the laboratory or to burn midnight oil in a library. Especially, since it is the mixer who is more likely to be noticed first when the question of promotion will arise, and then, there is so much said about how valuable to society is a man of good mixing habits.

While it is desirable for every one of us to contribute to social life as much as possible in order to make life more worth living, there is always a danger that this over-cultivation of sociability and personality may defeat its own purpose. It isn't necessary to go too far in search of an example to prove that in a good many cases the men at the top arrived there not so much through their ability to do the actual work, as through their knowledge of how to be pleasant to everyone.

Again, the obvious benefits of an individual's being too sociable may have behind them a draw-back, which is rather difficult to see at first. Thus in one of the smelters of the southwest, there is a technical library, established primarily for the use of the research forces, but from which outsiders are not barred. There is also a score of chemists and metallurgists whose professional knowledge could probably stand some additional expansion—and yet, hardly ever does one of them stroll into the library during his working hours, and never has it happened so far that anyone came in there intentionally in the evening to do some studying. Why?—It is so unsociable!

It is curious to note that Henry Ford, in one of his recent interviews, among the numerous requirements for a young man who is to become an industrial leader, referred only indirectly to the social functions of such a leader, saying that he must know humans enough to understand their desires and needs.

There is another widely spread teaching that failed, so far, to penetrate my back woods—one about broad-mindedness. Here again a good deal has been said on behalf of it, so that it sounds more like an axiom. Expressing doubts in regard to it may be considered as an unsafe practice—a fact which I learned from my own experience.

During my M.S. examination I was asked by a professor of literature a lot of embarrassing questions about Karl Marx and other gentlemen who believed in bringing peace to the earth by throwing bombs. On my frank reply that I wasn't interested in these people, the professor made a sarcastic remark that a broad-minded Russian should be expected to know about all these

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things. Undoubtedly, his estimation of broadness of mind was not too favorable to me—and yet, it seems to me that to sum up the knowledge that each one of us possessed, I knew a good deal more about the business of the well-respected and broad-minded professor than he did about mine. Really, it puzzles me why a metallurgist, in order to be considered broad-minded, should know all the things about Karl Marx, or who was Spinoza, or which one of the Roman emperors snored the loudest, while the broadminded dilettante can't even tell the difference betwen reverbatory and blast furnaces.

No, positively there is no justice in this world, if a group of people, largest in number and loudest of voice—though questionably most useful—is dictating the fashions in mentality to the less conspicuous ones! And the worst of all is that the latter usually take this dictation for granted, feel ashamed of being out of step with the cultured world and in many cases invest their time and money absorbing all kinds of things offered by the sellers of shelves full of books, neglecting at the same time fifty foot shelves of books dealing directly with their line of activities.

Of course, we are here in this world primarily with the object of learning and accomplishing—but after we are through with the general educational period of our lives and while we are still accomplishing, I positively cannot see how one can, at the present rate of expansion of knowledge, keep in touch with every phase of it, doing this well, and at the same time doing justice to the chosen line of endeavor. It is true that nothing can be more devastating to one's mind than too narrow specialization in a certain line of thought or activities, but to avoid that, I would rather go in search of new thoughts and inspiration in branches of knowledge that are more related to my interests—say chemistry or physics—than to current literature or to what the modernists are trying to make of art.

In this respect, I give full credit to certain types of American business or professional men who so frequently are criticized as being too absorbed in their own interests, thus neglecting the trend of civilization as a whole. I believe that civilization itself is greatly indebted to these men who can stick their teeth in their problem until either they will get the best of it, or vice versa.

To many, a person of this type seems to lack broad-mindedness, a sense of beauty, or even a soul—but in fact this is due only to immobility on the side of those who prefer to nourish their minds on less practical things.

Through my duties at the smelter I came in contact with a boiler shop foreman who spent fifty years of his life in the boiler

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shop game. To the broad-minded ones, he may appear a disgrace to our civilized age, for he openly prefers discussion of boilers or similar articles to anything else in this world—but so far as I am concerned, I greatly admire the pride that this foreman takes in every well executed weld or neatly placed rivet, and I really belive that he sees just as much beauty in these as there may be in any celebrated painting. Furthermore, he is fond of tackling difficult problems that arise in connection with his trade—so much so that he takes along his pencil and pad to bed, in order to be ready to put down a bright thought (about his work, of course) that might come to his mind at night.

I often wonder, if it were possible to compare this man with some poet or writer of the second magnitude by bringing up the same common denominator for their respective faculties to think, to feel beauty and to generate inspirations—who would be the winner. Personally, I would bank on the old boiler-maker, for at least his inspirations produced something more than mere noise.

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ABOUT RUSSIAN POETRY

BASIL B. PETROV

THE triumphant progress of Lord Byron across Europe with his horses, peacocks and tamed leopards following in his train, impressed Europe and was pregnant with literary consequences. It ruined a perfectly good Russian poet. Lermontov, considered generally on a par with Pushkin, would have been worthy of this honor, if he had the latter's strength to preserve his originality.

Left an orphan early, he was brought up in Moscow by relatives, narrow and straight-laced. His sensitive nature left without companions in the early days of his life, turned upon itself for analysis and brooding. He soon discovered the shame, the superficiality of the surrounding world, and like Byron, became dissatisfied with it in general and conceived a hatred for it, keeping on the other hand his desire for the pure, the beautiful, the fantastic. A nobleman of some fortune, he entered the Imperial Guards, where the military discipline, according badly with his temperament, developing the tendencies of his childhood, made him almost cruel. He despised the world and could not get along without it. As an instance of his cruelty it is reported that he made a woman, madly in love with him, wear to a ball a most unbecoming red dress, putting her through an agony of shame. One feels this attitude in *The Hero of Our Times*, his greatest prose work, which seems to recall Byron in so many instances, and a Byron not at his best.

His tongue got Lermontov in trouble at the court, where his dissatisfaction with the existing state of things was viewed with no amiable eye. He was exiled to the Caucasus. The drama of the mountain landscape, the romantic life of the mountaineer tribes furnished him with legends and subjects for his poems. The famous epic poem *Demon* has all the earmarks of romanticism. Lucifer himself becomes his spokesman in verses worthy of Pushkin from the technical point of view, bored, tragic, floating over the great rocky peaks covered with perpetual snow. How sugary the lyricism, how sentimental the love of this almighty being! One misses the faultless psychology of Pushkin, his common sense, his exquisite realism, in this menage of hatreds and marzipan angels. His metaphors, his impersonations of inanimate objects are trite and meretricious. Some of his most famous poems begin like this: "An angel was floating in the midnight sky, singing a quiet song," or "Oh, tell me, branch of Palestine, where did you live, where did you bloom?"

In him too, one finds, together with the hatred, or rather

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because of it, the mysterious element of deep religious feeling. Like Pushkin he understood the landscape. The tragedy of the mountains is well expressed in his descriptions; they remind one of some backgrounds of El Greco, painted with a vigorous brush and clearness, from the distance. Lermontov was killed in Piatigorsk, like Pushkin, in a duel. "Peace to his ashes."

After the great exertion of the major poets, the nation, it seems, has collected her forces through a manifold and slow transition of the minor poets, in order to set forth a new phase on the brink of the Revolution. Many have great talent and suit the diversified demands of a vast country, but genius is absent. This period is unpoetic.

Prince Baratinsky, so much admired by Pushkin, had a vogue in his time, coming close to the fame of the great poet himself. Few read him now, and wrongly so, since the philosophical lyricism of his poems is couched in a flawless technique and emanates a stern and cultivated spirit. Yasikov was enamoured of the Greeks. His anacreontic poetry is charming, lacking in strength and originality. The leading theologian of the thirties, Khomiakov, expressed in his work the Slavophile ideas, he was so deeply interested in.

The liberal ideas which were gaining strength in Russia, and the question of abolition of slavery, directed the attention of Nekrasov and Koltzov to the peasantry. The "simple people" remained essentially Russian; its suffering, its language, its point of view was still unanalysed. Nekrasov returned to simplicity and nature. He described the life of the peasants, sang the poetry of villages and legends. His "naturalism" is coarse. He brought a moral purpose to every idea, to every occasion he discussed. Koltzov drew his inspiration from the folk songs. He too, sang about the "people". Uncouth, clumsy, written with a very poor technique, his poems lack true lyricism, the true beauty of bucolic poetry, the true realism of genuine things. His puerile meditations showed only too well the sad state of the milieu he came from. Both poets knew the people but had no power to express it. In comparison with the same kind of genre in Pushkin, Lermontov or Alexis Tolstoy, their cultural poverty of talent is only too apparent.

Thus the two ideas, the two tendencies of the controversy which was being waged over Peter the Great, that of the "Westeners" and the "Slavophiles" is visible in Russian poetry. Sometimes they are both apparent in the same poet, sometimes they are divided. The foreign influences begin to be definitely assimilated and digested, to produce a fusion, speaking generally, at the end of the century, when poets, no longer preoccupied with their origins, will accept both as a national inheritance.

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In Tutchev one encounters a panslavist of great culture. Thoroughly educated in the European way, he understood Russia well. His poetry of nature, pure, calm, like the Russian landscape, created a native atmosphere which influenced the Symbolists of the older generation. His lyrics, charming and refreshing, remind one of certain soft and undulating passages of Chopin. It is of some slight interest that he used the Russian language only for his poems, and wrote the most frequently quoted description of Russia, which, according to him, "it is impossible to understand, impossible to measure with a common rule, but which can only be believed in."

Fet was another poet, whose influence both on Soloviev and the Symbolists is significant inasmuch as it shows a stage of transition in the evolution towards the new school. His lyrics, sugared, perhaps at times, bear the mark of a good chisel. Pure and clear cut they justly attracted the attention of the later poets.

The Victorian Mykov, bucolic and artificial, like his English contemporaries, among the minor lights, requires a special mood for reading. He lacks the nowadays so much praised vitality, and does not compel one's interest. His contemporary Polonsky has a few good things. He is a realist with a romantic vision (whatever that is) and, like Nikitine, above all not overburdened with talent.

The infamous Nadson, one of the best sellers in his time, brought the Romanticism of a Musset to a truly amusing pitch. He wept bitter and sentimental tears on almost all the feminine laps of Russia. He wrote as follows:

"Don't tell me he is dead—he is still living.
Oh let alone the ruined altar—the fire is ablaze.
What matter if the rose is plucked—she keeps her bloom.
What if the harp is broken—still sobs the chord."

The much maligned Apuktin and his "vers de societe" were quite often classed with the productions of Nadson. As superficial as the tragedy of a "man about town" may appear, it has its pathos, and Apuktin expressed this pathos charmingly in prose and verse. In "With the courier train at five" one finds the misgivings of two aged lovers, meeting in a railroad station, made no less poignant by the luxury of the first-class carriage. In him one finds the silent suffering of a well-bred man, who sees his life coming to an end without having had time to accomplish much, and regretting the excellent marks of Champagne tasted; perhaps recalling tenderly some intimate conversation which will be no more in a corner of Victorian drawing-room, behind a palm. He has a great deal of tact, finesse and charm.

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Soloviev the philosopher, as if in reaction to the positivist nineteenth century with its material discoveries, brings a purely mystical outlook on life and sees symbols in the world unscientifically constructed. His attitude towards the reason and make up of the universe is in a very general way not unlike that of Bergson, departing to an extent from the purely material to an introduction of the Living Force as a coordinate in a system. Soloviev however, does not take science into the scope of his mystical philosophisings.

This attitude, rather this tendency, one discovers in the movement just preceding the Revolution. The period is marked finally by a poetic expansion, a richness in this sense, strong and ripe. Already in Minsky, in his symbolic poems, in his decadant attitude, in his modernist expression, the trend of the times unfolds itself. Gone is the naturalism, the simple unquestioning feeling, attitudes, thoughts of the preceding century. The modern personality becomes complex and subtle. It relies for expression on nuances, moods, impressions.

In the master of technique, in the impeccable jeweller of verse, Balmont, in his cosmic conceptions of individualism, in his pagan joy of sunshine, of landscape, of animals, much like the primitive Italians of the Quattrocento, one finds the subtle shades of Time and Spirit. When Balmont says "I and the cosmos", he goes over into something new, something different from the meaningless beauty of Pushkin and his contemporaries.

Brusov, profoundly saturated with the French Symbolists, combines, like they, liberty of form with a preoccupation with its neatness. He interprets his sensations in symbols fresh and accurate, beautiful and cerebral.

Like Pushkin in many ways, occupying the same position in relation to his period, Alexander Block epitomises in his magnificent work the whole concert of the tragic and unparallel end. His form still adheres to the sound principles of Pushkin, but a change of emphasis is quite apparent in the use of rhyme, for instance, which becomes almost shocking in its innovation, relegated to the place it should occupy as an inconspicuous ornament, accentuating the music and the sense of poems. His language is still the superb, plastic medium of Pushkin, enriched by all the subtle, charming words, which go to express a personality rich with complex and pure, lyric emotions. His meter assumes already the irregularity so dear to the very modern poets. It gives to his poems an effect slightly broken up in feeling, suiting perfectly the profound gloom of the forthcoming catastrophe.

Block is a realist in the sense Debussy is. Intellectual, and enamoured of music, he chooses his words carefully, in a way that would have pleased Remy de Gourmont, the stylist and the

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purist. Nothing but the most true, the most genuine enters the magic circle of his conceptions. One has a feeling with him as of the last judgment, when, one would fancy, human personalities, with all the base, all the hideous attributes are exposed, naked, but already without fear of this exposure and past shame. They are sad and frank about their sins and their crimes, and withal bathed in a divine atmosphere of sympathy and forgiveness. For there is nothing rigid, nothing stern about Block's poems, just an infinite sadness, an infinite all-embracing love, a broadness of outlook which takes in all people. To use the exquisite phrase of T. S. Elliott, he is "an infinitely suffering thing."

The four slim volumes comprise three of incomparable lyrics and one of plays. The last (such is the doom of Russian poetry) are reminiscent, to an extent unpleasing, of Maeterlinck. Russian Maeterlinck, no doubt, but Maeterlinck just the same. In the earlier cycle one has to go back to the primitives for understanding. The "Verses about the Beautiful Lady" have in them the spirit of the ages when the Virgin Mary reigned supreme over as sad a world as ours; when she was sowing the first cultural conceptions, softening the barbarism of the Dark Ages. The apparition of Mary haunts Block through a great many poems, sometimes descending from a star clad in a blue mantle, (which since Giotto symbolised the heavenly love), disappearing behind the white hills of snow on an evening; sometimes the beautiful "Stranger" walks through a Cafe-Chantant, superb, pure, and distant, kindling a sacred fire in the "rabbit eyes" of drunkards. At times she is receiving, smart and mysterious, attended by a butler and a husband, and yet she disappears behind a curtain and the gusts and drifts of snow keep her secret. But already in the earlier period—dedicated to the search of a perfect woman, of a pure love partly mystical, party carnal, so that one never knows if the Madonna will not descend from the ikon and become a bride, a mistress—already in this vision one notices the pervading gloom, as if a presentment of the suffering to be borne by the country. In his beautiful poem, so unsatisfactory in fragmentary translation, he understood the future:

"I went into the night to find, to understand,
The distant rustle and the nearest murmur,
Receive the non-existent, to believe
In the seeming sound of riding."

and later, referring to death:

"I understood who heedlessly is riding
And laughing in the empty saddle."

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Block gives impressions, moods and through this medium conveys an understanding, multiplies our consciousness ad infinitum, giving a supreme aesthetic pleasure.

Scattered here and there, one finds in his volumes perfect gems of "genre", little realistic short stories, little presentations which invoke again the best of the Dutch Masters, so perfect is the play of light and shade, so exquisite the rendering.

Block's poem "Twelve," which created such an uproar, such scandal at the exciting time of its appearance in full Revolution, will remain one of the greatest masterpieces of Russian literature. In it the sound of his rhyme, rhythm and words convey, in the way music does, the shooting, the march of soldiers on the frozen pavements, all the horror of the civil war, of murder and of corpses. And finally Christ with a red flag, a garland of roses, leads the Bolshevik troops, so it would appear, to murder. And yet is not the profound teaching of Christianity sufficiently convincing that His place is with those who inflict and bear the greatest suffering on this infinitesimal planet, so rich in that sort of thing already.

The words of the great genius, dying from starvation on the streets of Moscow, in a late poem are indeed befitting:

"Above our death bed crows
Ascend with screams.
Let those who are more worthy
O, Almighty, behold Thy Kingdom."

SILENTIUM

TUTCHEF

Translated by P. S. P.

BE silent, hidden and conceal
Whate'er you dream, whate'er you feel.
Oh, let your visions rise and die,
Within your heart's unfathomed sky,
Like stars that take night's darkened route.
Admire and scan them and be mute.
The heart was born dumb; who can sense
Its tremors, recondite and tense?
And who can hear its silent cry?
A thought when spoken is a lie.
Uncovered springs men will pollute,—
Drink hidden waters and be mute.
Your art shall inner living be.
The world within your phantasy
A kingdom is that waits its Saul.
The outer din shall still its call,
Day's glare its secret suns confute:
Then quaff its singing and be mute.

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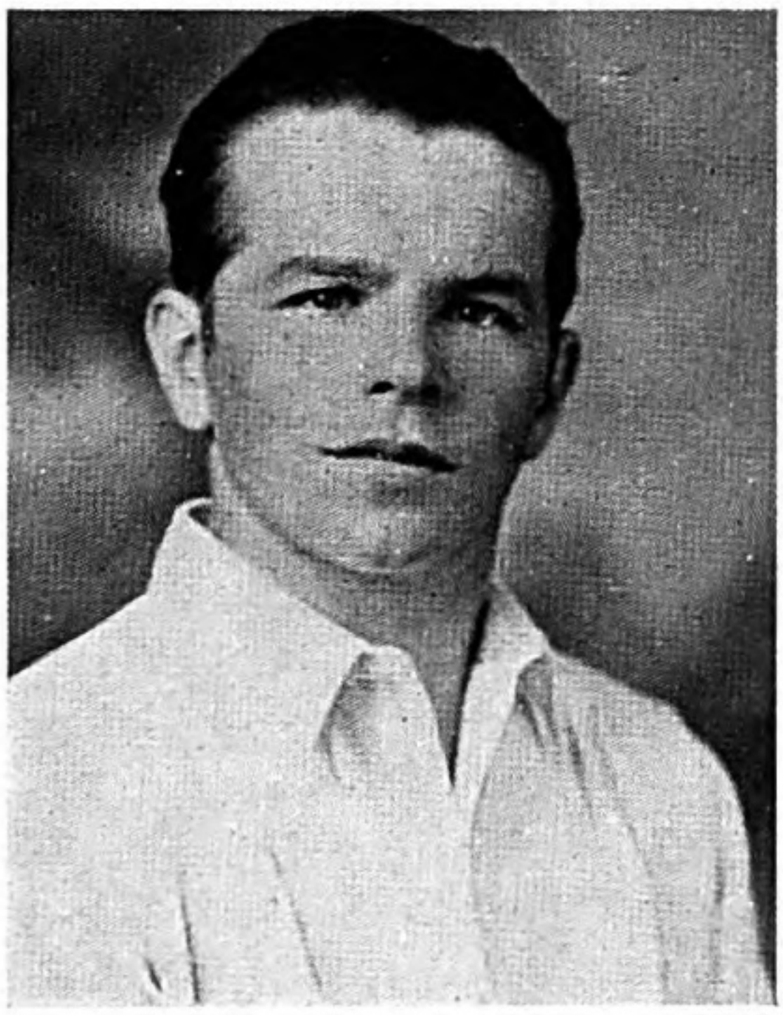
A CLEAN SLATE

VICTOR M. KIBARDIN



VICTOR M. KIBARDIN
University of Michigan
College of Engineering

EVERYONE'S life is a series of different mental attitudes toward surroundings and events. Sooner or later everyone must arrive at that stage where he feels personal responsibility for all actions and mistakes. Some people have such an experience very early in life; to others, on the contrary, it comes late. In the following article I will try to relate as fully as I can my personal experience connected with the beginning of such a stage which took place about half a year ago.

At the very beginning of my student life in an American College I made the mistake of choosing the wrong attitude toward my studies. I observed, for example, some talented students whose progress in school work was above the average, due to their natural abilities. Thinking that I could do likewise I led the same life that they did, that is, I studied as little as I could and used most of my time for reading and sport.

But I did not take into consideration two very important factors. In the first place my natural abilities never have been above the average. In the second place, the hardship of studying was increased by the necessity of using a language foreign to me. The results revealed themselves very soon. The first test showed that my knowledge of the subjects was far below normal. I did not pay much attention to that because even in Russian institutions I never had much success in first tests.

When a second test proved worse and others still worse, then I came to the conclusion that I was making a mistake somewhere. The realization of the presence of a mistake made me start a search for it.

Of course at first the blame was put upon the professors. After careful and strict observation I came to the conclusion that the professors had nothing to do with my bad luck. Another attempt was made and this time I decided to look into my personal life. To my great joy and sorrow I came to the conclusion that there was nobody to be blamed but myself.

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This was only a half solution of the problem. The hardest part was still ahead of me—I must find a way to avoid the same mistake in the future. I had to start everything right from the beginning. I examined my way of living, my system of study and keeping class notes. After long and hard work I knew that I had to be more attentive in the class room as well as during my study at home. Then I had to put twice as much time into my studies. I had to forget about everything that had no close connection with my school work. I had to go so far as even to cut down the number of hours of my sleep in order to have enough time for study.

This time the results were very different. In spite of the fact that my natural abilities never have been above the average, I found I could through hard labor and sincere attitude toward my studies rise to rank among the highest twenty-five per cent of the class at the end of the semester.

But we have to pay a certain price for all our mistakes. So, I could not receive anything better than a "C" average for the semester on the whole. Poor grades at the beginning lowered my average a great deal, in spite of the fact that the end of the semester was quite successful.

I must consider myself lucky, however, that the Russian Student Fund did not refuse to help me this year and their action prevented the necessity of my paying the bitter price of leaving college on account of my mistakes. Opportunity to go on in my school work brought home the fact that instead of laying the blame for one's failure upon the hard conditions we Russian students have to meet in American Universities, it is more sensible as well as beneficial to take an honest attitude toward one's work, and admitting past mistakes, wipe the slate clean and avoid making them in the future.

THREE SPRINGS

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

From *Poetry: An Anthology* by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky
Published by International Publishers Company

THREE springs in life's immense and joyless deserts
Mysteriously rise and hurry on;
The spring of youth, unsteady and rebellious,
Bubbling and seething, tosses, boils, is gone;
Life's exiles at the bright Castalian fountain
Drink draughts more pure, more heady than the first;
But 'tis the deep, cold willspring of oblivion
That slakes most sweetly ecstasy and thirst.

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RUSSIAN IDEAS ON PEDOLOGY

CONSTANTINE C. NIKIFOROFF

PEDOLOGY is that branch of science which deals with the study of the soil. It is understood that it is closely connected with Agriculture, but while Agriculture as a method of cultivation and exploitation of the soil is probably the oldest industry in the history of mankind, pedology, as the main branch of scientific agriculture, is almost the youngest among all natural sciences. It dates back not much more than a half century.

Its foundation was laid almost simultaneously in two great agricultural countries, the United States of America and Russia. Two renowned scientists, E. W. Hilgard in the United States and V. V. Dokouchaeff in Russia were the authentic founders of the science of the soil as a natural phenomenon.

The principal ideas of both were in the very beginning almost identical. Both found a close relationship existing between climatical conditions and the character of the soil's development and both regarded soil from a wide geographical viewpoint. But the further development of the young science has since progressed in entirely different directions. Probably here also can be found the influence of our national characteristics.

The American scientists did not lose sight of the practical application of pedology. The soil was regarded as an object of cultivation and almost all investigations in this field were closely connected with the problems of agricultural practices.

Accordingly the special conception of the soil as a medium of cultivation for plant growth, the original system of soil classification and the methods of examining and surveying soils were worked out with this viewpoint in mind. The productivity of the soil, fertilization for increasing crops, practical methods of farming and farm economics were the main torches by the light of which the new science grew in America. And of course agriculture in this country must be grateful to scientists for their experiments and investigations which placed it on a higher plane throughout the world.

It is well known that Russians, in general, are very unpractical people. Russian scientists are not an exception to the common rule. This is true even in regard to a science so closely connected with such practical problems as a study of the soil.

From the very beginning the practical problems were separated into an almost independent branch of agricultural science, the so-called "experimental agronomy", while pedology as such continued its progress and remains to the present as a distinct scientific province.

The soil is regarded by Russian pedologists as a very com-

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plicated natural phenomenon, the creation of which is influenced by numerous natural forces. It is similar to the physical focus in which the mutual actions of the different factors are concentrated and refracted. It is a medium of close contact of the organic and mineral kingdoms, firm geological crust and gasiform atmosphere.

Each one of the natural forces, such as climate, topography, vegetation, microbiology, geological character of the surface formations, its physical and chemical nature, and so on—take a definite part in the creation of the soil. They work together so closely that very often, it is quite difficult to say where one influence ends and the other begins—but the soil's face, its construction reflects all these actions. "The soils are the mirror, the bright and entirely truthful reflection, so to say—the direct result of the coordinate, close, eternal reaction between the atmosphere and ground on the one hand and vegetative and animal organisms together with the land's age on the other", wrote Professor Dokouchaeff.

In another of his works this scientist tells us: "The best and the highest beauty of the natural science, the kernel of the real natural philosophy is the genetical, eternal and always logical relationship between the vegetative, animal and mineral kingdoms on one hand and man, his ways of life, and even his spiritual life on the other. It seems to me that our soil science must be recognized as a center of the study of relations between living and dead nature, between mankind and all other organic life as well as the mineral kingdoms."

So the soil in general is regarded as an adequate link in the circle of the natural philosophy; its position between organic and mineral kingdoms, its dual organs—mineral or better to say even triple—bio-organo-mineral nature must fill the abyss, the bottomless pit between living and dead nature; to melt their contrast into a harmonious, logical whole.

The soil itself in a proper sense, as a natural individual, is recognized as a harmoniously constructed body, as a living organism with very complicated physical, chemical and biological processes characterizing its life, its dynamics or physiology. "The soil permanently lives and changes itself", said Prof. Dokouchaeff. "It develops now progressively, now regressively like every other vegetative or animal organism."

Soil's dynamics, its living functions, are those bio-chemical processes which create the soil's body, determine its age and nature. It is a very complicated process because of these reasons: First, because of a great number of mineral, organic and biological components which take part in this process simultane-

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ously. In regard to this the soil formation process is exceedingly intricate. Second, because all the chemical compounds of the reaction exist in very weak solutions, and third, because this process acts very slowly—the age of the soil must be counted by thousands of years. But they run continuously, because when they stop—soil is no longer a living body, soil dies and loses its prolific ability.

Keeping permanently in mind the wide geographical viewpoint upon the distribution of the different types of soil formation throughout the world, the Russian pedologists worked out the law of universal horizontal and vertical zones which were brought at once into complete harmony, in accordance with the principles of the geographical climatology, geobotany, into so as to say—geographical synthesis in which the soils take a place of honor also. Another notable Russian scientist, Professor Morozoff, author of the remarkable book of the forest as a natural phenomenon, tells us regarding the role of the soil in the geographical synthesis: "There is in nature no other body or phenomenon, which could demonstrate the significance of the geographical synthesis so brightly and so concretely. Nature merges itself into a unique whole in my mind", he remarked when he became acquainted with the principles of Dokouchaeff's School.

A special branch of pedology, "The geography of soil formations", rises from the development of the study of zones.

The careful study of the soil body's construction, that is its physical properties, forms another branch "Soil Morphology" which can be called in other words the Anatomy of the Soil. Repeating the words of Prof. Dokouchaeff we can tell that the soil morphology is the mirror which reflects all processes of the soil formation, its origin, its genesis and its development.

The Russian system of classification of soil is based first of all upon their morphology and is largely known as a genetical classification because soil genesis and morphology are alike to the mind and its written expression or to the invisible process and its concrete result.

Soil genesis forms a third branch of pedology and strictly speaking it is nothing else than an adaptation of the theory of evolution to the organo mineral kingdom of Nature.

Not only the peculiarity in the study of the natural phenomenon directs the Russian School of Pedology along pure scientific lines but the strong belief that the rational exploitation of the natural soil's abilities must be based upon the full knowledge of what the soil means. One of the most notable of Dokouchaeff's followers and a student of his, Professor K. D. Glinka,

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wrote in his last book that "such an action (it meant culture) will be completely rational not earlier than when the agriculturist will clearly understand to what an extent and how he modifies the life of the virgin soil when he meddles with its life. It will be possible to understand all the processes of the cultivated soil only when the process of the life of the virgin soil will be entirely known.

"Culture of the soil, any form of its melioration is more or less similar to education or treatment. It is necessary in both cases to pay attention first of all to the individuality of those who are the object of the treatment."

The Russian School of Pedology is at the present time recognized almost all over the world and little by little is welcomed in this country too. The first direct contact between American and Russian pedologists took place in 1927 during the First International Congress of Soil Science at Washington, D. C. Both sides recognized that the closest contact of our two schools in pedology must be very fruitful for both. The Russians are inherently interested in the wide experience of American applied pedology, while, it seems to me, the very detailed American Soil Surveys will be more complete in the light of the Russian philosophical and geographical generalizations.

The extent to which the Russians are interested in American attainments can be clearly demonstrated by the following fact—Russian pedology has the largest soil literature in the world. It is a common practice for the authors of papers to prepare a short summary translated into one of the Western European languages. Up to a few years ago it was either German or French. At present these have been replaced by English. I am in close contact with many Russian pedologists and I receive numerous requests from them for information, translations, et cetera of recent papers published in the United States. Many of them write to me saying, "My English is too poor yet but I hope that in the near future I shall be able not to trouble you again with requests for translations."

On the other hand our Russian School has many friends among the American pedologists, many of whom are widely known not only in this country but far abroad as Dr. C. Marbut in the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils at Washington and Dr. F. J. Alway at the University of Minnesota.

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THE RUSSIAN PEASANT

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SMATTER

IF there is anyone sufficiently interested to ask, we *loathe* moving. And moving, in New York, is another way of saying October. When the days are just beginning to be thrillingly invigorating, it seems such a waste of time to tear up the old curtains and pick out new ones to fit the new windows and evolve a new color scheme in keeping with the idiosyncrasies of the new apartment, but then somebody always persuades us to become more Russian than we are and take a chance somewhere else. So we move.

But the Russians! Some of them are eternally in that non-gathering-moss state. In this office we have a card for each person who has formally applied to the Fund for aid. There are eight lines on one side for a record of practical experience and a space 6 x 8 inches for addresses. If a certain graduate moves again, he'll get a new card. Since September, 1924, he has notified us of twenty-one different places of abode and his positions space was filled up ages ago.

Wouldn't you think that after wandering from one country to another for several years as a refugee, Ivan Ivanoff would crave a sort of permanence and adjustment to a definite environment? But, no! Before the print was dry on the Directory of Russian Graduates, just published by the Alumni Association, a number of addresses and positions mentioned therein were woefully incorrect.

We are more or less in accord with Raymond B. Fosdick's admiration of the adventurous life "that is willing to cut loose from the past for the sake of the future, that will take chances in casting off from old traditions and old techniques", but we venture to hint that Ivan Ivanoff (or any American John Smith) may be eager for new ideas without being so deeply affected by surroundings as to jump out the window whenever he's at outs with the boss. The multitudinous frailties of human nature being what they are, and though there may be countless glittering examples to the contrary, we agree with Victor Kibardin (see his article in this issue) that one's mistakes are one's own fault and further that it is much wiser to assume, if need be, that our failure to get along was due to our own self rather than to go around with that bantam-rooster-pose intimating that the whole cock-eyed world is wrong and only I, in capitals, am right. We got lost just then in a dense fog of words but we hope you know what we mean.

After all the chances are that the Americans who employ

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Russian graduates of American colleges are no more responsible for the conditions that made it impossible for these same Russians to obtain their education and experience in their own country than these Russians themselves. We thought of Ivan Ivanoff and all of his compatriots when we read Mr. Littlepage's philosophy in Ellen Glasgow's *They Stooped to Folly*: "The war wasn't the worst thing. The worst thing is this sense of having lost our way in the universe."

Goodness knows, we're no psychologist, just a mere chatterbox, but with all the limitations of our calling, we don't believe that bosses even in America become unbearable at the sight of a Russian any more than Russians become funny on looking at Will Rogers. Dr. Joseph Jastrow, who *is* a psychologist, says the pleasure in getting along in one's job is mental.

Speaking of psychology, Henry Binns of Bradford, England, laid down at Yale a few essentials for industrial leadership. These, as reported by the metropolitan press, are, besides intuition: "capacity, natural and acquired, for dealing with a new situation; specific ability to concentrate upon and coordinate numerous complex factors quickly in one decision, knowledge, confidence, impartiality and stability. The last named is good health combined with freedom from anxiety and from depressing emotions." Nothing there about sociability.

Russian graduates who hold the most responsible positions seem to have these qualities, and we would like to add, (though at the risk of being dull) that the word Russian is not by any manner of means, a synonym for instability. The Russian who knows himself and finds himself usually agrees with the California engineering student who wrote us last week: "Personally to me the observations of my new life have given me some ideas of businesslike character, and show that we Russians are too emotional, too abstract in our thoughts and in our life. I am beginning to know the price of time and effort. The price of money. I begin to learn to economize time and to have my efforts the most effective with the least expense."

Sometimes, we opine, the Russian burns his bridges behind him (and why did Alexander burn Moscow?) because he dares not face reality, unpleasantness. Now that we think of it, perhaps that's why *we* have to spend October's bright blue weather driving nails in tinted walls instead of balls on fairways green.

Yours for all these things,

—deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover by Alexander Joukovsky is designed from an etching by Ivan Pavlov. Mr. Joukovsky graduated from the University of Michigan School of Business in 1927 and has since that time been employed by General Motors Export Corporation. He says he became so interested in making this drawing that he almost forgot to go to bed. We have often heard things like that about artists.

Dimitry Niconoff is descended from a long line of naval officers, and although he was deprived of the opportunity of realizing his ambition to become one too, he did follow the sea for several years before landing at New York in September, 1923. Here he stayed only three months, which was long enough to save the money to carry him one term at South Dakota School of Mines. Two months of his sojourn in New York were spent wielding a paint brush and the last month he chased cattle into an elevator. Mr. Niconoff earned most of his expenses while at school doing odd jobs and acting as assistant analyst in the mining experiment station. After his graduation in 1927 he did some special research for the Bureau of Mines at the University of Utah and received his Master's Degree in 1928. He is now research metallurgist with the United Verde Copper Company of Arizona.

Victor Kibardin, an electrical engineering student at the University of Michigan, is one of the most conscientious and hard working students we know. He has set a high mark for himself and we feel sure he will reach it. Another article by Mr. Kibardin appeared in the June number.

This month concludes Basil Petrov's discussion of Russian poetry. Mr. Petrov (Yale '26) is a young New York business man with a flair for writing.

There seems to be nothing adequate to say regarding Georges Wiren's representation of the Russian peasant. The drawing speaks for itelf and Georges Wiren (M.I.T. '23) is a real artist with Stone & Webster of Boston. Many people continue to rave over the cover he made for the February issue and his article on Gingerbread Art. This artist has a hobby. Would you believe it? Raising vegetables, perhaps it's cauliflower!

Dr. Constantine Nikiforoff, of the Division of Soils, University of Minnesota, was educated in the University of St. Petersburg and at Zurich, Switzerland. His father and mother were both physicians and he intended to study medicine but while working on soils with a special expedition in Siberia, he decided to make it his life study. His discoveries have been published under the title *The Ever-Frozen Subsoil.* While learning the English language and working as a laborer in 1927, this scientist heard that his friend and old professor, Dr. K. D. Glinka, was heading the Russian Delegation of the International Congress of Soils Science in Washington. Dr. Nikiforoff attended the Soils Congress and made the acquaintance of Dr. F. J. Alway, who needed an assistant. It sounds like a novel, but it is the truth which is ever stranger than fiction.

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A RUSSIAN MR. HYDE

A REVIEW

IT should be a relief to a genuine American to pick up a book* written by a foreigner, and find not a *nouveau riche Americain*, but a Bolivian planter demanding "the best of everything and by that, meaning what costs the most."

It should be a relief to read that at the estate of the Portuguese Bishop of Mossamedes', near the spot where Rabelais no doubt taught the peasants to drink good wine, Peruvians, Swedish, Norwegians, Argentines, a few Frenchmen, one Russian count and only three wealthy Americans, satisfied their zest for cocktails.

It is a relief, I say, to notice that Americans are not the only easily fooled people in the world and that in Touraine, where France's knighthood are sometimes said to have flowered and less often are said to have gone to seed, knowledge of Russia and Russians is just as incomplete as in any similar province in the United States.

"The muzhiks were dirty and lazy and they had to be whipped before they would work. Isn't that true?" asked Françoise, wishing to impress a fascinating gentleman who possessed the most beautiful hands in the world. And Molinoff, a Russian count turned pastry cook, whose good manners appeared to be second nature, who had poise, who could tame wild horses, speak Russian, Spanish, Italian, French, and English, was a musician of sorts, and whose chief delight was in good society, answered absurdly: "Perfectly." When asked about Russian salad, he blushed and vowed he had never heard of it. Can the Russians blame other earthly creatures too severely? Do not these very Russians exploit such ridiculous impressions to suit their own fancies?

This Russian Mr. Hyde, or if you will, Dr. Jekyll, belonging as he did "to a class in society for which frontiers vanish under the influence of good breeding" may be taken more or less as typical of Russian refugees. He is like many in America (he even fled when he heard *The Volga Boatman*) except that unlike many he allowed his better qualities to go to waste. He became too involved in social obligations to learn how to bridge the gap between his aristocratic upbringing and practical everyday existence.

To float on the waves of worldly pleasure, to have a cup of tea with two beautiful young ladies, to smoke a cigarette with the men of his world—this was the peace he craved. He needed a horse, Buria, which he had already described to these Royalists who thanked him for being Russian and their neighbor and wanted to put him on the Throne of France. So, he cooked stale fish for that affable matron, Mme. Cortes, who smiled as long as her stomach was not empty. She complained, and Molinoff, her cook, kissed her pudgy hand. He would rather die than have it happen, but he needed a horse and carriage in order to do the marketing himself. Who but a Russian, whose life is really so very difficult, would have thus intrigued?

In New York Russians are said to be more entertaining than the radio. The people of Touraine invited Molinoff everywhere for the sheer pleasure of listening to him. Though his life of misfortune had taught him the value of silence and discretion, he talked and talked, veiling himself in a cloud of mystery

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* *Molinoff or the Count in the Kitchen by Maurice Bedel, Translated from the French by Lawrence S. Morris. The Viking Press. New York,* 1929, $2.50.

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and describing a past life which he had never had but would have loved. These French aristocrats were charmed, and the ladies, old and young, fell head over heels in love with him.

Not that he tried deliberately to charm them or deceive them. As the author states, "It was merely that his spirit found rest in forgetting his own thoughts and feelings." He accepted their confidences without asking for them, and he thought he was satisfying all the demands of true friendship. He felt that he was their friend. He continued to pose as the owner of the old French estate, Fontecreuse, and he was afraid to tell his friends that he was a pastry cook.

Now the d'Eglantiers were genuine. They were capable of accepting him for his good qualities alone and if given the opportunity undoubtedly would have done so, but Molinoff, the count, pondering the injustices of life which made of him a pastry cook and savoring his grief with a too exquisite appreciation became too exhausted to develop the fine gift of discrimination. He could not realize (he did not try) that the friendship and opinions of less genuine beings—the superficial—do not really matter. Their friendship does not count but what *does* matter is loyalty to the d'Eglantiers of life—those who can and do appreciate the friendship of a man of worth regardless of his financial and social status. He committed the unpardonable sin of friendship by receiving the confidences of genuinely sincere people and by holding back his own confidences and giving treachery instead.

He let things happen as he always had. He was ashamed. He had to run away, of course. He made a laughing stock of all Touraine. He hurt the d'Eglantiers, especially Françoise, who really cared for him. He suffered but it was too late.

There are many Count Molinoffs and pastry cooks, whose Byronic profiles, whose pale tragic countenances are beginning to show traces of suffering because they have not developed a real sense of values. But if there were no Russian Mr. Hydes, Maurice Bedel would not have found such interesting material and that would have been a tragedy, depriving this reviewer of three hours of unadulterated pleasure.

L. J.

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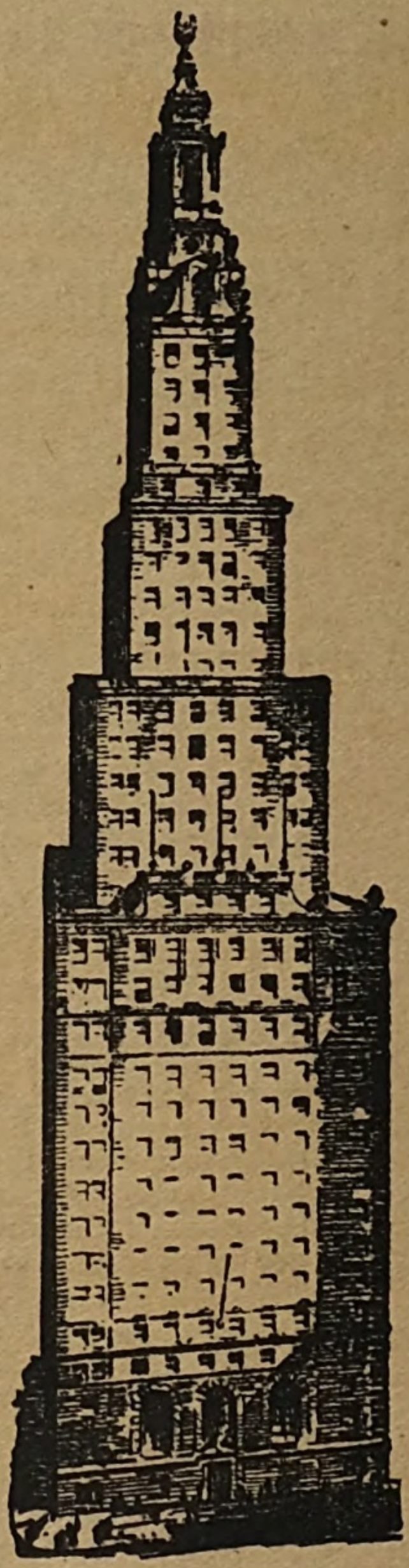

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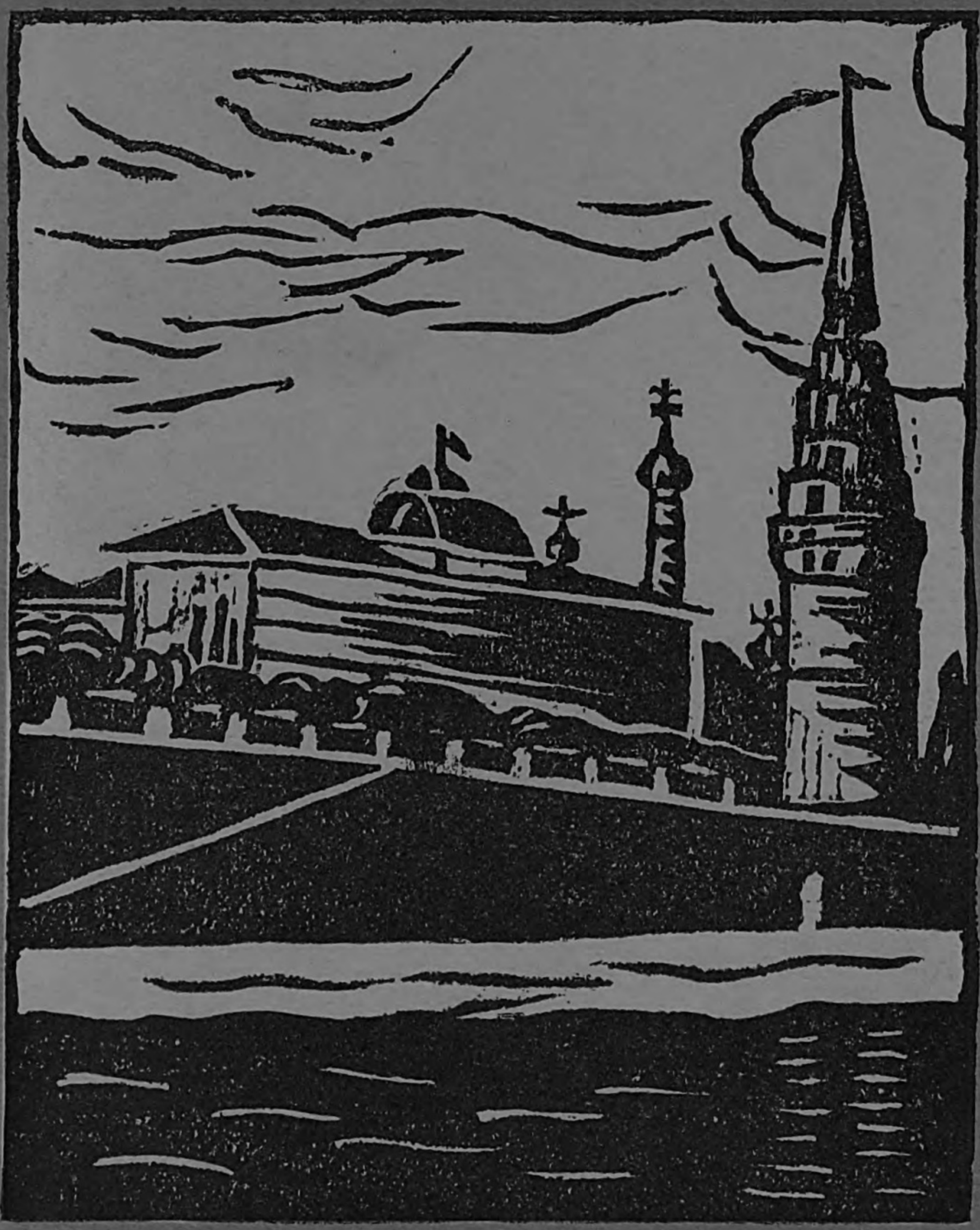

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Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

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Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York. This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 430 men and women, of whom 80 are still studying, have been advanced over $450,000. Former students have repaid $82,030.07, 46 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,000.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

November, 1929

Volume VI

Number 3

IF YOU MUST, ADD!

GEORGE PODD

EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer of this article, a member of the American Statistical Association, has been on the staff of the Business Research Bureau, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, since his graduation, February, 1929.

DURING the last three or four years the group of Russian students in the School of Business at Columbia University was the largest foreign group, not counting the Oriental students. It might continue to be a considerable group in the future; therefore, I think it would be of great value to those who are still in the School, as well as to those who may join it later, to know something about our experience.

I assume that everyone investing his time, money, and energy in studies logically expects remuneration at the end of his course—a job which he likes.

Our problem of what to do after graduation is a quite different one from the problem which other foreign students face. They may return to their home-land immediately after graduation or use their education here, working in foreign banks and offices connected with their own country. We have not this privilege.

We Russians who have chosen business as our career hardly realize that in our future profession good English plays the most important role; much more important than in the engineering field, mathematics, chemistry or agriculture. Unfortunately, this great factor is entirely disregarded from the very beginning of our studies. Everybody thinks that English will come to him at the completion of the course, "just by itself." It will not. At least for the majority of us it will not, unless we

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pay considerable attention to it. Among 23 Russian students I met in the School of Business only three spoke English well.

But English does not give us credit for the degree, that is to say nobody forces us to take courses in English. Consequently, we don't take them—and here is where trouble begins. It becomes worse at the end of the year when you are writing your thesis. Only this year two Russians failed on account of their "insufficient English." It becomes a tragedy when you start to look for a position.

Then comes the question of specialization. You are free to choose your favorite field. It looks as though foreign trade attracts the majority of our students and offers them the biggest possibilities. It sounds logical, because we all hope that some day Russia will come back to civilization and we may all offer her our knowledge and experience. But suppose that Russia does not turn that way in the very near future? What is to be done? To get a job in an export-import concern, as again our experience shows, is almost impossible. From all the students I know who tried to get into this field only one actually succeeded and after one year of training he went to Mesopotamia.

It is now a proved fact to say that only two lines of specialization bring real placement right after graduation and these are statistics and accounting. The rest of the courses should be considered as very necessary subjects to understand the proper use of the above mentioned sciences of major specialization but are very doubtful ways of providing an immediate and decent job.

Again the majority of our Russian students keep away from statistics and accounting and give preference to advertising, foreign trade, salesmanship, real estate management, in which, without practical experience it is almost impossible to find an opening which will immediately provide enough remuneration to pay living expenses. Another thing that we take advantage of, and to our detriment, is securing so much advanced credit for courses taken in Russia or in European countries before coming to the U. S. A. The result is that a student may obtain a degree without sufficient knowledge of the useful and practical sides of American commercial education. A great many Russian students still measure "American life by the Russian ruler," so to speak. They think that the main object is to get a degree. After they receive the degree, they find out that a diploma by itself will not open doors everywhere. Neither will a higher degree do that. It makes practically no difference what degree you hold when you apply for the first job. You are a "college man." This is sufficient in the eyes of your future employers.

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If You Must, Add!

What gets the job or loses it is *you*. The impression you make, your line of specialization, your age, and more than all of these, your knowledge of English. If a Russian speaks English fluently, his other handicaps fade into the background. He can even find a position before he actually obtains his American education.

Absence of any practical experience is another hard point. Among all the Russian students at Columbia, only one had completed commercial education in Russia and had real practical experience in Europe. Besides there are two who may combine the engineering education which they had in Russia with commercial education received here in America. One graduated in 1928 and went to Europe to work as an engineer. All the rest of us must depend entirely on what we have obtained from the School of Business and are of necessity placed in competition with the young American graduate when we leave the School. It is natural, therefore, to expect all difficulties.

It seems to me that those who are without previous experience, who are over twenty-five years old and whose English is uncertain, will gain more if instead of commercial education, they will choose technical schools, or will take up chemistry where one probably works harder and in less comfortable surroundings than in an office, but where competition is less and jobs are more available.

But if you cannot be content outside of big business, be guided by the experience of others, and specialize in accounting or statistics. If you *must*, add!

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START THE DAY WITH A SAUERKRAUT COCKTAIL

VLADIMIR ERICKS

"START the day right with a glass of sauerkraut juice," says a sign in a drug store. Across the street one reads, "Drink Buttermilk" and somewhere else one is advised that some attention should be paid to acidophilus milk.

In other phraseology, biologic food processes are beginning to come to the foreground; knowledge of fermentation processes is becoming widely known and there is being created a demand for the bacteriological chemist.

Starting as a pure chemist, Pasteur became later interested in the biological side of chemical problems. In 1857 he disclosed his studies on Lactic Acid Fermentation and Alcoholic Fermentation in which he concluded that the changes of sugar into alcohol and acids are the results of life phenomena. These studies served as a signal for diverting man from the course of more strictly chemical studies.

Out of researches opened new horizons in many branches of chemistry and general biology. Fermentation today exhibits one of the most striking and extraordinary reactions presented by chemistry. This problem fascinates the mind of the investigator and has to an exceptional degree the power of keeping the interest of scientific workers continually on the alert.

The fruity acids of oranges, grapefruit and lemons can now be produced by fermentation processes. It will be a surprise for quite a number of chemists to learn that citric acid is produced in the United States in millions of pounds by a fermentation process from sugar.

Fermentation methods play the most important part in solvents production. Starting in 1920 with an output of only a few fermenters, the demand in the lacquer industry for n-butyl alcohol has increased by leaps and bounds until in 1929 approximately 150 fermenters, each of 50,000 gallon capacity, are required to keep up the necessary rate of production. Acetic acid, vinegar, beverages, alcohols, cream, butter and cheeses are manufactured by processes which depend upon micro-organisms. If the producer expects the maximum yield and a uniformity in quality of the product, he must produce the optimum conditions for his micro-organisms. This requires research and constant control by a scientifically trained man, who has both a working knowledge of micro-biology and chemistry.

The educational institutions in the United States recognize the need for courses for men with such training and no doubt before long we will hear of more Russian graduates in biochemistry.

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THE ENGINEER IN WALL STREET

BERNARD DYCK

SOMEONE made a forecast recently that on the basis of the first eight months of this year the volume of securities offered to the American public in 1929 will exceed ten billion dollars. Financing as a business thus is one of the largest industries of the country.

It is but natural that a business of such magnitude has its problems like any other business. For the past few years the American public has accumulated large surpluses which it has been willing to invest in securities, rather stocks than bonds. It is the investment banker's function to satisfy this demand. Generally speaking, therefore, finding a market for his wares is no problem to him, as it is to the manufacturer.

The average banker avoids as much as possible production, the creative process known as "adding value by manufacture." In the realm of finance we would interpret this to embrace the taking of responsibility for organization of a new enterprise or the rehabilitation of an existing but run down concern. Merely to play the broker between the public and an enterprise needing capital and wash one's hands, is in our opinion an out-of-date conception of the investment banker's functions. Such procedure can be followed with good conscience only by well established concerns. There are not enough opportunities of this nature to go around even in highly industrialized America.

In the past an enterprising individual either saved enough money to start a business, make it a going concern first and then resort to financing its expansion through the banker, or he borrowed money from his friends for his initial venture and enlisted the banker's aid after he had made a success of it. Such a process of developing the economic resources of the world is too slow in this age of speedy progress and becomes less and less feasible. The coincidence of the tremendous growth in numbers of investors within the last few years and the demonstrated preference for stock equities, is a sign that the new investor insists on taking a chance with his small surplus. To the unscrupulous this is an opportunity to "give them a ride." But we firmly believe that even considerable losses will not affect this trend substantially, and that the conception of "investment" is due for "revamping."

The banker with proper mental equipment and the long range point of view will fully realize the importance of this trend in future investment banking and prepare himself for larger responsibilities in creating investment opportunities. He is the logical man to assume the responsibility for the fate of an enterprise back of an issue of securities. To the average

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banker this may be a problem; but he will have to solve it, if he wants his share of the investment capital that has caused within recent years the unreasonable inflation of certain securities on the exchange simply because the banking fraternity failed to provide enough new attractive opportunities for the employment of this new capital.

Another major problem in the field of finance is the high cost of doing business. This causes the impossibility of financing smaller meritable enterprises—a serious problem. The source of this trouble is the new business department of the average investment banker In times of scramble for business he frequently is willing to foot the bill for testing an opportunity brought to him for consideration.

An unwise choice will cause considerable sales resistance and thus increase distribution costs beyond reasonable limits. The whole success of underwriting depends on the display of brains in contracting for new business. Close observation proves that the average banker concentrates on shrewd bargaining with the promoter rather than on the scrutiny of the merits of an opportunity. Increase in spread by a few points has no chance of effecting a larger profit, if three per cent of the proposed capitalization is thoughtlessly spent on proving the undesirability of the proposition. Worse still if such expenditure does not reveal any defects, the issue is sold and the enterprise back of it fails in a short time with resultant additional losses to the banker and the public. We are putting ourselves on record here in stating that with the exception of undeveloped mines it is feasible to prove the merits of a proposition, including examination of contracts, accounts and properties, with a maximum cost of one half of one per cent of the capitalization of an average sized issue.

The problem of investment is that of choice of a desirable opportunity for the remunerative employment of capital. Any enterprise that contemplates to provide or is providing a useful service may be said to be an opportunity. It will be a desirable one if it promises to produce a return satisfactory to the investor. This is for the banker to find out. If he is not himself an engineer, he will display wisdom in delegating this task to his partner or associate engineer. The task consists of mentally going through a series of acts necessary to produce the contemplated service ready for sale.

Let us follow the development of the engineer just out of school up to the point where he faces the task of appraising the opportunity. Everyone is more or less familiar with the purely technical aspects of the various branches of engineering, such as structural, architectural and machine design, surveying, material

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testing, electrical and chemical laboratory work, time and motion studies, et cetera. Design is nothing else but a program and prescription to make a certain thing with the least expenditure of material and human effort consistent with the service for which such object is designed.

The rules and methods to be used in economical design are based on scientific principles. They have been taught to the engineer when still in school. According to the dictionary an economist is a person who is careful and thrifty with material resources. The engineer thus is already in the very beginning of his career an economist. This produces the engineering approach so necessary in all business activities. There are degrees in such a state of mind; in pioneer times it is sufficient to do a thing somehow regardless of material and time. With progress in civilization and its attendant change from expansive to intensive methods of exploitation, economical use of material resources and man power becomes increasingly important.

As and if the engineer advances, his work becomes more and more executive. As his responsibilities increase, mere knowledge of mechanics and technology becomes less important; the engineer superintendent of construction or manager of a plant is engaged in materializing the idea of the designer. The latter has prescribed the amount of material to be used; the executive's chief concern is to hold down labor cost to a minimum and reduce the time element through proper coordination of the various operations; he is dealing more with the human element than with materials. The engineer who is promoted to the office of president of his company is neither a technician nor a mere executive any longer, but has a grasp of the larger problems of the enterprise and the ability to coordinate the efforts of the various departments; to use the better European term, he is the director of the business unit, the man who says "what" is to be done, leaving the "how" to the various subordinate executives. He is substantially a practical economist dealing as he does with the elements of cost of service performed by the business unit, the elements of revenue, the inter-relations of these elements, and their resultant effect upon profit.

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ANNA AKMATOVA: THE SAPPHO OF RUSSIA

LEONID STRAKHOVSKY

THE twentieth century produced in Russia a brilliant ring of poets, among whom Anna Akmatova, the poetess, acquired unusual fame. An extraordinary personality herself, she writes in a subtle manner of emotions and impressions. I can never forget a painting of her by Olga Della Vos, which reveals the full interest and charm of her exquisite figure. She is painted sitting with a book in her thin hands, a scarlet shawl embraces her sharp shoulders. Her ebony black hair ripples gently down her head, ending in a heavy knot on the nape of her neck. Her profile with a nose which would intoxicate a cubist seems so heavenly light on the dark blue ground of a sky, where a few snow white clouds float. She leans against a Japanese-like tree, the thin dark branches underlining the slimness of her figure. Such was her portrait, such is she in life.

Akmatova is typically a poet of Petrograd. The spring's twilight—"the white nights"—with its melancholy and dreaming on the islands, where the Neva rolls her waves into the sea and where calm and serenity reigns; the autumn winds round the Winter Palace, when smoke from the chimneys dances a wild witch dance in the air and the steel grey Neva roars with hidden fury, streaming over the parapet into the streets where disaster awaits the citizens of the capital of Peter the Great; or the cold winter brings down masses of snow from the grimy sky, covering the earth with a white eider-down, under which a woman cannot find the cross on the tomb of her beloved. Such are the settings of Akmatova's poetry, which is the infinite, self-sacrificing love, where there is no place for hatred or contempt.

Her poetry is essentially that of a woman. No poetess ever existed who did not attempt to place herself in a man's position relative to the world or its demands. But Akmatova remains always a woman either in the description of her own feelings or in her outlook on the beauties around her and the world's mystery and misery.

There is a strong feeling of perplexity throughout her poetry, the perplexity of a woman's heart before the coming of a conquering love. Only the usual feeling of woman's love—to be loved—gives no satisfaction and the poetess reserves much place for mourning over a dead love. This example is a characteristic description of that feeling:

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ANNA AKMATOVA

PERPLEXITY

I

It was hot under the burning light,
And his glances were like rays . . . .
I was shivering: this one might
Turn me to unknown ways.
He is bending. He's to speak again.
In my throat burns a wild simoon . . . .
Let love on my life remain
Like the stone on a tomb.

II

You don't care. You don't wish to look.
How beautiful, damned, you are!
And I cannot fly any more:
Nor near, nor far.
A mist will blindfold my eyes,
I'll tighten my faded shawl . . . .
How red is the scarlet tulip,
The tulip in your buttonhole.

Akmatova is still in Russia, still in Petrograd. I imagine her thin figure gliding down the grass covered streets of "Petropolis"—Petrograd, the idol of almost all Russian poets from Pushkin to Alexander Blok. Red flags, forgotten here and there from some festival, are sinister reminiscences of some past, like milestones on the road of revolution. The Neva is rolling her unchanged endless waves to a distant sea and the Winter Palace—Akmatova's architectural love—is grim in the growing darkness. What can be written in a dying town among hungry people? Death conquering life? Hatred victorious over love? But Akmatova does not change her leading theme of sad remembrance, which nowadays fits so well into Russian surroundings. On the whole, Akmatova's poetry seems like shadows or ghosts, passing before her half closed eyes. Faint are their forms, slender—their movements, like a whisper is their voice. But, are they shadows of life or death? Are they spirits or souls of some one who already existed? Or, are they just the fantasy of a poet's imagination?

Akmatova seems to be herself one of those mysterious creatures which crawl out of dark corners, when the twilight expands its lilac gown over earth and men. And it seems to be such a blasphemy—a red flag amidst these light coloured shadows. Red is blood, blood is life. But Akmatova's images are something beyond the ordinary flesh existence. I can see her among ruins of life dreaming of sea, rain, and the sun-goldened* temple of Kersoness†.

On the customs floats a scarlet flag,
Over the town glides a yellow mist.

---

* Akmatova uses the word "sunburnt".
† An old place in Crimea.

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My heart beats slowly under a rag,
My lips for ever remain unkissed.
To be a little sea girl again,
To put soft slippers on naked feet,
To laugh when dancing under the rain,
And to sing when running down the street.
If only I could be crippled and lame
In the sunburnt temple of Kersoness
Ignoring that, spoiled by luck and fame,
Hearts are slowly beating to death.

All Akmatova's charm is in these short poems. She never attempted to write anything more ambitious and, I think that she simply cannot write in long form because her subtle emotions are like rose leaves, which are small, but tender and full of aroma.

There are two figures in Akmatova's poetry: one, adoring her—still a boy—to whom the woman is burning with infinite pity; the other, whom she adores, a beautiful but ice-cold creature, to whom she addresses all the love of which her heart is capable.

The boy has spoken: "How it aches!"
And I pity deeply the boy . . . .
Not so long ago his eyes were like lakes,
And life to him was a toy.
But now he knows what suffering means—
He is older and wiser than you.
His soul has got a pair of dark wings,
And he knows what is false, what is true.
I know: he will never bear his pain,
The pain of his first unfortunate love.
How sad he is kissing and kissing again
My hands and my yellow glove.

And so different is the other poem. Different even in the rhythm and in the choice of expressions.

I have the power of a smile.
Just a little movement of eyes.
I guard it for you, my dear,
When we meet in a new paradise.

I don't mind your being so shrewd,
I don't mind your not loving me.
I can see a golden altar
Where together one day we shall meet.

Her three volumes of poems *The Rosary, White Wings* and *Anno Domini MCMXXI* are very much alike. Akmatova reached the culminating point of her poetical development in her first book and she remains on these heights. It is very seldom that one can find a poet with a fully developed capacity of song-writing from his first appearance in the public eye. I know only one such case in the world's literature, in prose writing, not poetry, and that was the publication of *Boule de Suif* by

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich Romanov and Patriarch Nikon Before the Tomb of Philip the Miracle Worker.

From a picture by the artist A. D. Litovchenko, printed by I. Knebel. Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich, the second Romanoff, ruled from 1645-1676.

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SERGEI FEDOROVICH PLATONOV: HISTORIAN

MICHAEL ILLINSKY

THE Russian proverb says: *Nyet khooda bez dobra*—there is no bad without some good (it is an ill wind that blows nobody good) and the present crisis in Russian life has a good point. It turned the mind of the whole world to Russia. If before the revolution the world took an interest in Russia as a great power and a land of immense riches and possibilities, now its interest is in the Russian people. The world looks for an answer to the questions: What are the Russian people? What is their inner nature? What is their soul? Therefore in the past it was sufficient for the American people to know the history of Russia from the time when Russia appeared in European history as a great state; now this cannot satisfy them and Americans want to know the history of Russia from the beginning up to the present time and not only the chain of historical events, but the internal causes.

It is good that for the gratification of this desire there has been chosen the work of Prof. S. F. Platonov (*), whose textbook of Russian history was formerly used in the Russian Classical Gymnasium.** This book was first published in English in 1925, re-issued in 1928 and reprinted in August, 1929.

A Russian history, especially of the ancient period, should answer the questions which are not clear even to Russian historians themselves. Maybe it is true, as some people say, that the present time is a period only for investigation, but not for writing of the whole Russian history, and that new archaeological discoveries and new researches throw new light on ancient historical events; and therefore it is difficult enough to give a full and true picture of the development of the historical life of the Russian people, especially in short words and in accessible form. But the name Platonov speaks for itself. He is a great authority on Russian history and he is a master of words.

A short sketch of the life of the historian may be of interest. Prof. S. F. Platonov was born in 1860. During the last year of his study in a gymnasium in St. Petersburg, his verses aroused the interest of a teacher of Russian literature. That teacher persuaded Platonov to study this subject in the University. In

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* *A History of Russia* by S. F. Platonov. Translated by E. Aronsberg. Edited by F. A. Golder. The Macmillan Company, 1929. $2.00.

** The Russian Classical Gymnasium was a school of eight classes preparing for the university, the classical languages being an essential part of the curriculum. The course corresponded to the American high school and about two years of college.—Editor.

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1878 Platonov was graduated from the gymnasium and entered the Historical-Philological Faculty of St. Petersburg University with the intention of specializing in Russian literature. But in the university the lectures of the professors of Russian literature did not attract Platonov's attention and he began to study Russian history under the guidance of the eminent professor Bestuzheff-Rumin.

Besides the lectures of his faculty Platonov attended the lectures of professors of the law faculty—Gradovsky (state law) and Sergeevich (history of state law). The lectures of the latter professors had a great influence upon Platonov. Professor Bestuzheff-Rumin called Platonov a disciple of Professor Sergeevich. Platonov himself does not deny the influence of Professor Gradovsky and Professor Sergeevich. He himself says: "Under the influence of Gradovsky's lectures I forged the conception of the state and community, the aim of the state, the relation of the state to the individual and the goodness of personal liberty and freedom." To Gradovsky, Platonov said: "I am obliged to the stubbornness by which I have always resisted partisanship, to defend jealously the right of every person to work in the direction of his internal impulses."

This attitude saved Platonov from great dangers. It must be kept in mind that the time in which Platonov studied at the university (1878-1882) was a period of political unrest. There was the Turkish war for the liberation of the South-Slavic people. This war roused the self-consciousness of the Russian people, but the Berlin Congress, which deprived Russia of the fruits of its victory on the one side and the liberal government given to the emancipated Slavonic peoples (the form of government which was not enjoyed by Russian people themselves) on the other—provoked the discontent of Russians and excited a revolutionary movement, the end of which was the assassination of Emperor Alexander the Second. All these events certainly influenced the student body of Russia.

But S. F. Platonov took no part in this movement. He himself said, "I was not qualified to submit to party or party circles. I was not disposed to plan collective work, and therefore with keenest interest have heard the passionate apology of individualism, and I believe that the source of progress in any society is personal activity. I did not stay in party circles long, but went out of it very soon."

Platonov exhibited this independence not only in his relation to society but also in his scholarly work. While still sitting on a student's bench, Platonov wrote a treatise *About the Dwelling Place of Goth-Tetraksit*. In his work he placed these people in one place, knowing that the people for whom he wrote

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placed them in another place. When the works of V. F. Kluchevsky, professor at the University of Moscow, were published, Platonov fell under his influence. "I shall not conceal", Platonov said, "that the inflencue of Kluchevsky's works over me was strong and deep. I did not follow in his steps and did not wish to copy him, but I read and reread his works and felt myself as a disciple of Kluchevsky."

In 1882 Platonov graduated from the University but remained in the school and was kept as Privat-docent (assistant professor) for further study of Russian history. His initial work was *About Country Assemblies* (*O Zemskih Soborah*).

He took a position as teacher in the gymnasium for girls; he gave lectures in the highest courses for women (the college), Alexander's Lyceum (a college for men); was Inspector of studies in the Pedagogical Institute for Women and was called to give lessons in Russian history to the members of the Tsar's family, which position he held from 1895 to 1900. At the present time Platonov is a member of the Russian Academy of Sciences and is working in Leningrad.

The principal works of Prof. Platonov are: *Ancient Russian Narratives and Stories About the Troublous Times of the Seventeenth Century, as an historical source;* (*Drevne russkya skazania i povesti o smutnom vremeni XVII veka kak istorichesky istochnik*). *The Outline of History of the Troublous Times in the Moscow State in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; Boris Gudunov; Alexis Michailovich, Ivan the Terrible* and many others.

A History of Russia is the fruit of Platonov's teaching in the gymnasium and in the family of the Emperor. In it we do not find all historical events mentioned, but only those which characterize a given period. This book shows the development of the inner history of Russia in the light of recent archaelogical discoveries and investigations. Platonov raises questions that are not yet definitely answered.

It is hoped that more books, similar to this volume of Platonov's, will appear in the American book market. Such books will help the English speaking people to know better the Russian people, their souls and culture.

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GREECE AND ROME

(A Word to the Ambitious Young Man)

MICHAEL A. SHERBININ

THE beautiful Russian proverb says:* "According to his garb a man is met, and according to his wisdom he is conveyed." Like any Oriental the Russian man studies you and is not satisfied with your outward appearance and garb. He wants to find out what is in you and from what you carry in the inward sanctuary of your soul will depend how he will deal with you and take leave of you. The Russian in particular and the Slav in general is a lover of wisdom.

The two great European nations which have contributed to our Russian civilization are Greece and Rome. Greece never excelled in great armies, yet she was esteemed as the cradle of philosophy, while Rome's aspiration was power. Power at any cost. This thirst for power is still seen in the descendants of Rome and in the nations, which are imbued with her spirit.

Russia's first illuminators were Greeks, who implanted the teaching of Christ and who, in giving Russia the Christian religion, made her heir to their culture. Wisdom is what the Greeks craved. It was said by Saint Paul: "The Jews require a sign and the Greeks seek after wisdom." Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle could not have developed their theories of wisdom, if the people among whom they lived had not shown a readiness to accept their teaching.

The soul of our European nations has inherited both the psychology of Greece and that of Rome. Those who place their utmost ambition in finding wisdom are the heirs of Greece; those for whom power is the only goal take after Rome. With the Slavs you see both elements combined, with a decided preponderance of Greece. Wisdom, the joy of knowing, the independence coming from wisdom and the power, which comes not from conquering nations, but from making friends of them—this is what we crave.

In the June issue of *The Russian Student* I saw an etching with the motto: "Cooperation is not a sentiment—it is an economic necessity." Friendly cooperation is the ideal of the Slavs. It is thirst for power which is the goal of those who live mostly on the spiritual legacy of Rome. Those who love wisdom need not run after power, because they are resting in the consciousness that wisdom includes power—first of all power and self-restraint over their lower nature and secondly power and security against dangers from without.

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* Po odejde vstretchayout, po oomoo provojhayout.

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A man who is conscious of his virtue or manliness need not have many weapons, (possibly some weapon to protect himself against wild beasts) ; while the man who knows himself to be a murderer has to be armed to the teeth. Naturally such a man will not be loved, but feared. The artist, the cunning craftsman, has a mightier weapon in his possession than the sword. He carries with him a spell or something that charms and disarms even the brutal soul.

There is a modicum of truth in the Greek myth, which tells how Orpheus moves men and beasts by his music and wards off mishaps and disasters from the ship of those Argonauts, whom he joins on their cruise.

The lover of divine wisdom lives in an atmosphere of love and peace and spreads good-will and peace which invariably and constantly radiate from him, as a soothing influence of some X-rays of a spiritual order.

And above all this there is something vigorous and manly in the lover of wisdom. Wisdom appeals to the nobler nature of man better than coercion. Its appeal is irresistible because its victories are those that captivate the will and all the powers of a man. Surely, as someone has said: Peace has its victories no less than war.

As long as error subsists in the minds of men we will have to combat that error. In our schools we were so much taught that we were Russians, Germans, Jews and such like, that we forgot that we were human beings. It is with a painful feeling that I realize that I graduated from the University in Russia and knew about Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar and Hannibal, but knew next to nothing about St. Chrysostom, Basil the Great, Ephraim Syrus or Saint Barbara.

I am glad that the French Government has issued postage stamps with the effigy of that saintly man Louis Pasteur. I admire him. Surely a conqueror he is. Follow up his modesty, his zeal, his sleepless nights, when he for the first time applies the serum against rabies on a young man and then you will understand his triumph, his elation, when he realizes that his labor of love and devotion bear fruit and the lad is cured.

Or will you follow with me in your thought to past days into the old country-house of a wealthy Russian land owner, Nicholas Zinovief, in Orel Province, a man of forty, when I knew him in 1892. He told me how a mad wolf had bitten several men, also a couple of boys and a woman. Then Zinovief, without losing a minute of his precious time, conveyed those people to the railroad station some thirty miles distant, provided them with clothes for the journey, ordered and equipped a special train, which meant a heavy expense, and after four days

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brought them to the Pasteur Institute in Paris, France. He sees that they are at once inoculated with the serum; he follows their treatment, arranges for their food and housing and, when the treatment takes a successful turn, Zinovief returns with them home, happier for the experience, although bearing the heavy expenses, equal only to the wealth of a millionaire.

As everything in life is cheered by a dose of humor, Zinovief related to me that it was not an easy matter to provide for them Russian kitchenware, a big turreen for the center of the table, as the mouzhiks eat everything from one vessel and have no need of soup plates. It was not so easy either to get for them Russian wooden spoons for their *shchi,** or sour-cabbage soup, but he got them, and the Russian peasant woman did the cooking.

Or take Thomas Edison, whom, if you will forgive me, I consider a giant in comparison with that poor dwarfed Alexander the Great. If you search for a genius, Edison is a genius, but he is no less a tireless toiler. Listen to his own words about what makes a genius: "Genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration."

If we Russians are called to take after Greece in her research for wisdom and we try to imitate Rome, we will be a failure. You will say: "Wars are predicted by our prophets and the sword is a necessity." Let it be so, but it is also said: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." I want to join the latter.

* See Dining a la Russe in this issue—Editor.

The tail pieces in this issue are taken from a small book *Corners of Moscow*, by Prof. A. A. Sidoroff, with miniatures and wood cuts by Ivan Pavlov.

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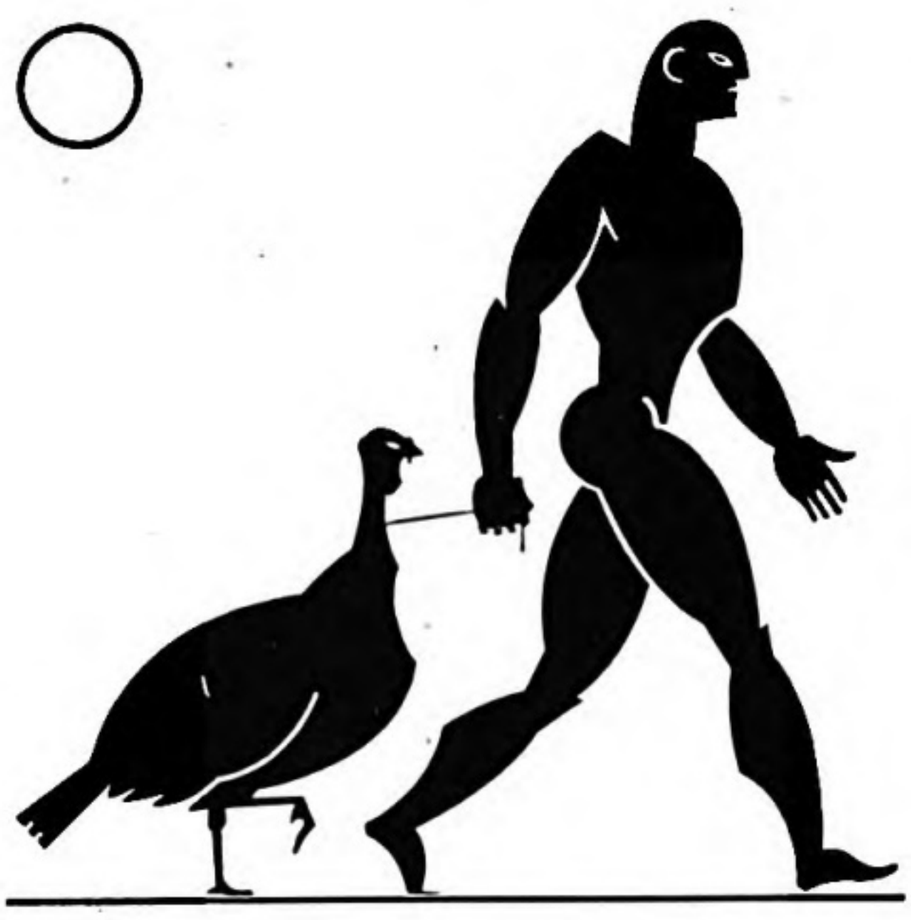

"BUT I'm raising turkeys on the side," explained a blond Russian with the look of starvation in his eye. "And if the cholera doesn't get them, Thanksgiving will," I couldn't help saying, wishing at the same time that he'd eat a little more. "Yes, they're hard to raise, but they ought to bring a good price in November," he finished with a happy look.

A student with a Greek name came to the United States last summer from Constantinople, through the aid of the League of Nations. Today we received a letter from him, written from the University of Wisconsin where he is studying agricultural engineering on his own resources.

> Fortunately enough I have found a room for which I work, thus eliminating the lodging expenses. The food question is the hardest to be solved—due to the fact that I carry a full time program, and that coupled with the work I have to perform for my room, leaves me but very little time to work on any odd jobs that come up. Following, however, the suggestion of one of our Robert College teachers that "the less you eat, the more lively you feel in the university," I, after pretty hard practice, seem to have attained very good results—having quite done away with breakfast and supper and I am on the point of eliminating from my extra-curriculum activities, the unnecessary dinner, too.

He prefaced the above remarks by an apology for not enclosing one dollar as his subscription to *The Russian Student* and begged permission to send it in two or three weeks. If only he wouldn't send it at all, we'd be thankful. At least this man ought to allow himself to have one good meal on Thanksgiving Day. It might help his liveliness in the university too. There are hundreds of other Russians who can subscribe for themselves and this fellow too (without mentioning the Americans) and not go on a reducing diet either.

Yes, our mind's made up. We're not going to close our eyes and hold out a tin cup for subscriptions this month. Not that we don't need them—even though $357.00 has been added to the subscription account since September, and we're three times

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further along than we were a year ago—but our sense of values, bad as it is, insists that we express our thanks for what we have. Or what have you?

Here is a translation of a letter in Russian from a priest in Alaska:

> I thank you most sincerely for sending me *The Russian Student.* It is a pleasure to read such nice articles referring to our dear Fatherland. The reminiscences of Lydia Buketoff on Easter Night have touched me very deeply. Her description of Easter Night in Russia is very true. It reminds me vividly of years spent under Russian skies, amid Russian atmosphere and under the bright canopy of Russian Orthodoxy. I have read that and have cried. I have felt. I have lived through everything that she has described, as every other true Russian. Her sincere words touched in me the memory of my happy youth, happy days at home. Please pardon me that I am not expressing myself in a way I would like to express my feelings. During my stay of over thirteen years in Alaska, among the Aleuts, I have forgotten to express myself correctly. There are no Russians here, and the aborigines speak only a kind of Russian. Besides that I am mixing Russian with English. I hope, nevertheless, that you will not judge me severely for my badly written letter.
>
> God help you to continue your sacred work; to print such beautiful articles as the ones contained in *The Russian Student* and to acquaint the American public by way of written word with our great Russia. Alas, there are many who believe that Russia is a non-civilized, backward country.
>
> You did well in reproducing the Church of Vassily the Blessed. What a beauty it is. Let them see that we have our own art, and that we are not so much behind. Love Russia, do not forget her, pray for her because she is a sufferer at the present time, a great sufferer. Live as friends, help one another, forgive everybody, love everybody, and you will be the true followers of Christ.
>
> God keep you.
> Your well-wisher, Archimandrite Gerasim,
> Afognak, Alaska.

A few years ago a recent graduate told us, the day after Thanksgiving that he ate a dinner of hard-boiled eggs, in utter solitude. He is now doing rather well in Wall Street. We hope this year he and all the other Russians can sit down to rows of Turkey dinners with friends.

Yours for a Thanksgiving with cranberries and chrysanthemums, if you like 'em,

—de N.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

Kisliya Shchi (Sauerkraut Soup)

1 kilo of sauerkraut
1 spoon of butter
1 spoon of flour
5 potatoes
1 onion

From rather fat meat or, still better, part meat and part ham, make a white bouillon. Take sauerkraut, press it out, pour some boiled water over it, press out again, chop fine and fry slightly in half a spoon of butter with chopped onion, stirring all the time.

Put fried sauerkraut in bouillon and cook it until it is soft. About 1½ hours before serving, add to shchi some slightly fried flour (take 2 spoons of flour and fry in ½ spoon of butter or fat) and 4 potatoes. Pepper and bay-leaves may be added, if desired. Serve with sour cream. If shchi does not taste sour enough, add some sauerkraut juice and boil it with the shchi.

Teliatina Pod Beshameliou (Veal with Beshamel Sauce)

1 spoon butter
1 spoon flour
1 glass sour cream

or

1 spoon butter
2 spoons flour
1½-2 glasses of cream or milk, grade A

Dissolve 1 spoon of butter and one spoon of flour and pour over it a glass of sour cream; put on the stove, stir it, strain after it boils, and cook until thick. Milk may be used as well; 1½ glass of milk requires 2 spoons of flour.

After veal is roasted, cut it on the bias, spread beshamel over each piece and put on a metal dish as veal looked before cutting into pieces. Spread some beshamel over the top of the whole piece, add some grated Parmesan cheese, spray with butter. Put dish in the oven and keep it there until beshamel shows a reddish crust. Serve in the same dish.

Blinchiki—Dessert

3 glasses milk
2 eggs
½ spoon butter
2 glasses flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ klgr. butter
½ teaspoon sugar

Rub 2 yolks of eggs with ½ teaspoon of salt, ½ teaspoon of sugar, add to it, stirring slowly, 3 glasses of milk; pour it all, still slowly stirring, into 2 glasses of flour. Spread evenly, add 2 beaten whites of eggs. When frying pour out evenly and thinly on a very hot buttered frying pan.

The blinchiki can be prepared with any kind of fruit jam; in that case cover blinchiki with a layer of jam, roll them up in the form of a cone, and fry on both sides.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

Again we have a cover by an artist who is not an artist professionally. This is a linoleum cut made by Vsevolod Fedoroff from a wood cut by Ivan Pavlov. Now Mr. Fedoroff is a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University and received his master's degree in 1925, specializing in mining engineering. He has designed heating, ventilating, and air conditioning systems in factories and theatres for the Carrier Engineering Corporation, Newark, New Jersey and is at present in the Standard Products Division of that company.

George Podd (Columbia '29), a son of a former admiral of the Russian Imperial Navy, was himself a naval officer having graduated from the Naval Academy in Petrograd in 1915. After serving in the navy and in the army of General Denikin, Mr. Podd left Russia in 1920. For three years he lived the life of a sailor on Greek ships and saved enough money to come to the United States in October 1923. He says he could not speak any English at that time but his knowledge of the Greek language enabled him to find a position in a Greek restaurant. He perfected his English, entered Columbia and earned all of his own expenses, principally by working at the "Russian Bear," until his last year when the Fund helped him with his tuition only. Fully realizing the competition which a Russian business graduate must face in New York, he laid most careful plans for finding a job and by the time he completed the work for his degree, he accepted a position in the Business Research Bureau, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

In 1916 Vladimir Ericks (Pratt Institute '27) graduated from the Real School in Odessa and then studied in the polytechnic institute before entering the artillery during the World War. Mr. Ericks came to the United States in 1921. He has worked out a process for granulation of anhydrous citric acid and has translated from the Russian several important articles on citric acid fermentation. He is now a research chemist with National Aniline and Chemical Company, Buffalo.

In South Russia Bernard Dyck, the son of a Mennonite farmer, experienced some of the worries of an independent business because from 1903-1921 his father owned a large and well-equipped flour mill. Mr. Dyck obtained a commercial education in Alexandrowsk, and some technical training in Petrograd and in Darmstadt, Germany, and the degree of Civil Engineering from Columbia in 1926. His practical experience has been in surveying and construction work in Russia and in Germany and three years with a prominent American company in the United States. He is now doing free lance appraisals and investigations for private capitalists and bankers.

In 1915 a story by Leonid Strakhovsky entitled *The Dance of the Cobra* appeared in the magazine of the Imperial Alexander Lyceum. Since that time and especially after 1921 his verse and short stories have been published in a number of foreign periodicals. Several volumes of poetry and stories were printed in Berlin. Dr. Strakhovsky is foreign correspondent for the RUL

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Anna Akmatova

(*Continued from page* 10)

Guy de Maupassant. By that short story he ranked almost at once in the line of first writers of France. But his case was different from that of Akmatova. Maupassant was a pupil of Flaubert and his master did not allow him to publish anything until he had reached the age of thirty, the age of expe-rience. Akmatova published *The Rosary* when she was twenty-three, the age of sadness and pessimism, and was famous almost immediately. Therefore I consider her quite unique.

Years pass by and Akmatova's voice sounds more and more seldom. "Petropolis", the northern bride of Peter the Great has vanished. Leningrad is dying out. Alone, like an ancient Sybilla, Akmatova evokes the past. There she goes down the dead streets and avenues buried in the large tomb of forgetful-ness. She cannot sing any more. Her dream has disappeared. Silence invades her soul. She tightens her shawl round her shoulders and a sad smile touches her pale lips.

Who's Who—*(continued)*

(Berlin) and Washington correspondent for the New York Russian paper *Novoye Russkyoe Slovo.* Besides his newspaper articles he is working on a novel in French and another one in English—the latter has the provisional title *Three and One.*

Michael Illinsky is a graduate of the Theological Academy of St. Petersburg and was a teacher of religion and pedagogy in several Russian schools. In America he has been Dean of the Russian Theological Seminary, Minneapolis, and at Tenafly, New Jersey. Father Illinsky is now rector of the Church of Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Astoria, Long Island.

Michael Sherbinin graduated from the University of St. Petersburg in 1882. For a number of years he travelled with Dr. F. W. Baedeker through European Russia, the Caucasus and Siberia. In 1901 he came to Canada under the auspices of the English Society of Friends, as an instructor of Doukhobors. Prof. Sherbinin was for a time Russian and Ukrainian professor in Manitoba College, Winnipeg. At present he is engaged in educational and evangelistic work in Chicago.

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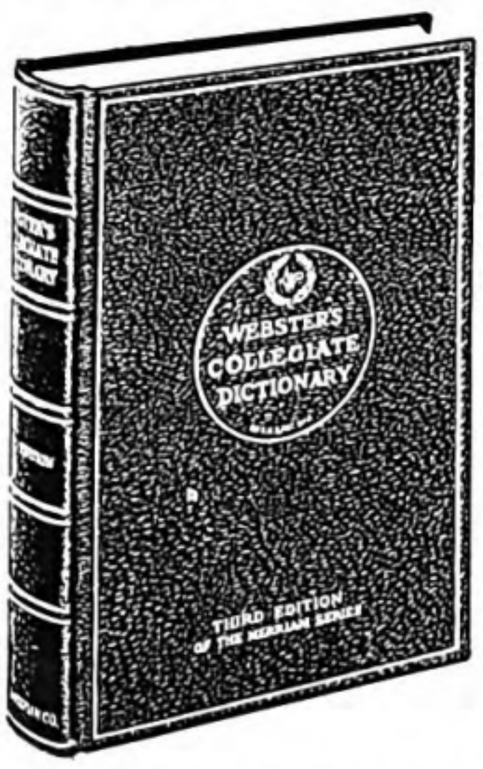

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

December, 1929

Volume VI **Number 4**

CHRISTMAS IN RUSSIA

ANATOLY MOVCHAN

ON Christmas Eve begins the festive season known in Russia as *Sviatki.* The numerous sportive ceremonies which are associated with it resemble in many respects those with which we are familiar. They are rendered especially interesting and valuable by the relics of the past which have been the means of preserving fragments of ritual song which refer to the ancient paganism of the land—the time honored customs which originally belonged to the feast.

The ancient *Kolyada* festival referred in ancient times to the renewed life brought by the Sun after the winter solstice. Through the influence of the church this festival was fused with the Christmas celebrations. On Christmas Eve the young people used to escort from homestead to homestead, a sledge in which sat a girl dressed in white, representing goodness. The songs sung by these people were called *Kolyadki.* It was the custom to give the singers presents such as chickens, sausages, cakes and coins. One *Kolyada* bears the refrain:

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
I smell sausages here!"

Nowadays those songs have in many places been kept up only by the children who go from house to house to congratulate the inhabitants on the arrival of Christmas and to wish them a prosperous New Year.

The serious attempts of olden time to search the secrets of the future have degenerated into the fortune telling of the young. In cold winter an unmarried girl can find an opportunity of sitting besides a hole cut in the surface of a frozen

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river, listening for a sound from beneath the ice, and possibly seeing the image of the husband whom she is to marry within the year. Throughout the whole period of the *Sviatki*, the idea of marriage is uppermost in the minds of many Russian maidens.

On Christmas morning most people go to church. After listening to the service, they go home and sing the songs of their ancestors. At a later date Christmas trees adorned with lights and gifts became the custom. Special dishes for the table were prepared, such as Christmas rolls and cakes. Christmas became a universal social festival for young, old, noble or peasant.

YULETIDE*

KOLYADA

YULETIDE wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

If the cakes you do not give,
Your old ox will never live;
I will take him to the wood,
And will twist his horns for good.

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

If you make me stand and wait,
I will take away your gate;
If you will not give me eggs,
I will break your chickens' legs.

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

*By special permission of G. Schirmer, Inc., publisher of *Russian Folk-Songs*. Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford.

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S Rodjvestom Xristovym!

CHRISTMAS is approached in Russia not in the spirit of feverish sales of merchandise and purchase of gifts, as here in the United States. On the corners of congested streets there were no red brick chimneys with Santa Claus standing by and greeting everyone with a happy smile and pleasant sound of a little bell. The streets in Russia were filled with almost a monasterial quietness: it was the time of Christmas Lent. Only at market places, some liveliness was exhibited, and near the stores with toys suddenly grew up big forests of pine trees.

The day before Christmas is a day of strict lent. Even children must not eat anything until the appearance in the sky of the first star. Though in the winter time this star appears very early, the day seems always unusually long. Oftentimes, unable to withstand the too pleasant irritation of our nostrils, we children hold a consultation and decide that the tiniest *posnii** *pirojok* (*pirojok* is a little stuffed pie; *posnii*—prepared from certain dietary products) will not be held by God against us as a very heavy sin, if it really is the thing that will save us from dying of starvation. And unnoticed by others, two little *pirojki* disappear in our mouths.

The morning is spent in church. There the outward appearance of everything is not any different from the ordinary. But we feel the nearness of Christmas while listening to the beautiful songs sung for this special occasion. This is the last of the forty days of lent.

At last the little Christmas star, so timid and tender sparkled in the pale blue sky. The table is set for the "Holy Eve." Everything is *posnoe* for it is the last day of lent. Here are the traditional *kutya* of different kinds—with poppy seeds and nuts, or with jam and nuts (*kutya* is made of boiled rice, and also a different *kutya* is made of boiled wheat grains); there is also *uzvar* (made of boiled dried fruit). But the most tempting to us are all kinds of *pirojki*—with rice and chopped mushrooms, with sweetened mashed peas and salted mashed peas, with mashed beans, with mashed potatoes. But have the sweet ones been forgotten? We children begin to worry. No, here they are: with mashed apples, poppy seeds, jams. Some *pirojki* are baked in the oven, others are fried in oil and they appear to have round spots on each side, like the rose pink spots on our dear mother's cheeks which are the result of the worry and excitement of the day spent in preparation.

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* See Dining a la Russe in this issue.

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The candles are lighted on the table. We all get up and father reads the prayer of the holy day, *Rojdestvo Tvoe Christe Boje Nash* . . . . We congratulate each other, drink a little holy water which we brought from the church and only then begin to eat.

After supper we hurry to go to bed to give *Dedushka Moroz** enough time to leave all the gifts that we have asked in our letters to him. We lie awake for a long time trying to combat the temptation to run downstairs to the kitchen and see the goose and the ham being baked, to watch the *malorossiisskaya kolbassa* (home-made bologna) being stuffed, and many other things being prepared that we have not tasted for forty long days of lent.

But we finally fall asleep with the happy thought that tomorrow so many things are going to happen, and that there are so many things we will get. We will see the children singing *kolyadki* as they walk from house to house with a big gold star, so fancy and gorgeous, with lights inside, and rays so bright that they make you feel warm and happy, so happy, that you can never forget that happiness.

I wonder how many Russians in America *have* forgotten it?

—Tanya

* The name by which Santa Claus is known to Russian children.

Drawn by Vladimir Bouquetov

Children of Poltava Singing Kolyadki.

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Surface Resources of Russia

I. P. Tolmachoff

RUSSIA claims about one-sixth of the whole land of the globe stretching out uninterruptedly in an easterly westerly direction, for about 165 degrees of longitude and for 43 degrees of latitude from the most southern points of the country towards the extreme north, not taking into consideration the Arctic islands.

In these limits one confronts all imaginable physico-geographical conditions, about all climates and very diverse animal and plant life. The coldest spot of the earth surface, the Pole of Cold, is located, for example, in Siberia, but on the shore of the Black Sea one can enjoy a real subtropical climate. Many hundred thousands of square miles in Siberia have permanently frozen ground, often hundreds of feet deep, and there are waste deserts in Russian Turkestan with dry hot ground. Some regions in Russia are located below the level of the ocean, but there are also many mountains ranging among the highest ones of the world. Lowlands, the most spacious in the world, are confronted by waste high plateaus. The large rivers of Russia are tributaries of three oceans, very different in their physico-geographical relations. Russia has also a great number of lakes with fresh and salt water.

Corresponding to the great variety of physico-geographical conditions the natural surface resources of Russia are very diverse and rich, but they have been only partially utilized, often only for satisfaction of local needs, or not utilized at all, so far remaining latent or potential only. Very often their utilization is also very irrational. It is explained by scant population, great distances, and mostly very poor communications. As a matter of fact, many huge areas of Russia still lack any permanently constructed roads. Great drawbacks are also a very low average civilization of the country and too strong interference of the government into private and economic life of the population.

Occasional changes of these unfavorable conditions had usually a great effect. For example, with the construction of the Transsiberian Railroad commercial agriculture spread over Western Siberia, and ten years later Siberia was able to send abroad, on the average, one million tons of wheat yearly. Siberian butter appeared on the international market immediately after construction of the same road, and shortly before the Great War Russia used to import in this way every year twice as much gold, as was mined in her mines and placers.

Northern Manchuria has become an international political

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and economic factor only after the construction, by Russians, of the Far Eastern Chinese Railroad, the recent bone of contention between Russia and China. Even colonization of that part of the country has become possible for China only since that time. Construction of the Turkestan Railroad had the same effect. Turkestan fruits became an important export item, in spite of their very high quality, these fruits were formerly known only locally and could penetrate into European Russia and Siberia only in dried form and in small amounts. Besides that, railroad connection of Turkestan with Central Russia theoretically would make possible utilization of the whole arable area there for cotton and other warm climate cultures, importing wheat and other similar products from more northern parts of the country. Such a plan of interchange, on a great scale of agricultural products of different countries was strongly advocated before the War in Russia. Owing to immense distances in Siberia the beneficial influence of the new road was limited by Western Siberia. Wheat of Central Siberia could not in this way reach the international market. In spite of very low cost of production, transportation cost made this impossible. In order to sell this wheat it was necessary to find less expensive lines of transportation. Construction of an extensive inner water way was considered an important measure to this effect. Regular utilization of the sea route through the Arctic—another one.

The beneficial influence of the Turkestan Railroad was also very great. It opened large areas for colonization. When new settlers had moved some distance from the line, however, they found themselves in a very precarious position and were ready to leave again for less hospitable northern regions. In new places they had exuberant crops, but no market of any size, and therefore such low prices that they hardly were able to collect money enough to pay taxes.

Russia has more forests than any other country in the world. Russians live mostly in wooden houses. Generally wood is used for heating of houses even in large cities. It is also burned on railroads and steamers in many parts of Russia where such fuel is less expensive than coal or oil. It is not a waste of a precious stuff which could be utilized in some other more profitable and rational way. As a matter of fact, in her forest section Russia has not yet touched the forest capital and even could not spend the interest.

Certain forest areas in Middle Siberia were examined in some detail. It was found that the yearly increase of timber here amounts to about 18,000,000 cubic feet. Only one million feet could be used by the local population; all the balance was simply doomed to rot. Lumber was exported only from a limited

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area of Russia through the ports of Northern European Russia and of the Baltic Sea, also from the Caucasus and from the Far East. Except in this last region, Siberian timber could not find any other outlet, as railage was prohibitive for this comparatively cheap product. At the present time the Siberian forest has to be regarded as a lumber reserve which would be utilized internationally when other forest regions of the world are exhausted, or when transportation in some way becomes less expensive.

The forest area of Russia is also very important as the habitation of precious fur bearing animals. Owing to the high value of fur, great distances and poor communication have no prohibitive influence on this industry with prospect of inevitable extermination of all concerned animals in the very near future. Only during this century this industry has been more or less regulated by the Russian Government. It is expected that an alarming decrease of fur bearing animals will be stopped through different measures introduced recently.

South of the forest region are located the Russian steppes, vast level areas without forest or with small forested island-like spots. In European Russia it is the best arable area which may be called the granary not only of Russia, but of Europe as well. In some parts the steppes are densely populated, but nowhere overpopulated. Shortage of land in Russia referred chiefly to these regions. It was, however, not absolute, but rather relative, and partly depended upon irregular distribution of arable land, partly on very primitive agricultural methods of Russian peasants who used to get much less products from their land than the German and French tiller, or the American farmer. Near the Caspian Sea, owing to increasing dryness of climate, the steppes become dryer and more subjected to drought than in the West, even in the northern sections. In the more southern parts they burn out regularly every summer and can be used as pasturage only during a short period of the year. The same is true in western Siberia where arable land is confined to northern section of the steppe area. Farther southwards fields are limited to valleys of rivers, and still more southward the steppes change into lifeless sandy deserts, occupying waste areas of Russian Central Asia.

These desolate regions support a large population partly living in towns and villages on rivers or in oases, created often artifically by means of skillful irrigation having existed here since immemorial times. A great number of the natives are nomads, cattle breeders. In spring and early summer they dwell in the lower steppes. Later on, when the steppes are burned out, they move along with their herds and flocks into

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mountains where, near glaciers, good pasturages are found during the whole summer. In the fall they go again down the valleys and so on.

Russia, since the occupation of Turkestan, used to work hard on the problem of irrigation of Central Asia, especially with the plan of developing here high cultures of warm climate not possible in northern regions. Everything here depends upon water, as every spot of ground, once irrigated, becomes fertile. Unhappily irrigation cannot be limitless, and the great part of Central Asiatic deserts and dry steppes will remain such forever. Perhaps, in some future time deserts will be used as a direct collector of the sun heat. The steppes, even in present conditions are used now by millions of nomads for cattle breeding. Better organized the latter will support a much greater population and satisfy not only local needs, but give much material for trade from Northern Russia and for export out of the country. It is the future region of the packing industry, butter production and other industries connected with manufacturing of animal products. At the present time the international market knows from here only Astrakhan and rugs made by native weavers.

In Eastern Siberia the Russian frontier has a more northern location than in Turkestan, deserts are found outside of Siberia, and Russia possesses here the northern best part of the steppes. They require irrigation, however, which also existed here since time immemorial, at times, partly on a greater scale than now. Nowhere in Eastern Siberia, as of course, in whole Siberia, are the steppes utilized to their full capacity, neither for agriculture, nor for cattle breeding. They can support a much larger population.

On the northern side the forest area is bordered with tundra hundreds of miles wide in Siberia, but becoming rather narrow in Europe. During winter tundra is a sad frozen snow desert, but in summer it is highly animated. Numberless lakes swarm with birds every year traveling thousands of miles for a short sojourn in tundra. Thousands of reindeer change in summer their forest habitation for tundra. Their domesticated relatives do the same, followed by their proprietor whose routine depends upon his herds. In summer tundra is a wonderful pasturage and during two or three months the reindeer forgets all the privations and sufferings of the spring. He becomes strong, fat, really overfed, as he never would be in the forest. With all its appearance it shows that tundra is its best breeding ground.

This has also been proved by a very interesting experiment made in this country. For a long time Alaskan natives lived much worse than the natives on the other side of the Bering

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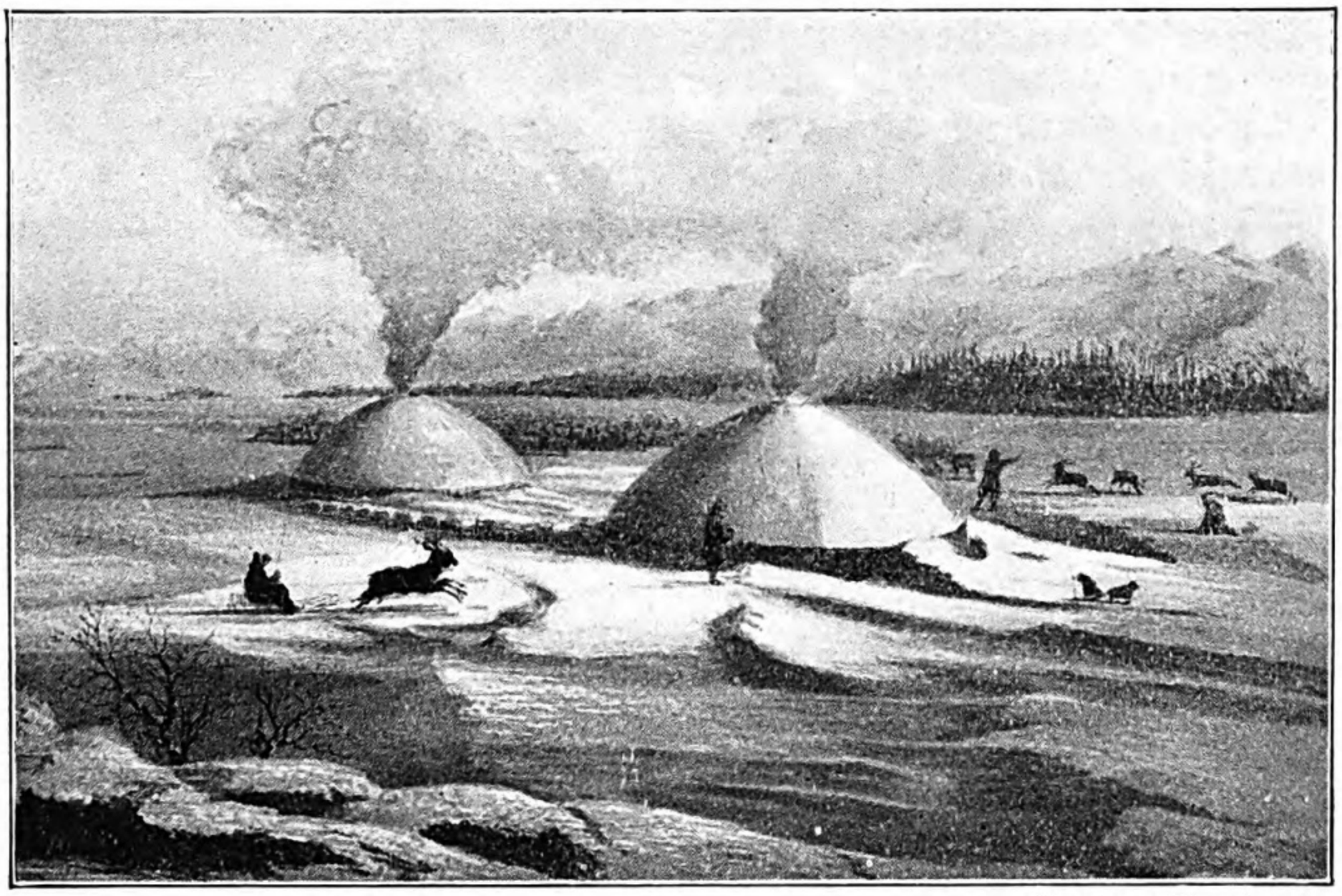

Courtesy Brentano's

Campement des Koriaks Nomades, from a series of lithographs published in 1854 under the title Voyage dans la Siberie Orientale par J. de Boulitchoff.

Sea practically under the same general conditions. The only difference was that Asiatics had the reindeer from which they used to have food, garments, shelter, means of transportation, and the Alaskans lacked them. Owing to the perseverance of an Alaskan missionary over two thousand reindeer were brought to Alaska from Siberia during the first decade of this century. At the present time Alaska is proud of possessing about 300,000 reindeer and of prosperous industry with a great future, as Alaska has capacity for about ten millions of reindeer.

In Russia reindeer breeding has existed since time out of mind. During the Great War the writer tried to estimate the reindeer stock already present in Russia. Making a quite conservative calculation he came to the conclusion that the northern population of Russia had in its possession at least one million reindeer, probably more. The grazing ground in northern Russia is ten times larger than that of Alaska, as not only tundras alone, but all northern forests must be taken into consideration as well. In winter reindeer feeds on reindeer moss, a kind of lichen, abundantly growing in sub-arctic forest. As a reindeer herd under favorable conditions doubles every three and a half years, many millions of reindeer could be bred in Arctic Russia, if needed, but there is no such need now. Herdsmen are living

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entirely on their herds, making barter with their neighbors, but possessing often, many thousands of reindeer they could live just as comfortably and opulently with only a part of their moving capital. They have had no chance to realize this capital.

In all Arctic Russia, perhaps, only a few thousand reindeer could be sold yearly, besides those killed for local use. It is not surprising therefore, that reindeer breeding was managed in Russian in a very primitive and careless way. Till very recently Russian reindeer natives were helpless against epizooties. The only preventive measure they had was not to keep all reindeer in one herd and in the same place, and in the case of epizooty leave the infected area along with healthy reindeer as quickly as possible. Regular inoculation would certainly stop such calamities. Another calamity affecting the increase of reindeer herds is the great mortality of new born calves. Usually it happens during the end of April or beginning of May, when the weather is very changeable. New born animals are very weak. The mother cannot give them any effective protection in cold days, and all born during a sudden blizzard or shortly before it are practically doomed to destruction. Given some shelter calving females and many young animals would be saved. This would result in a great increase of herds and would be of real value provided it would be possible to dispose of the surplus. A market could be found, however, only a thousand miles from the Arctic regions and seldom on a railroad line.

The situation is aggravated by the fact that the reindeer is a seasonable animal. During spring and summer it is a lame, lean animal with bad hide pierced by numerous holes left by parasites. The animal gets rid of them only in summer and finally recovers shortly before fall, which is, therefore, the best slaughtering season when the reindeer will give the greatest amount of excellent meat and high grade hide and fur. Owing to all these conditions the Russian reindeer industry is at the present time important only locally, for the northern part of the country.

The greatest part of Russia utilizes very few of its products, chiefly furs. The international market hardly knows anything about this richness. In any case it is a great potential resource which will be fully utilized in some future time, not only by Russia at large but internationally as well.

Russia is a self supporting country and will remain such for a long time to come. Very scarce population and the present drawback in the development of the country, has left plenty of room for future generations. For a long time Russia will have no trouble in disposing of an increase in her population.

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At Harvard School of Business

Stephen Kourch

ONE day I asked a yellow-skinned and squint-eyed Chinese boy at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, whether he thought he could apply in his country the business methods which are discussed in class and whether the great number of business facts which he is gathering in connection with his studies would be of assistance in his future work.

The little man answered me in the negative. No, he intended to work in the cooperative movement among the poor Chinese population. His work would be based on different principles from those applied in American business. Americans are great money spenders. Not so the thrifty Chinese. Furthermore, the people among whom he would work have nothing to spend. I suggested that it would be perhaps better for him to study in Denmark or England where the cooperative movement is highly developed. No, he thought that he was in the right place at Harvard. What he was learning here was the right way in which he should attack any business proposition of any size.

We students are taught at the School to think. It may seem unnecessary to teach men to think. Indeed, it is a common notion that thinking is the privilege and the very characteristic of "homo sapiens." But excuse me, reader, for mentioning the fact that men make use of this privilege too seldom. Thinking is intangible. It is difficult for men to check up on themselves whether they do think or not. I am not referring to thinking which brings about the decision whether to have lunch today at the Latin Coffee House or at Stanley's. I refer to creative thinking. If a man would give himself the trouble to recall the cases when he has done real thinking, he would probably find that the cases were few.

But there is another side to this question. If my memory does not deceive me, Aristotle said that the world would look quite different if everybody would devote half an hour a day to the study of logic. Humans have not changed much since the days of the great philosopher. We still do not know how to think. Correct thinking is maybe more necessary under present conditions of complexity of life than it was in olden times. Students are taught at the School both things; to think, and how to think.

But thinking in the empty is nearly impossible. Facts are the necessary starting point for business thinking. One of the professors started a lecture by saying to us: "If you want to learn something in this course, then think. But I know that you don't think. You don't think for the simple reason that you

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don't have anything to think with. You don't have facts. Here is a reading list. Do your best with it." There we are—gathering of facts and of various ideas and notions. This is hard labor and there is a lot of it. Besides general reading, students are required to read each year several thousands of pages of "cases." Cases are business facts or happenings transplanted into the class room with flesh and skin as true to reality as possible. Under the case system students do not become merely theoreticians but are getting a practical grasp of things. Furthermore the case system brings into theoretical studies the charm of vivid life.

We are required to turn out a lot of work in the form of reports on business problems. Here a man is compelled to do some research, to form an opinion on the matter, to give a workable solution to the situation, and finally to sell his idea in writing a convincing report. The work is certainly fascinating. Well, the average report is fifteen pages long and costs the student a sleepless night.

There are students here from all over the country. A native of Sunny California learns here about the point of view of a softly speaking Southerner, and a New Englander finds out from his roommate that Texas is possibly a pleasant place in which to live.

The system of the School compels students to cooperate. This brings us closer together. We learn how to respect the ideas of others. We also learn the value of friendship. I think that if the strings of friendship derived from knots bound at the School would be drafted over the map of the country, they would form quite a dense network. Some of the strings would go over the Great Waters.

Miniature by Ivan Pavlov.

A Snowy Corner of Moscow.

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Russian Mennonites

Philip Isaak

THE exact origin of the Mennonites is not known but Netherland, according to most authorities, is thought of as their birth place, although some believe that a few Mennonites were found in small scattered groups in Germany and Sutherland. These, however, migrated to Holland and formed small settlements.

During the years of persecution some went to East Prussia, at that time a Slavic Polish country, and these people furnished the group which is known at the present time as the Russian Mennonites. The division of Poland brought them under the Prussian kings. The warlike Hohenzollern did not appeal to the Mennonites and in 1786 when a call came from the Russian Empress, Catherine the Great, they decided to settle in the southern part of Russia, a country known at the present time as the government of Taurida.

Extensive privileges were granted to these people: freedom of religion, freedom from army service and exemption from taxes. Besides these privileges, each family received about 160 to 170 acres of fertile land. These people colonized large parcels of land in a very short time. About 1870 most of the privileges given to the Mennonites were revoked, the main privilege of which was freedom from military service.

Large agitation for emigration to the United States began. In 1874 the first group of Mennonites left for the new world. Other groups followed in quick succession and according to some authorities close to 15,000 came over within several years.

"The gathering place of the Russian emigrants in 1874 and 1875 was Topeka, Kansas, and the town for many years was flooded by people in wide trousers and sheepskins and women in onionlike skirts carrying iron kettles and other utensils which were considered exclusively Russian. In 1875 they were still a strange population. They used the small green painted rattling wagons which they brought from Russia and tried to live the same way they used to live in their old country."*

According to an observer, in seven years the Mennonite communities had changed to the extent that they could be compared with the best farming sections of Illinois.

Today the Mennonite farmer is one of the most prosperous farmers in the United States, not at all asking for farm relief.

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* This quotation is taken out of "Die Alt Evangelische Mennonitische Bruderschaft in Russland (1789-1910) im Rahmen der Mennonitischen Gesamtgeschichte. By P. M. Friesen."

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Extensively populated Mennonite communities can be found in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas, California, Oregon, Washington, North and South Dakota, with extensive colonies in different parts of Canada.

PARTING

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

From *Poetry: An Anthology* by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky
Published by International Publishers Company

FOR one last time my thoughts are bold
To limn, caressingly, your face.
My heart is desperate to lay hold,

On all our days and dreams of gold,
And your remembered love, like grace,
Our years roll forward, ever changing;
They change, and we change, in the end:
A darkness like the grave's estranging
Has rapt you from your distant friend.

Accept, my lost dear, this leave-taking,
Such, as a wife, being widowed knows,
Who says her farewells with heart breaking,
Or as the exile, mutely aching,
Who sobs goodbye, and clings, and goes.

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Advantages of Fraternity Life

Nikolai von Keller

HERE at Rutgers fraternities enjoy a rather unhampered existence. The college restrictions which are imposed on the fraternities are all of the type which are essential to the existence and continuance of a sound fraternity. Under this system the fraternities on the campus are run to the mutual benefit of the college and the individual members of the fraternities.

Without fraternities (not only at this but at other colleges) the dormitory systems would have to be increased with great expense to the college. With the many self-owned and operated fraternity houses which provide quarters for nearly half of the school population, the college expenses are decreased leaving more capital with which to improve other features of the educational system. With the expansion of the college the fraternities not only increase in size but also in number, and thus the college is aided in keeping up with the ever-increasing demand for a higher education.

Here at Rutgers the property and houses owned by the fraternities might roughly be estimated at about six hundred and fifty thousand dollars; a value nearly equal to that of the three existing dormitories. Without these fraternity organizations the college would necessarily be cut to half its size. Enough of the actual money savings to the college made possible by the fraternities.

When one comes to college it is supposedly for the purpose of gaining knowledge. This knowledge is of little value unless it carries with it the ability to associate with others. The fellow who comes to college to spend four years in studious seclusion will find his hard earned knowledge of little use in the business world. In contrast, the fellow who has gained perhaps not so much actual knowledge, but this ability to associate with his fellow men, to apply himself to his work when it is time to work, and to make himself agreeable in both the social and business worlds, has gotten from college the maximum value. To produce men who will be leaders wherever they may go seems to me to be the purpose of the college. Such men are found not in the first of the two classes just cited, but in the second, and in the development of such men their fraternity connections play an important part.

In the fraternity a student finds a home and friends, the two most essential things to a happy life. In the home he is somewhat restricted, as he always has been by his parents. Dur-

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ing his freshman year, particularly, he is required to stay in nights and to study. The neutral who has no such instructions may go as he pleases and unless he is unusually strong-minded, his studies will suffer at times. In many other similar ways the fraternity freshman is guided, while the neutral is left entirely on his own and during the first year it is all important that the freshman get a good start, as the rest of his college career and his ultimate success in life depend a lot on his getting firmly established in college. Throughout his college course the student will find that the fraternity takes more than a paternal interest in his studies. The fraternity with the cooperation of the faculty keeps track of his scholastic weaknesses and endeavors to help him to overcome them. In this way he is helped through college and the college itself is again benefited.

The management of a fraternity house falls for the most part on a few of the two upper classes, but none of the members can help but receive some knowledge of its government; thus they gain in practical knowledge which is bound to be of use in the outside world. To manage and direct men in some walk of life is presumably the ambition of the college graduate and nothing can be more useful in this line than actual experience. This he gains through his fraternity connection; he will probably during his four years at college have part in the government of the house, or of the kitchen. He will undoubtedly learn something of the financial operations of the house which are bound to be of use with the rest of his general college education and his social understanding will undoubtedly be improved by his four years of amicable association with his brothers.

I have endeavored to set forth the reasons why in my belief, fraternities are of a very practical value to a college. I have made no attempt to point out the disadvantages of such organizations, as I feel that they are many times overshadowed by the advantages. I think that those few colleges that have eliminated fraternities have eliminated one of the most desirable of the college assets. To restrict fraternities to the two or three upper classes is again, in my opinion, a mistake, as the time when a student needs the assistance afforded by a fraternity is the time during which he is becoming acquainted with his new life—during his freshman year.

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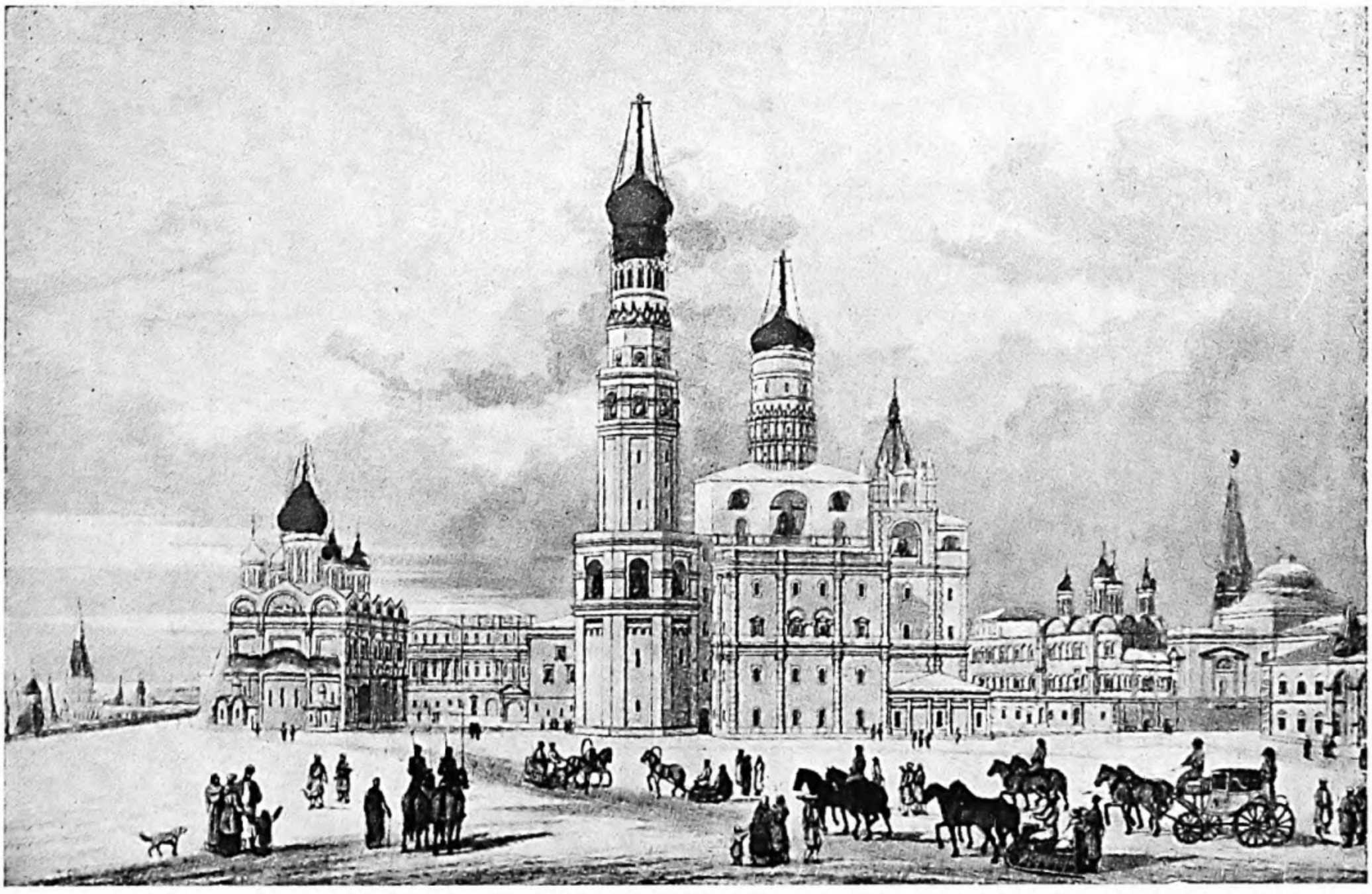
What We Need!

VADIM SOBENNIKOFF

The views of Dmitry Niconoff in the October issue of *The Russian Student* are simple straight cut conclusions arrived at in a remarkably direct manner. It is plainly seen that these opinions of broadmindedness, these expressions of reverence for the professional man were written by a "realist" with a so-called "practical mind", a man that "talks business". No indefinite dreamy notions in his head which are so common to most Russians and which make us an easy prey to Marx, et cetera.

It made me think that, fifteen years ago, if Russia had more men like Niconoff in her universities and outside, it would be the greatest and most prosperous country in the world instead of being in the condition it is now. And if such views were not adopted by the young Russians in Russia fifteen years ago it is time for them to do so now in this country.



Courtesy Russian Orthodox Journal.

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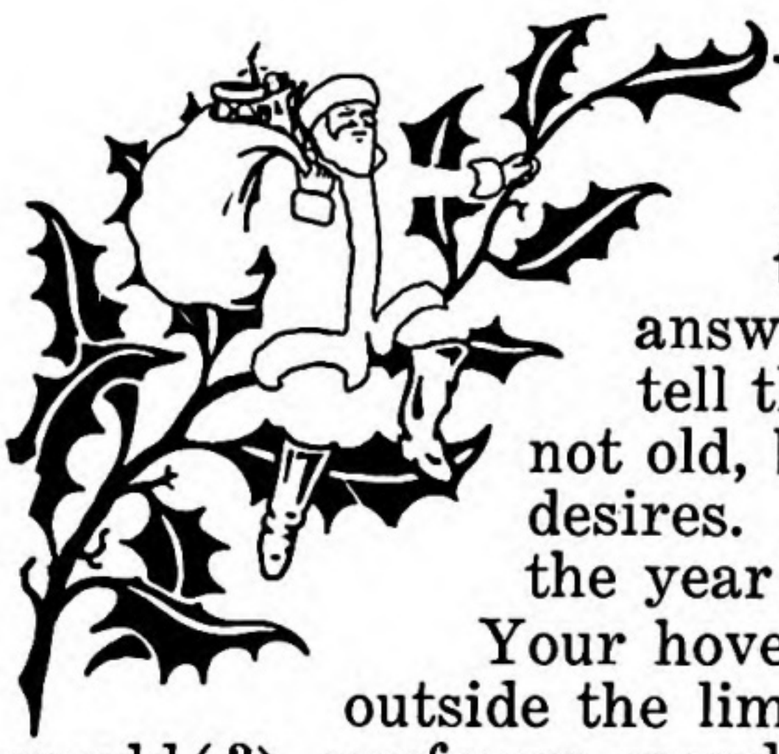

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Your hovering presence of guardian spirits far outside the limits of our well-ordered-rule-of-thumb-world(?) performs wonders. What we really mean to imply is that we are now out for 2300 paid subscriptions and we need the help of a really great man. You *are* a really great man, Santa, if Hendrik Van Loon is even half way right in saying: "Now the difference between really great men and just great men is, that the former are never in a hurry." Because last year, Santa Claus, you were not in too much of a hurry in sending us those paid subscriptions. Perhaps this year you've gone modern and will come by airplane. Yes?

That, you may say, depends on the nature of your able appreciators and how completely they have given themselves to the outward amenities of life. A Russian reminded me the other day that Nicias asked Aristides the Just how he became just and received this reply: "My nature was the most important thing; and next I zealously cooperated with my nature."

No doubt you have heard of one Howard Heinz, whose ideal motto for industry is: "To produce a thing that the world needs, to make it the best that can be made, to get it into the hands of the largest number of people and to charge a reasonable fee for the service." Now, *The Russian Student* is not one of the 57 varieties, although it deals with the problems of more than ten times fifty-seven varieties of Russians and it is the only publication in English attempting to interpret Russian culture and civilization and point out the vital aspects of American life for the benefit of both Russians and Americans residing in the United States. And that isn't all—it does not attempt to indulge in politics!

Given our limitations—financial, mental and physical—and receiving the cooperation of the eighty students aided, the three hundred and fifty-one graduates who are paying back and with

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the guidance of hundreds of American friends, we are making it the best we can; we are getting it into the hands of four thousand people. And, my dear Santa Claus, it's only a dollar! What better use could even those sufferers from the stock market modus vivendi put their smaller gains than to invest in one year's subscription? Selah!

There will be some serious scientific articles during the coming year, by Russians and Americans of prominence—all of whom write without remuneration. All the Russians and a few of the Americans, have faced the worst indignities of life. They know, some of them, what it is to have been rich. All of them know what it is to be poor and hungry and friendless. They have touched the extremities of pain, and now all the lesser tribulations of life seem small in comparison. They haven't lost courage.

Some of the graduates repay large amounts at a great personal sacrifice. Just last week one man sent a check for one hundred dollars and when we thanked him he responded that he hoped to keep his payments on a similar level. Now that man *is* successful but he can't possibly have a monthly income of which fifteen per cent would be one hundred dollars. In case you don't understand that, hearing from me only once a year and not remembering that one of my many incurable weaknesses is arithmetic, I beg leave to remind you that according to their agreements with us, graduates earning more than two hundred dollars a month have promised to refund only fifteen per cent each month.

Something obfuscated me and got me off the track, and I insist on staying off long enough to state that these 2,300 subscriptions which you are going to send me are not to interfere with repayments and regular contributions to the Russian Student Fund. We can count on your fine sense of discrimination to see to that—but if a graduate has repaid in full and hasn't paid his own or anybody else's subscription since September 1, 1929, please put ten bugs in each ear and a ring in his nose.

And when you come across any of those readers who are so really great that they are not in a hurry to send their renewals, be as delicate as circumstances seem to warrant, but won't you please, Santa, see that their dollars fall on our desk? We think an excellent place for these gifts this year would be above our motto—IT *CAN* BE DONE EFFECTIVELY.

Yours for flying answers, and of course *S Rojdestvom Xristovym!*

—de N.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

These recipes are a part of the Christmas Dinner described elsewhere in this number.—Editor.

Posnii Pirojki

Made of dough without dairy products or meat.

Dough:

4 glasses of water **¾ glass of sugar**
½ glass Mazola oil **1 cake of yeast**
salt to taste

Note: If you do not want the *pirojki* to be *posnii*, use milk instead of water, ¼ lb. of butter instead of oil and add 4 eggs.

Mix above and make rather soft dough. Place in deep dish and put aside for about 5 hours until it begins to rise. Then push dough in so as to cause it to fall down and put aside until it will rise again. Then you are ready to make the *pirojki*.

Rice and mushroom filling:

Boil rice, pour off water, boil dry mushrooms until soft, chop them, fry finely cut onions in Mazola oil and mix rice with mushrooms and fried onion. Salt to taste. The filling is ready.

To make pirojki, roll the dough out flat about ¼ inch thick, cut out a round piece of this flattened dough with edge of glass or cup, place about 1 to 2 tablespoonfuls of any filling in middle, fold in half this round piece of dough and seal edges by pressing on them.

They may be fried in hot Mazola oil like doughnuts or shaped so as not to have them too flat, place in pan and bake in oven like an ordinary pie.

Note: *Pirojki* may be made with almost any other kind of filling, mashed potatoes, apple sauce, jam, fried sauerkraut, fried cabbage and fried onions, cabbage and tomato, et cetera, et cetera.

Malorossiisskaya Kolbassa

(Home-made bologna roasted in oven, in the Malorussian style.)

About 4 lbs. of pork, shoulder or ham preferably. Casings, about ten cents worth.

Cut pork into little pieces, about one inch cubes or any shaped pieces that amount to about the same size. Salt to taste and put some finely cut garlic and pepper if desired. Wash casings well, in cold water, turning inside out.

Tie one end of the casing with a piece of thread and begin stuffing the casings with the cut pieces of pork. Little pieces of pork fat are also desirable. When finished stuffing, tie the other end of casing with thread and place in pan in spiral form or in any form which would take a small space and put in hot oven. Take out when browned.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

Just as we were wondering whether the Christmas number would be compelled to go to press *sans* cover, this design came by air mail from Vladimir E. Virrick, who is associated with the architect Robert Law Weed of Miami, Florida. Mr. Virrick graduated from Columbia School of Architecture in 1921.

When the Great War came, Anatoly Movchan was a second year student in a navigation school. He enlisted as a seaman and served as a quartermaster on a Russian transport. After he left Russia in 1919 he sailed around the world, at least twice, as a seaman, and finally was persuaded by a friend to continue his education. Mr. Movchan is a senior in electrical engineering at South Dakota State College.

Complete information regarding Professor I. P. Tolmachoff may be found in *American Men of Science.* Professor Tolmachoff graduated from St. Petersburg University in 1897 and served as museum curator and professor of geology, paleontology, et cetera, in a number of Russian higher educational institutions. Just before coming to the U. S. A. in 1922 he was Director of the Far East Geological Survey in Vladivostok. At present Professor Tolmachoff is secretary of the American Section of the International Society for the Exploration of the Arctic Regions By Means of Aircraft, curator of paleontology at Carnegie Museum and professor of paleontology at the University of Pittsburgh.

After one year's study at New York University, Stephen Kourch transferred to Harvard School of Business where he is making brilliant progress. He will graduate in June.

Mr. Philip Isaak (Kansas State Agricultural College '28) is the son of a Mennonite rancher of South Russia. Before Mr. Isaak entered an American college, in 1925, he felt that Americans looked upon him as an undesirable element. This feeling of being a stranger has passed. Mr. Isaak is doing research work in agriculture at the University of Missouri.

This is Nikolai von Keller's first year at Rutgers University where he is studying business administration.

The paragraphs by Vadim Sobennikoff were sent to the editor in a letter written to express his appreciation of Dmitry Niconoff's "A Voice from the Back Woods", which appeared in *The Russian Student* in October. Mr. Sobennikoff graduates next June from the chemical engineering department, Pratt Institute.

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

As an encouraging index of the standards of literary taste in America, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., has published a series of sixty-two classics, known as the Borzoi Pocket Books, at one dollar a volume. The Russians in this series are represented as follows:

N. V. Gogol—*Taras Bulba*
Maxim Gorky—*Chelkash*
L. Andreyev—*The Little Angel*
M. Y. Lermontov—*A Hero of Our Time*
Ivan Bunin—*The Gentleman from San Francisco*

In the Modern Library at ninety-five cents a volume we find:

Dostoyevsky—*The Brothers Karamazov*
Merezhkovsky—*The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci*

The Embezzlers.
A novel of contemporary Russian life. Translated by L. Zarine with an introduction by Stephen Graham. The Dial Press. $2.50.

The God Who Didn't Laugh. *By Gleb Botkin. New York. Payson & Clarke.* $2.50.

Humanity Uprooted. *By Maurice Hindus, illustrated by Arthur Hawkins, Jr., with an introduction by John Dewey. New York. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* $3.50.
A study of present day Russia.

Russian Folk-Songs. *Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford, with an introduction by Boris Brasol. G. Schirmer.* $1.00.
The music with both Russian and English words are given.

Nicholas Roerich. *A Monograph. Compiled and edited by A. V. Yaremenko. Central Book Trading Company, New York. Subscription Price* $25.00. *After Release,* $35.00.
Contains 110 colored and half-tone illustrations of Professor Roerich's work.

The Background of the Russian Revolution. *By Alexander Meyendorff. Henry Holt.* $2.50.
An interpretation of historic processes and conditions that culminated in the revolution by a former vice-president of the Russian Duma. Given as Colver lectures at Brown University in 1928.

Principles of Rural-urban Sociology. *(American Social Science Series). By Pitirim Sorokin and C. C. Zimmerman. Student's Edition. Henry Holt.* $3.60.

Nearing the End in Imperial Russia. *By George T. Marye. Dorrance.* $4.00
The contemporary notes and impressions of the American ambassador to Russia from 1914 to 1916.

For reviews of histories of Russia see *The Russian Student,* September—George Vernadsky's "A History of Russia" (Yale, $4.00) and in the October issue, Platonov's "History of Russia". (Macmillan. $2.00).

White Eagles. *By Val Gielgud. Houghton Mifflin Company.* $2.00.
A tale of Napoleon's campaign in Russia and of a little group of French spies.

Civic Training in Soviet Russia. *By Samuel N. Harper. Chicago: The Univer- of Chicago Press.* $3.00.

Hunky. *By Thames Williamson. Coward-McCann.*
The story of a great stumbling Slav as he gropes through the strange mists of American life.

Peter the Great. *By Stephen Graham. Simon & Shuster.*
A full-length study of a great monarch.

The Letters of the Tsar to the Tsaritsa, 1914-1917. *Translated by A. L. Hynes from the official edition of the Romanov Correspondence. Edited by C. E. Vulliamy. Introduction by C. T. Hagberg Wright, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $5.00.

Short Stories Out of Soviet Russia. *Compiled by John Cournos. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50.
An anthology.

The White Coat. *By P. N. Krassnoff. Duffield & Co.* $3.50.
The former Cossack commander writes a novel of the Russia of tomorrow, forecasting a restoration of the old order.

The Life of Napoleon. *By Dmitri Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by Catherine Zvegintzov. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.50.
A biography of the Corsican by a famous Russian author.

Three and the Moon; legendary stories of old Brittany, Normandy & Provence. *By Jacques Dorey. Knopf. With pictures by Boris Artzybasheff.* $3.50. A Juvenile.

Moussia: The Life and Death of Marie Bashkirtseff. *By Alberic Cahuet. Macaulay.* $3.00.
A biography of a painter and diarist.

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by Nicholas Rashevsky
A Russian physicist explains the deterministic character of physical laws.

ODESSA, *by Alexander Bezsmertny*
A Johns Hopkins business graduate describes his native city.

COSSACKS, *by John Bannoff*
A Don Cossack writes of his own people, giving bits of Cossack life not generally known even by Russians.

RUSSIAN FISHERIES, *by N. A. Borodin*
An authoritative study of this great industry by a fishery specialist now with the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

RUSSIAN POETRY, *by A. Fovitzky*
Many readers have objected to some of Basil Petrov's statements in the September and October issues as giving an incomplete and inaccurate picture of Russian poetry and its standing in world literature. Professor Fovitzky is preparing an answer to Mr. Petrov's articles.

Other articles by students on problems of Russians in their orientation to American life—illustrations of beauty and charm—a different Russian cover each month.

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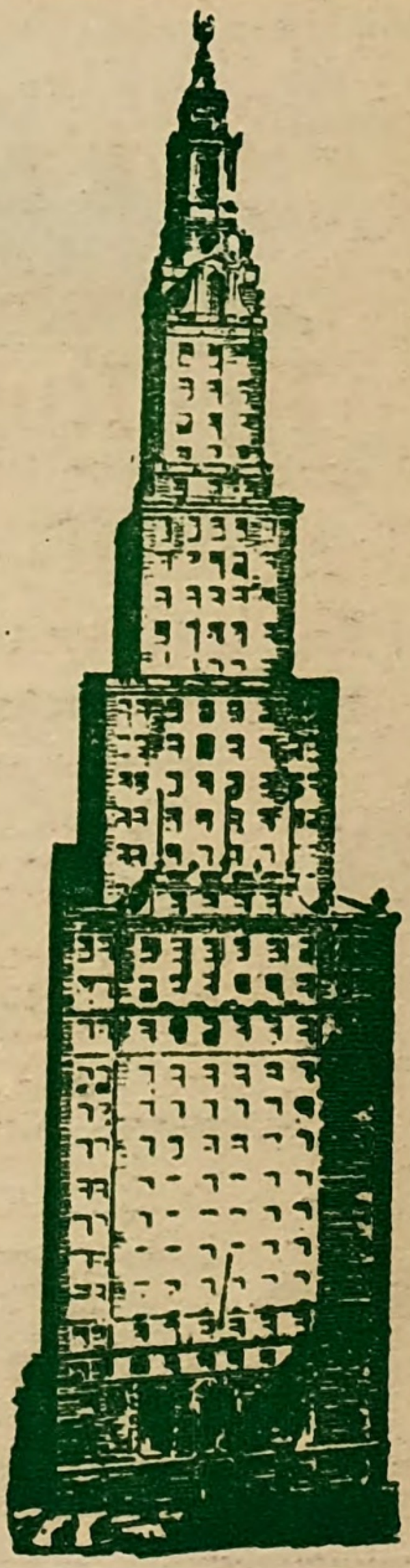

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

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Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 430 men and women, of whom 80 are still studying, have been advanced over $450,000. Former students have repaid $86,662.85, 50 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,200.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

January, 1930

Volume VI

Number 5

CAUSALITY AND CHANCE IN NATURE

NICHOLAS RASHEVSKY

NOT so long ago the laws of physics, or more generally the laws of "Nature," were considered as exemplifying the most strict determinism. To discover a new law meant not less than to obtain a detailed and exact knowledge of what happens in a physical system under specified conditions, that is a knowledge of the effects of certain given physical phenomena, which were considered as "causes" of those effects. Thus the laws of mechanics enable us to tell how a body will move under given conditions when subjected to the force of gravity, but left free in all other respects. From those laws we know, that whenever a planet is at a given moment in a given position with respect to the sun and to the other planets, and moreover if at this moment it has a definite velocity, specified as to the direction and magnitude, it will move at any future time in quite a definite way.

The marvelous exactness of the advanced calculations of solar and lunar eclipses as well as of other astronomical events witness this deterministic character of physical laws. We know also, that whenever hydrogen and oxygen unite in definite proportions to form water, a certain amount of heat is liberated. Knowing the amounts of hydrogen and oxygen, we know with certainty in advance how much heat will be produced in the process of formation of water. And when there are no additional phenomena, which in one or another way may influence the phenomenon considered, or as we say, when there are no "disturbing influences," the law which states, that a given quantity of explosive mixture develops upon explosion such and such amount of heat *admits of no exception.*

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This deterministic character of physical laws led the great French mathematician Laplace to believe, that the final aim of physics, and more generally of all "exact Science" is the establishing of a "universal formula," which would express the exact relations between all possible physical phenomena, occurring in the universe. The knowlege of such a formula would enable us to know in advance everything that will happen at any future time and at any place of the universe, provided we know exactly the state of affairs in the whole universe at one given moment. But even more: the complete determinism and definiteness of the physical laws must allow also to draw conclusions "from effects to causes" so that the above-mentioned formula would enable us to know exactly all the past history of the universe from the exact knowledge of it at the present moment. Probably Laplace himself did not take too seriously such vast possibilities. The very limited nature of us human beings makes it hopeless to know exactly the state of affairs at present time in all parts of the universe, and thus, even if we would be in the possession of the above formula, we could make only a relatively very limited use of it. But in spite of the nature of their profession, which, at least in the general public opinion, requires only cold reasoning about "facts," scientists commit themselves once in a while by giving way to their imagination, and by thinking about things, which they know will never happen, but which would be so interesting if they happened. And being but human, they find a certain charm in the thought, that a "super-human" being may at least be imagined, which could make full use of the "universal formula."

The introduction in our scientific speculations of such "super-human" beings of different kinds, the imaginary extension of our limited powers, provided such an extension is logically compatible with our knowlege of what we call "laws of physics," can be found at all times in the history of physics up to the present day. And yet many leading physicists do not any more believe, that even any kind of a super-human being could make use of the "universal formula;" in fact, they even do not believe, that according to what we know now about the nature of physical laws, such a universal formula could be found at all, regardless of the limited nature of our knowledge. The belief in causality and strict determinism in nature has been recently shaken to its very roots.

If we follow back the history of these new ideas, we will find their germs already in the development of the most fundamental part of physics—the atomic theory. As a philosophical doctrine atomicity was born in ancient Greece. It is customary to consider Dalton as the scientist who introduced it into chemistry

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on a strictly scientific basis. In physics atomicity became of importance only in the second half of the past century, when the fundamentals of the so-called "kinetic theory of gases" have been elaborated by J. C. Maxwell, L. Boltzmann, J. D. van der Waals and others. The devolopment of the atomic theory was a real triumph of theoretical science. Many new unknown phenomena have been predicted, and the predictions splendidly confirmed. The faith in the theory grew stronger and stronger and fifteen years ago even the most sceptical opponent, Wilhelm Ostwald, stated, that the atomic theory ceased to be a theory and became an experimentally established fact.

It will be however of interest, in particular to the readers of this magazine, to know, that the first fundamental ideas of the kinetic theory of matter were propounded in the first half of the eighteenth century by the great Russian scientist — M. Lomonosov*. At a time when the general belief in "caloric" and "frigoric" fluids was not yet shaken, he clearly stated, that heat is nothing but the motion of the invisible molecules, of which all matter is made. He explained from the atomic point of view the law of Boyle for gases, and concluded from his theoretical studies, that at high compressions the gases must show deviations from this law. These deviations have been actually found and explained by leading physicists of the second half of the past century, without any knowledge of the work of Lomonosov. Like many true geniuses, Lomonosov has too much preceded his own time, to be appreciated by his contemporaries. As a matter of curiosity it may be mentioned, that the University of Erlangen has conferred an honorary degree for successfully demonstrating the absurdity of Lomonosov's views on the nature of heat.

After this brief historical digression let us return to our subject proper. According to our present day knowledge, matter consists of smallest units, molecules. These molecules are held together by forces of attraction, but they are not motionless. They move and oscillate to and fro, and this motion of the invisible molecules we perceive as heat. In solids the molecules are held together very strongly. If however we heat a solid, in other words if the motion of the molecules increases, their mutual bonds are somewhat loosened, the solid gets softer and finally melts. If the temperature is increased sufficiently, the motion of the molecules becomes so strong, that the forces of attraction cannot anymore hold them together. They fly in all directions and scatter, unless enclosed in a vessel. We say that the substance has evaporated, become a gas. We understand in this

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* See article: "Lomonosov; Man of Science and Letters" by Vladimir Pertzoff in *The Russian Student*, June, 1928—Editor.

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way one of the most important properties of gases—their tendency to expand indefinitely.

A gas is a swarm of molecules, moving entirely at random. Those molecules, which hit the walls of the vessel, in which the gas is enclosed, naturally exert a force on this wall. The wall is constantly bombarded from inside by the molecules. The shock due to an individual molecule is very small, but there are many million millions of millions of molecules in a cubic centimeter of gas, and a corresponding number of molecular shocks occur per second. Not only our rough senses, but even our most delicate instruments are not sufficiently sensitive to follow the individual molecular shocks against the walls. But the *average* effect of all these innumerable shocks constitutes the pressure of the gas against the wall. If we compress the gas by reducing its volume say to one half, there will be now twice as many molecules per unit of volume, and therefore there will be twice as many shocks against the walls per second. In other words the pressure will increase twice. Heating the gas causes the molecules to move faster. This increases also the number of shocks, and at the same time increases the intensity of the individual shocks. Hence heating of the gas results in an increase of pressure. These are experimentally established facts, which become intelligible from the point of view of the kinetic theory.

The gas laws exemplify what is called in physics "statistical laws." These laws are relations between average quantities, relating to a tremendous number of individual elements. We suppose that the molecules move according to the well known laws of dynamics. If we would know the positions and velocities of *all* molecules of a gas at a time, we, or better again a "super-being," would be able to calculate in advance all the motions of the molecules and indicate exactly the times and positions of the individual molecular shocks. But this task is obviously hopeless for us.

We do not need to know, however, the positions and motions of the individual molecules. Whatever these will be, as soon as they are distributed and move at *random*, the average result of their shocks against the walls of the vessel will be a *uniform* and *constant* pressure. Why do we know that it *will* be uniform? Just because we assume the movement of the molecules to be a *random* one. If the pressure against one wall would become greater than that against the opposite wall, we would conclude, that the molecules do not move all at random, but that there is a certain preferred direction, namely that towards the wall, against which the pressure is greater. But can it not happen, that just by "chance" for a moment all the molecules will begin to move in one direction, so that all the pressure will be concentrated on one wall only? Yes, in principle this *can* happen. But

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the probability that the trillions of disorderly moving molecules will by chance begin to move at once all in the same direction is just about as small as the probability that a monkey which plays with a typewriter pressing its keys, will by "chance" write down the first act of *Hamlet*. Both things are "practically" impossible, though we cannot deny their intrinsic possibility.

In this sense the statistical laws do not admit of exceptions, just as well as the deterministic laws considered above. And still every one feels, that the validity of these laws is of a quite different nature. Their validity is no more an "absolute one," though for practical life and even for experimental science to a certain extent, this does not make any difference.

Since atomic structure is the fundamental property of matter, the greatest majority of all physical laws had to be interpreted as statistical laws. But behind this still remained the firm basis of causality and determinism. We human beings cannot know the motions of the individual molecules; but a proper "super-human" being maybe could? And yet is there any reason to believe this? Since we cannot observe directly the individual molecules, what is the guarantee, that its motion is governed by the deterministic laws of our "classical" dynamics? Mathematics shows that such equations of motion are conceivable, which admit of *several* solutions under given specified conditions. Would the laws of motion of the molecules be of such a kind, even a super-being would not be able to predict from the instantaneous positions and motions their future paths. To give a very rough but clear example, it may happen, that a molecule will move under the influence of another one along a certain curve up to a certain point, but from this point on it may move in two different ways, both ways being mathematically equally possible and only true "chance" deciding, which way the molecule will follow. If this would be so, then the apparent disorder of the molecular motion would become a true disorder, and the statistical laws would become really laws of chance. The last shadow of absolute determinism then vanishes.

Modern development of atomic theory, of the so-called quantum theory, has led many scientists to believe that the laws, which govern the behaviour of individual atoms are of such a non-deterministic nature. It must be said, that the whole question is still "sub judice," and cannot be considered as being entirely decided. Opinions still differ. It is clear that whatever the final verdict of Science will be, the "practical determinism" of our directly observable laws will not change. It is even perhaps likely, that the verdict itself will not be brought by experimental Science, but rather by philosophy.

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Hold on, Cossak, you will be an Ataman!

Terpee, Cossack, Atamanom Boodesh!

COSSACKS

JOHN BANNOFF

THERE is no person in the world who has not heard the name Cossacks. But there are as many different conceptions of those bearing the name as there are varieties of human capacity and intelligence. There is no human being who has friends exclusively, no nation that enjoys all the world's admiration. Cossacks are not an exception to this rule. Side by side with the admirers of their deeds we find bitter haters, mostly those who were hurt willingly or accidentally, crossing the way of the Cossack in the performance of his duty.

It is not possible in this article to give a complete history of these unique people. Many a volume would be required merely to outline their life, which is very far from being monotonous. My effort will be amply rewarded if I can give a suggestion of their true picture.

Cossacks from different districts may have very little in common with each other physically, due to the fact that the feminine participants in their expressions of love have been borrowed for centuries almost exclusively from local sources.

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Nevertheless, there is something big that is common among these people so different physically, so scattered geographically, so differently influenced ethnographically and climatically, and that something is their tradition, of which the main points are: infinite love toward Russia, for the sake of which to die is an honor for any Cossack; freedom is the indisputable right of any Cossack and one's life is only a small price for it. This last point is the very foundation of the Cossack formation and growth. These two main traditions and many others help Cossacks to react in almost the same way to the same cause.

There were two nuclei of the Cossack formation — the Dnieper and the Don regions. The history of the former is quite popularly known. The beginning of the Don Cossacks is known very vaguely even by Russians themselves, but their importance in Russian expansion and political life have been quite considerable.

The Don Cossacks

Whenever I stop to think of the time of the birth of the Don Cossacks I am invariably brought into the atmosphere of utmost oppression of the Russian inhabitants, especially those of the southern regions. Russia in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was just a series of small quarrelling, forceless states in the face of a strong organized Tartar mass whose capital was at the place of the present city of Astrakhan on the Volga. The Tartars violated the official peace with the Russian princes and made raids on the Russian districts quite often at the cost of thousands of Russian lives, and prisoners of both sexes were sold as slaves. There was a guard to protect inhabitants from the raids, but it was too small and scattered to be of any resistance to the numerous raiders. This was the time of the first Cossack formation.

All who felt a national pride, all who valued liberty above their own convenience and even life, began to organize groups which were not content with a mere guard but who conceived the idea that the best defensive is an offensive. *Kleen Kleenom Vyshibayut**.

Not very long ago I read one of those books with yellow leaves, written in old English by an author long forgotten. I learned that the patriotic outburst against Russia's oppressors was so great at that time that the Russians of the best families, the richest of the Russians, as well as the poorest ones, but possessing one common great heart of love towards Russia,

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* Literally this means a spike is ejected by a spike, or as explained by the Latin proverb, Similia similibus curantur.

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abandoned their estates and families and "went to cossack".*

Russia was not in a state to fight the Tartars, so these newly formed groups operated at their own risk and responsibility. They had begun to intrude upon the very nest of the Tartar raiders and to eliminate them in their embryonic stage.

By the beginning of the fifteenth century the Cossacks had become so strong and troublesome to the Tartars that the situation had reversed and the Khan of Tartars wrote to the Moscow Tsar asking him to stop the Cossack raids. Answering the Khan's letter, the Tsar declared that he was not responsible for the Cossack actions as he did not consider them his subjects.

Finally they reduced the Tartars from the actual possessors of Russia to an obedient nothingness. Later they faced the Turks and Persians. This stage of their activity is well known, so I won't discuss it here.

Cossacks and Siberia

Another service of Cossacks to Russia, which is more or less vaguely known, is the advance of Russia into Asia. There was an Ataman of the independent Cossacks who was not in perfect sympathy with the Russian ruling classes (of the later formation from the escaped peasants) by the name Ermak Timofeevich. He was engaged in the entertainment of liberating the cargo of the Volga commercial boats and sinking them. Merchants did not like this, so the Tsar soon found out about it and sent a force to capture the fellow. A most illogical decision for those who did not know the Cossacks. But to those interested in the spirit of those times, who troubled themselves to become acquainted with the economical, political and social situations of Russia, to those, this decision presents no puzzle.

People of those days and even in the recent past have considered the Tsar as a personification of a somewhat abstract and, to the people's mind, intangible Russia. The Tsar has been pictured as an infallible void of a human negative. All mischiefs were ascribed to the ruling classes as a source. Cossacks grabbed the vessels of ruling classes, the cause of their sufferings, and they heard that the *Tsar Batyouchka**, the divine mother Russia was insulted by their deeds. As obedient sons — but peculiarly obedient sons—they have decided to deserve the forgiveness of their dearest mother, Russia and Father the Tsar.

They knew that nine out of ten will lose their lives for that forgiveness but that was the Cossack way to show clearly what

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* Cossack or Kojak, in the language of their first enemies meant a raider and the verb to Cossack, *Kasakobaya*, means to make a raid. The name was accepted by Cossacks from their enemies.

* Russian for Little Father.

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they meant. They had set themselves the task of conquering Siberia and bringing it to the feet of their displeased *Tsar Batyouchka,* thus emphasizing their attitude toward Russia and clarifying the reason for their actions on the Volga.

So cheating the force sent to hunt for them, they went up the Volga, turned into the Kama River, spent the winter with the merchants Stroganov and in the spring went to Siberia.

Only six hundred Cossacks invaded Siberia. There were hundreds of Tartars against a single Cossack. Finally Kuchum, the Khan of Siberia, was defeated and the Cossacks made a stronghold. Then they sent a letter to the Tsar begging him to accept under his "high hand" a new dominion of Russia—Siberia. The Tsar sent them the word of forgiveness, which was all they wanted. That was the highest reward for their titanic work.

Since then not a single Russian warfare, not a single political change has been made without the participation of Cossacks. Great military authorities, including Napoleon, have considered them as fighting units of a high order.

Internal Organization

Their internal organization from the very beginning up to very recent times was strictly democratic. No personal property was recognized at the beginning. No tributes were paid to anyone. The Ataman—the leader—was elected independently for each war and only for that occasion. In peace times they lived in communes called *Stanitza,* having a common table. The main occupation in peace time was fishing.

Later when there was no enemy on their side of the sea they divided the Don district into regions called *Stanitzas.* But again, though recognizing private property, they preserved lands and rivers as common property of the Don Cossacks, which could not be bought and sold by any person. This was the case up to the last revolution. Agriculture became their main occupation and has remained so to date.

There is a splendid tradition among the Cossacks to help each other by the force of a community. As an illustration, I can cite one that took place under my observation. There was a man who indulged excessively in drinking and gambling. He let his property go to rack and ruin. The community restored his property, with the caution that the community is helping the family and not him, therefore he is advised to take better care of the family property. The man disregarded this warning and the property was ruined again. The community helped him out again but told him that in case of a failure from the same cause he would be deprived of the name of Cossack and sent out of the community. The Cossack could not resist his hobby. The

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second time his property gravitated close to nothing and he disappeared from the community. Again the property of his family was restored by the community. For three years the Cossack was missing but finally he was found by his relatives and brought back. He has never drunk since, nor has he gambled. This property became one of the best in the community.

There is a strong feeling against class distinction. Here is an illustration from the past. One of the Tsars sent presents to the Don Cossacks as a token of his gratitude for their service. The materials sent to the atamans were better in quality than those sent to the Cossacks. A letter was written to the Tsar pointing out that among the Cossacks no one is better or worse than another and informing him that they had divided the atamans' material among them.

Here is another illustration, from recent times. During the World War there were two princes in the Cossack Division. They admired the work of the Cossacks to such an extent that they decided to become Cossacks themselves. Ataman of the Don Cossacks granted his consent but the Stanitza meeting made a resolution that Cossacks by tradition have no titles, therefore is is impossible for them to confer the name of Cossack upon the princes.

Marriage and Divorce

Marriages of the first Cossacks were unusual. Since there were no priests and their religion was quite vague, embracing all "who could cross themselves," the marriage ceremony was performed or rather witnessed, by a community. The ceremony was as follows: A Cossack desiring to marry brought his future wife to a meeting of the Cossacks and in the presence of the meeting covered her with his coat. By so doing he legalized her as his wife. The wife was at the mercy of her husband. He could divorce her at any time he chose. In spite of the simplicity of obtaining divorces, they were very rare. In order to get a divorce, the Cossack had to be sure of the sympathy of every single member of his community. If any man covered the divorced wife with his coat, gravest disgrace was thrown upon the ex-husband. There was enough assurance that a wife would be well treated, in view of the unusual respect towards woman as the source of the family. A writer thus describes the thirst of Cossacks towards the family life. "Since there were married scarcely one in a hundred, the birth of a child or the first tooth drew visitors for hundreds of miles." Marriages of modern Cossacks are only church marriages.

Parents and relatives are usually eugenists. They investigate, sometimes for several generations back a party considered

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for marriage and if everything is satisfactory the boy is allowed to make a choice from the girls considered, or put under investigation a girl chosen if that is the case.

Marriage, as is everything else, is a social affair. Almost all the community participates in the festivities. All marriages, irrespective of the wealth of the couple, are quite pompous. Tradition has set certain definite ways of carrying out this event, and the resources of the commuity are employed to carry it out properly. For example, the horses are matched and the owners of them are notified that their horses are to be used at the marriage procession, certainly free of any charge.

Maybe there is an influence of marriages of the first Cossacks but up to date divorce is considered as something that simply cannot happen if even defects are discovered after marriage, except certainly the question of virginity. Unfaithfulness is punishable by death and quite cruelly, even now. On the other hand, protection of a woman is quite strict too. As a peculiar instance, I can cite this from personal knowledge. One of the boys had made an indecent proposition to a wife whose husband was in the army. The woman let somebody else know. *Hootor* (village) meeting was held and at the meeting the poor boy had to make a "ground bow" to the insulted woman and then voluntarily leave the community for "better places."

Religion

Since the time of peace and settlement the Cossacks searched deeply for religious truth. Again community effort was employed. Meetings of a religious character were held many times during the winter months and religious books were read in the homes every evening. Due to this religious thirst there were exceptionally rare cases of absolute illiteracy among the male population. Almost everyone could read "print" and sing by church notes.

In religious information the best were the so-called "old believers"* (third source of the Cossack growth). Trained men from the legal Russian church were "unfeathered" by these religious hair-splitters. Speaking of old believers, neither smoking nor excessive drinking has been recorded among them. Holy days and lent were kept with the utmost strictness.

Among the main entertainments is that which was held the last week before pre-Easter lent (*maslenitza*). All the week was a continuous celebration. Young men showed their skill in horseback riding while all the rest of the community composed the

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* See article by Clarence A. Manning in *THE RUSSIAN STUDENT*, Vol. V, No. 7, March, 1929.—*Editor.*

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audience. At the end of this week there is one day the celebration of which may probably not be found in any other part of the world. This day is devoted to peace making in a community. All who have quarrelled during the year have to make peace. There is no question who is going to ask pardon. Tradition has decided that question. The younger one has to visit the older and making a "ground bow", asks his forgiveness, announcing that he has forgiven him in turn.

Civilization

Civilization of modern Don Cossacks is not by any means backward. Even in pre-war times all modern means known then were employed on their farms, including steam engines and internal combustion motors. There was one virtual drawback in their farming and that was—since the land was "common" and redivided every seven to ten years, it was very hard to introduce fertilization. But there was a strong movement among certain communities to introduce fertilization by the community. I believe that they could do that. My belief rests upon one experience which took place about the years 1910 or 1912. A small field animal destroyed the crops of a certain Cossack community. It was decided at the Stanitza meeting to fight the animal. Military methods have been employed in fighting the animal and in three years it was eliminated entirely.

Education

"Civil" education, as it is called by the Cossacks, as a contrast to religious, drew more and more attention of the "hootor" during pre-war times. The real schools and gymnasia scattered over the Don district have been filled with the "hootor" Cossack children almost exclusively. There were polytechnic institutes, schools of commerce, agricultural and veterinary schools and other higher educational institutions in the Don district. A number of young Cossacks received their education in Petrograd and Moscow higher schools.

In conclusion I may summarize the main characteristics of a Cossack. They are:

(1) He is proud of being a Cossack because he knows the history of his ancestors and something besides that with which to compare it.

(2) He is human, because he loves his ancestors who sacrificed their lives for others.

(3) He is an enemy of any kind of individual oppression, because he knows the value of personal freedom.

(4) He is honest, because his ideals are not based on a struggle for personal life.

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Cossack Cradle Song

Written in 1840 by Mikhail Yuryevich Lermontov
Translation by Clarence Augustus Manning

SLEEP my child, my little darling,
Bayushki, Bayu.
Softly shines the moon and brightly
From the skies on you.
I shall tell you pretty stories,
Sing a song to you;
Sleep, and close your little eyelids,
Bayushki, Bayu.
O'er its stones rolls on the Terek,
Its wild force they feel.
On the banks the Chechen crouches,
Sharpens well his steel,
But your father is a soldier,
Battle-tried and true;
Sleep, my baby, and be quiet,
Bayushki, Bayu.
You will know—the time is coming—
Life in martial band,
Boldly put your foot in stirrup,
Take your gun in hand.
I shall decorate your saddle
With fine silk and new;
Sleep, my child, my own sweet baby,
Bayushki, Bayu.
You will look a mighty hero,
Cossack be in heart;
I shall go to bid you farewell,
When you will depart.
But what bitter tears in secret
I shall shed for you,
Sleep, my angel, sweetly, softly,
Bayushki, Bayu.
I shall grieve and know no comfort,
Unconsoled shall wait.
All the day I'll pray God for you,
Nights I'll spell your fate.
I shall think you are unhappy
Mid scenes strange to you;
Sleep, while yet you have no sorrows.
Bayushki, Bayu.
A blest ikon for your journey
I shall then prepare.
When you pray to God Almighty,
Look upon it there.
Yes, when you prepare for battle,
Think of mother too.
Sleep, my child, my little darling,
Bayushki, Bayu.
Bayushki, Bayu.

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Giant Flying Boats

Victor A. Ivanoff

AIR minded people no longer ask us the questions: "With what gas do you fill your airplane?" "Can you fly tail-head?" "Why can't you stop and rest in the air?" and so on.

Even school children are now familiar with the rudiments of aeronautics; they recognize huge and clumsy dirigibles filled with inflammable or non-inflammable gas; they know their enormous cost, the necessity of large and expensive hangars, mooring masts, thousands of people to handle them at take-off and landing. They know their comparatively low speed, about seventy miles per mile and regardless of the *Graf Zeppelin*—round-the-world-flight, are more enthusiastic about their own models. They are also familiar with the possible development of modern helicopters and they can distinguish *landplanes* with the usual landing gear in the form of a pair of wheels (and tail skid) from *seaplanes* with float systems for landing. The combination of a flying boat with retractable landing gear in the form of an *amphibian* is also well known, due to some distinct advantages, mainly to the ability to land on water or on land and take off from either. But everybody does not know that the *flying boat* is the most advantageous of all types because of its highest maximum useful load.

Imagine a giant sea gull with wing spread of about 160 feet proudly rising from the foaming waves into the air, after a twenty-five second run along the rough surface of the high sea! Just think that about 6,000 wild horses hidden inside the roaring cylinders in a mad gallop are rushing this graceful bird into the crystal air waves, higher and higher to the snow-white curling clouds on the azure sky, and scores of passengers sitting in comfortable chairs enjoy this rapid and safe transportation along the picturesque seashore lines and may even fly across the ocean!

The great size is the most impressive attribute of the seaplanes of the present time. The single-engined, two or three-engined planes with cabins the size of a yard dog-kennel, of course, cannot compete with these luxurious, gigantic seaplanes. These real leviathans of the air, these real giant airliners deserve their names.

But how was it possible to lift a large parlor full of passengers into the air and to carry them through the clouds, across the seas with terrific maximum speed up to 150 miles per hour? It is a problem in some ways resembling the first construction of skyscrapers and requiring even more engineering skill than the erection of the Woolworth Building in comparison with the construction of a log cabin.

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GIANT FLYING BOATS

It is true that the design of a commercially profitable plane several times larger than the other types was impossible by old methods of design. But a continuous mainly theoretical investigation, combined with deep scientific research and laboratory experiments revealed some secrets in air mastery in the creation of real giant airplanes.

Some new theories appeared several years ago disclosing new ideas of enlargement of airplanes. Rumpler, Rohrbach, Dornier, Junkers, Handley Page and other European engineers solved that problem, but their ideas were almost unknown to this country. A few pioneers and inventors tried to promote their projects but met insurmountable difficulties. Although one inventor has combined many fundamental improvements besides mere size, his invention aroused a real interest in financial circles only when in Germany Dr. Claude Dornier actually accomplished his problem and his flying boat of 100,000 pounds gross weight met with world success, thus proving that new aeronautical methods scientifically developed lead to still greater achievements in giant plane structure.

It is worth while to consider more closely the main lines of such development and research. The studies were conducted along three lines; (1) Aerodynamical improvements—or flying features of the plane were made in accordance with the latest wind-tunnel experiments and theories so the boat could take-off, fly and land perfectly; (2) Hydrodynamical features were designed as results of deep study and experiments on thousands of models in basin tests. It means that the boat can have, regardless of huge size and enormous weight, a quick and easy take-off from water. (3) Structural details were developed in accordance with research and skillful design of the hull and wings providing sufficient strength and surprisingly light weight. This is the most important point as the real basis of this success is hidden beyond mysterious signs of higher mathematics and elaborated stress analysis investigation along the lines of precise methods of applied mechanics.

We must say, however, that regardless of excellent performance and significant features of the Dornier twelve-engined flying boat, this boat is a short distance plane of 600 mile range; with fifty per cent reserve, i.e. maximum of 900 mile range is insufficient to cross the ocean, as the shortest leg, for instance between New Foundland and England is about 2,000 miles. We understand a successful flight to be one with a normal full load without any dangerous overloading.

(*Continued in the February issue*)

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TOLSTOY, THE INCONSTANT GENIUS*

A REVIEW

By CLARENCE AUGUSTUS MANNING

THE man who would write a sympathetic and satisfactory biography of Count Leo Tolstoy is faced with no easy task. With other subjects there is the difficulty of securing facts, of rounding out the picture of a character in which one trait stands out preeminently. With Tolstoy the case is quite different. The author must show him as a dashing army officer and as a convinced pacifist, as a gay and unmoral man of the world and a severe ascetic, as a dutiful husband and father, and a man who lives in constant friction with his wife and children and publishes his disagreements to the world, as an ardent believer in God and religion and a rationalist of the most irreligious character, as an outstanding writer, one of the few great men in the nineteenth century, and a destructive critic who regards literature as sinful and immoral. In short the author must show Tolstoy as a man confounding and condemning by example everything which he praised and set forth in his own writing and preachings, and with it all living with almost unimpaired faculties and strength past the age of eighty, while an astonished and uncomprehending world endeavored to choose its own portion of his ideas and to glorify him for that portion.

In the good old days the means of doing this was easy. With delightful ignorance and naivite, the scholarly world decided that there were two Tolstoys, one bofore his conversion, the other after. We know now that this was a result of over-simplification, for the two tendencies or should we say the myriad tendencies, ran throughout his whole life and no one except perhaps Chertkov could play upon them, so that he could produce a desired result.

Such a character leads readily to psychological study, to the production of theories which can easily be demolished by a further study of the facts and which do not advance us any further in the understanding of the man himself. For that understanding we must wait the coming of a genius. Dostoyevsky might have given it but it would be hard to name any other author or critic who could dissect with such ruthless truth the living soul of a great figure of modern days.

The success of this book lies in the fact that the author does not try to explain Tolstoy. He reveals him as the complex char-

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* Tolstoy: The Inconstant Genius. By Alexander I. Nazaroff, New York. Frederick A. Stokes Company, $5.

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acter that he is, without trying to judge him or to estimate him in the course of world history and literature. Mr. Nazaroff rather shows him in action; he points out the mad frenzy of decision which led him as a boy to leap from the window to see if he could fly, which led him at the end away to die at Astapovo, and which guided or goaded him through life. He shows the leading stages in his ideas without endeavoring to find a bond of union or of unity between them and is ready to accept a difficulty in bringing together the threads and motives, the ideas and actions that went into the long life of the genius.

In a word he has written a sympathetic description of the life of Tolstoy and when he finishes the reader will feel the real greatness of the man, his real defects, and the enigma that lies behind him. Who or what is Count Leo Tolstoy? None of his contemporaries answered him that question. Perhaps no one can, but there are few biographies that have so well brought out the idea that we, mere human beings, must leave Tolstoy not with an expression of certainty or of satisfaction but of confusion and amazement.

The style of the book is like the style of much of Russian literature. A union of narration in the past and of description in the present without that strict sense of sequence of time that has so influenced English language and English literature. In a few passages the transitions may seem awkward but usually the manner is very effective in bringing out the tumultuous confusion that marked the thoughts and actions of Tolstoy.

On the whole, then, the book is more than satisfactory. It may be criticized by admirers of the artist Tolstoy and by worshippers of the seer of Yasnaya Polyana but it can be read with interest and can be recommended to those who wish to obtain a real picture of one of the great figures of nineteenth century Russia, of one of the leaders of the world, and one of the most incomprehensible men that ever lived.

Miniature by Ivan Pavlov.

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SMATTER

A Dialogue

Characters: Mr. I. M. Auditor, Miss Ex. Sec., and Miss Accountant

I

TIME: A HOT DAY IN SEPTEMBER, 1929.

Mr. I. M. Auditor and Miss Ex. Sec. are seated at a table on which are many papers. They appear to be uncomfortable and very much annoyed.

AUD. (*Trying unsuccessfully to pronounce a name but finally giving it up.*) What about him? (*Pointing to a long name.*)

EX. SEC. Same as last year. Graduate. No response to letters.

AUD. (*Attempting another name*) And this one?

EX. SEC. See here! I don't understand why you put this man on that list. He has been doing graduate work on his own. Now he's working and he'll pay more this year. He's all right. Why do you insist on penalizing him for paying small amounts? Don't you think it's a good thing for them to pay even one dollar a month when it's impossible for them to keep the regular agreement?

AUD. Look here, Ex. Sec. I think the repayments are good—a total last year of $24,324.21. That's fine and they ought to pay something every month. Even one dollar puts them in the habit. They have to understand that it was not their money and it has to be paid back. But here's a man —how you ever pronounce all those consonants so they sound like anything I don't know—but that man (*pointing to a card*) has paid only $6.00 in the last three years.

EX. SEC. He never graduated and he has no regular work. He drives a taxi two or three days a week.

AUD.: This one graduated in 1926 and paid only $24.00 in the last three years.

EX. SEC. Oh, he's another one doing graduate work on his own. He's already sent $4.00 for September. He'll pay more this year than the last three years together because he has a job now.

AUD. This man took a nice American name, didn't he? What's the matter with him?

EX. SEC. (*Sighing*). If I tell you his whole story you'll think it never happened. You wouldn't believe that so many things could happen to one man. Besides I'd betray his confidence, if I told you. He has a good job. He's all right. He'll pay. I'm sure of it.

Enter Miss Accountant.

AUD. Acc., Ex. Sec. here seems to have a lot of faith. She thinks all these people are better than the figures on the books. You know figures are . . . .

EX. SEC. (*Impatiently*). Oh, I'm not as hard-boiled as you are. I know . . . .

ACC. (*Smilingly*). She *knows* her man.

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AUD. (*Laughing and turning on Ex. Sec. a lively twinkle*). I don't think any woman knows any man.

EX. SEC. (*Ignoring his facetiousness*). I know some of the circumstances. The first year a business graduate makes about $100.00 a month —the engineers more. They need clothes; they're exhausted; they've lived a thousand years and they've not turned thirty; they fall ill; there's no reserve to draw on but debts, black depression and families more completely exhausted than they are. With American boys it's different but do *you* know just what it's like to live in New York on $100.00 a month. When emergencies come, I can't say to a tale of woe, even if it is not true, "Let your mother starve! Pay the Fund what you owe!" Can I? Would you have me tell them, "Let your sister die! Pay the Fund!" Would you?

Silence broken only by the irritated drumming of Ex. Sec.'s fingers on the table and a slight stir among Aud.'s papers as he pretends to pore over them. Finally he lifts his head and his eyes rest on a picture on the wall over the table.

AUD.: That's rather good!

EX. SEC. Yes. The first etching of one of our graduates. You won't find his name on your black list although he supports several of his relatives too.

AUD. Well, I guess we'd better get on with this.

EX. SEC. I should say so. I've got more than this to do today.

AUD. (*Examining his watch and mopping his brow*). We've spent too much time as it is.

EX. SEC. Why do you do this? You know that by and large repayments are good and . . . .

AUD. I told you I think it's a fine showing but . . . .

EX. SEC. Even some of the uncollectibles suddenly begin to pay every year. You seem to get so much satisfaction out of adding to this list of ebony and so you dig up 29 others and lump them as uncollectible. I object. They *are* paying. These are not hopeless.

AUD. You really think they'll pay *everything*.

ACC. I tell you she *knows* her man.

EX. SEC. But you're right, Aud. No woman really knows any man. The point is all these men have a reason for not paying and that reason is not because they don't want to. It's because things have happened to them. They're really worrying about this now. They're proud and they *loathe* charity. They're going to pay . . . . that is, if they only live long enough. Take that man! He's not on your list. The first two years he paid only $50.00. He was sick. Now he pays $50.00 every month and is beginning to talk about a contribution when he's through. In two or three years the same story could be told about many of these 29. They're honest. These are not uncollectible accounts.

AUD. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll call them slow payments and I'll star every one you're dead sure of. How's that?

EX. SEC. Star him and him and him and . . .

AUD. HIM?

EX. SEC. No! He could pay more than that if he wanted to. I am not so soft-hearted as you imagine.

AUD. Well? Will you work on these this year?

EX. SEC. You needn't worry about *that!* Goodbye.

AUD. Goodbye!

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II

SAME SCENE. TIME—TWO DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS, 1929.

Ex. Sec., seated at a desk, looks excitedly through the Christmas mail. Aud. rushes in. Conversation is very rapid.

AUD. Good morning! How's everything?

EX. SEC. Just fine! Had a check yesterday from an uncollectible and most of the slow payments are on the boom and . . . . (*Rummaging through the pile of papers on the desk*) Here, you cold-blooded-figure lover, look! A check for $40.00 from one who hasn't paid a cent in two years. AHAA! (*Waving the check*).

AUD. Do you think it'll snow for Christmas?

EX. SEC. How do I know? (*Still rummaging*). And here, another one —that one with all the tragedies—paying $24.00 before September. A-HAA . . . . ! It's going to snow checks! We may get our $30,000 repayments this year, after all.

AUD. (*Picking up the Christmas issue of The Russian Student*). This is a nifty little magazine.

EX. SEC. (*Diabolically*). Oh . . . .! You just ought to see the January number. You'll get one all right! Total repayments since 1921 to date $86,662.85. A-HAA . . . .? And here's . . . .

AUD. I've got to be running along now.

EX. SEC. Four more paid in full. Goodbye! (*Shouting after him as he runs along.*)

* * * * * *

And so,
Yours for being prosperously worked on in 1930,
—deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The original drawing on the cover is by Vsevolod N. Fedoroff (Yale, M. S. '25) a designing engineer with the Carrier Engineering Corporation.

▲

It would take all of two pages to enumerate the scientific publications of Prof. Nicholas Rashevsky (Ph.D.) At present Prof. Rashevsky is Research Physicist at Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and Lecturer in Physics at the University of Pittsburgh.

▲

John Bannoff (Yale, Sheffield Scientific School '29) is a Don Cossack. He graduated from a Russian Real School in the Don Region and studied in Novocherkassk Polytechnic until the Great War. During the War and Revolution he served in the army. Mr. Bannoff came to the United States in 1923. Since his graduation he has been employed by Detroit Edison Company.

▲

Victor A. Ivanoff (M.Sc., University of Pittsburgh '26) took part in the World War in connection with Igor Sikorsky's multi-engined airplanes in Russia. In this country he has been associated with several companies in a research and consulting capacity working on such lines as: fuel, applied geophysics, optics, mechanics and aeronautics. At present as chief engineer of O'Connor Transatlantic Airways, he is engaged in the development of transocean giant flying boats. We can not refrain from adding that most of the leading aeronautical companies in the United States have Russians as chief engineers and in other positions of responsibility and many of them, like Mr. Ivanoff, are graduates of the Russian Student Fund.

▲

We are indebted to Professor Clarence Augustus Manning (Ph.D), Acting Executive Officer, Department of Slavonic Languages, Columbia University, for the excellent translation of the well known *Cossack Cradle Song* of Lermontov and for the review of Alexander Nazaroff's *Tolstoy, the Inconstant Genius.* Other translations of Lermontov's poems made by Prof. Manning will appear in later numbers.

▲

The Russian Student does not limit itself to articles contributed by those who are actually studying in universities. The material used in this publication is *for* all students of Russian and American civilizations regardless of their matriculation in American institutions of learning. This accounts for the fact that in this particular issue there are no articles written by students in the more restricted sense of the word.

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

As an encouraging index of the standards of literary taste in America, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., has published a series of sixty-two classics, known as the Borzoi Pocket Books, at one dollar a volume. The Russians in this series are represented as follows:

N. V. Gogol—*Taras Bulba*
Maxim Gorky—*Chelkash*
L. Andreyev—*The Little Angel*
M. Y. Lermontov—*A Hero of Our Time*
Ivan Bunin—*The Gentleman from San Francisco*

In the Modern Library at ninety-five cents a volume we find:

Dostoyevsky—*The Brothers Karamazov*
Merezhkovsky—*The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci*

The Embezzlers.
A novel of contemporary Russian life. Translated by L. Zarine with an introduction by Stephen Graham. The Dial Press. $2.50.

The God Who Didn't Laugh. *By Gleb Botkin. New York. Payson & Clarke.* $2.50.

Humanity Uprooted. *By Maurice Hindus, illustrated by Arthur Hawkins, Jr., with an introduction by John Dewey. New York. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* $3.50.
A study of present day Russia.

Russian Folk-Songs. *Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford, with an introduction by Boris Brasol. G. Schirmer.* $1.00.
The music with both Russian and English words are given.

Nicholas Roerich. *A Monograph. Compiled and edited by A. V. Yaremenko. Central Book Trading Company, New York. Subscription Price* $25.00. *After Release,* $35.00.
Contains 110 colored and half-tone illustrations of Professor Roerich's work.

The Background of the Russian Revolution. *By Alexander Meyendorff. Henry Holt.* $2.50.
An interpretation of historic processes and conditions that culminated in the revolution by a former vice-president of the Russian Duma. Given as Colver lectures at Brown University in 1928.

Principles of Rural-urban Sociology. (*American Social Science Series*). *By Pitirim Sorokin and C. C. Zimmerman. Student's Edition. Henry Holt.* $3.60.

Nearing the End in Imperial Russia. *By George T. Marye. Dorrance.* $4.00
The contemporary notes and impressions of the American ambassador to Russia from 1914 to 1916.

For reviews of histories of Russia see *The Russian Student,* September—George Vernadsky's "A History of Russia" (Yale, $4.00) and in the October issue, Platonov's "History of Russia". (Macmillan. $2.00).

White Eagles. *By Val Gielgud. Houghton Mifflin Company.* $2.00.
A tale of Napoleon's campaign in Russia and of a little group of French spies.

Civic Training in Soviet Russia. *By Samuel N. Harper. Chicago: The Univer- of Chicago Press.* $3.00.

Hunky. *By Thames Williamson. Coward-McCann.*
The story of a great stumbling Slav as he gropes through the strange mists of American life.

Peter the Great. *By Stephen Graham. Simon & Shuster.*
A full-length study of a great monarch.

The Letters of the Tsar to the Tsaritsa, 1914-1917. *Translated by A. L. Hynes from the official edition of the Romanov Correspondence. Edited by C. E. Vulliamy. Introduction by C. T. Hagberg Wright, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $5.00.

Short Stories Out of Soviet Russia. *Compiled by John Cournos. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50.
An anthology.

The White Coat. *By P. N. Krassnoff. Duffield & Co.* $3.50.
The former Cossack commander writes a novel of the Russia of tomorrow, forecasting a restoration of the old order.

The Life of Napoleon. *By Dmitri Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by Catherine Zvegintzov. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.50.
A biography of the Corsican by a famous Russian author.

Three and the Moon; legendary stories of old Brittany, Normandy & Provence. *By Jacques Dorey. Knopf. With pictures by Boris Artzybasheff.* $3.50. A Juvenile.

Moussia: The Life and Death of Marie Bashkirtseff. *By Alberic Cahuet. Macaulay.* $3.00.
A biography of a painter and diarist.

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RUSSIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGES,
by Vladimir L. Maleev
Prof. Maleev, out of his education and experience explains the Russian engineering educational system.

ODESSA, *by Alexander Bezsmertny*
A Johns Hopkins business graduate describes his native city.

GUAYULE RUBBER, *by Boris Krukoff*
A forestry graduate tells how rubber is grown in California.

RUSSIAN FISHERIES, *by N. A. Borodin*
An authoritative study of this great industry by a fishery specialist now with the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

RUSSIAN POETRY, *by A. Fovitzky*
Many readers have objected to some of Basil Petrov's statements in the September and October issues as giving an incomplete and inaccurate picture of Russian poetry and its standing in world literature. Professor Fovitzky is preparing an answer to Mr. Petrov's articles.

Other articles by students on problems of Russians in their orientation to American life—illustrations of beauty and charm—a different Russian cover each month.

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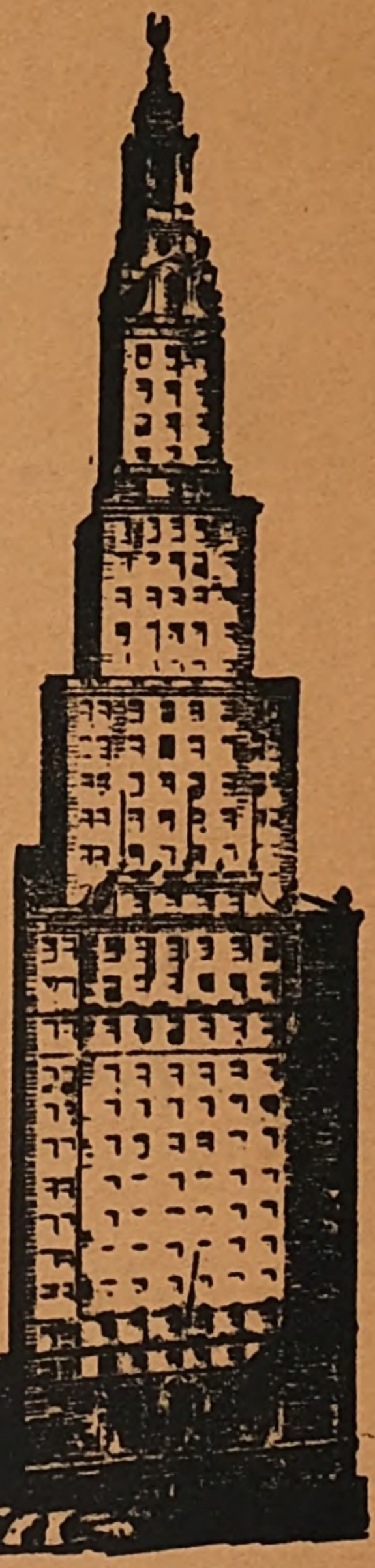

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Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

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Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York. This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 450 men and women, of whom 93 are still studying, have been advanced over $450,000. Former students have repaid $89,346.21, 55 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,300.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

February, 1930

Volume VI **Number 6**

TO HIS LEADERSHIP

A YOUNG Russian, by name Alexis R. Wiren, felt that his compatriots should be helped to become of service to humanity. He went out and urged people to give so young men and women might study in American universities instead of digging ditches and pasting labels on bottles the rest of their earthly days.

He thought not of himself; he spared no personal sacrifice. His boundless zeal, untiring energy, unshakeable confidence in young Russians, even under the most exhausting and trying circumstances, created and put on a practical working basis the Russian Student Fund.

On December 3, 1929, Alexis R. Wiren left the active administration of the Fund and began a business career with the Bush Service Corporation. On January 3, 1930, a number of students and graduates gave a dinner in his honor at the Russiana Restaurant in New York. There were also present American friends and prominent members of the New York Russian Colony.

Many testimonials of appreciation and gratitude were rendered. On behalf of the students and graduates throughout the entire United States, Alexis N. Pestoff, President of the Alumni Association for 1929, presented Mr. Wiren with a gold watch bearing the following inscription:

"To A. R. Wiren
From Those who owe much to his Leadership
Alumni and Students
of the
R. S. F.
1921-29"

We feel sure that the readers of this magazine regret with us that Mr. Wiren is not here in the same active capacity as before but that you share with us the wish that the Founder of the Russian Student Fund may achieve a glorious success in his future work.

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GIANT FLYING BOATS

VICTOR A. IVANOFF

In the first part of this article the author briefly described the recent success in flying boat construction in relation to the solution of the problem of enlargement of planes, in accordance with new methods of structural design developed mainly in Europe. Dornier twelve-engined flying boat was mentioned as an example of successful multi-engined seaplanes.—EDITOR.

WE may mention also that another still greater giant has been under construction. Rumpler (Germany) flying boat, designed for transatlantic flights will have a gross weight of 250,000 pounds, wing spread 288 feet, maximum speed 286 miles per hour and range about 3,000 miles, conveying 135 passengers, with 10,000 horse power and having following distribution of loads; weight empty fifty per cent, useful load—fifty per cent of the gross weight of the ship. Besides that an American project is under way along the basic patented principle (O'Connor) of a huge flying boat provided with ten engines, 575 horse power each, with total gross weight of 90,000 pounds, designed for transatlantic flights, capable of carrying forty passengers with fifty per cent reserve of fuel at a normal range of 2,000 miles or maximum range with full normal load of 3,000 miles. The technical details of this ship cannot as yet be disclosed, but we may mention that it is the most practical boat made so far for transocean commercial travel.

To make clearer the technical advantages of huge all-metal seaplanes we must point out their seaworthiness. Even a flying boat of a comparatively smaller size, a Dornier "Wal" two-engined plane of gross weight about 16,000 pounds was able last summer, after a forced landing to keep afloat on the surface of the ocean about one week until the fliers were saved.

The Rohrbach three-engined flying boats of gross weight about 40,000 pounds regardless of comparatively high and a rather dangerous landing speed of eighty miles per hour (120 Russian versts per hour) has a proven seaworthiness.

The British *Blackburn Iris* and *Nile* and *Short Calcutta* with their peculiar and efficient shape of the hull bottom as well as French flying boats and the Italian *Savoia-Marchetti*, S-55 (a twelve passenger twin-hull flying boat which since last summer carried passengers on a regular schedule between Boston and New York) have demonstrated a seaworthiness and safety in transportation.

A design with excess of power about forty per cent is most desirable, especially for long distance flights and particularly for transocean service. A failure of one or two or even four of ten engines of a flying boat capable of flying on six engines with full load has no effect on the success of the flight, while

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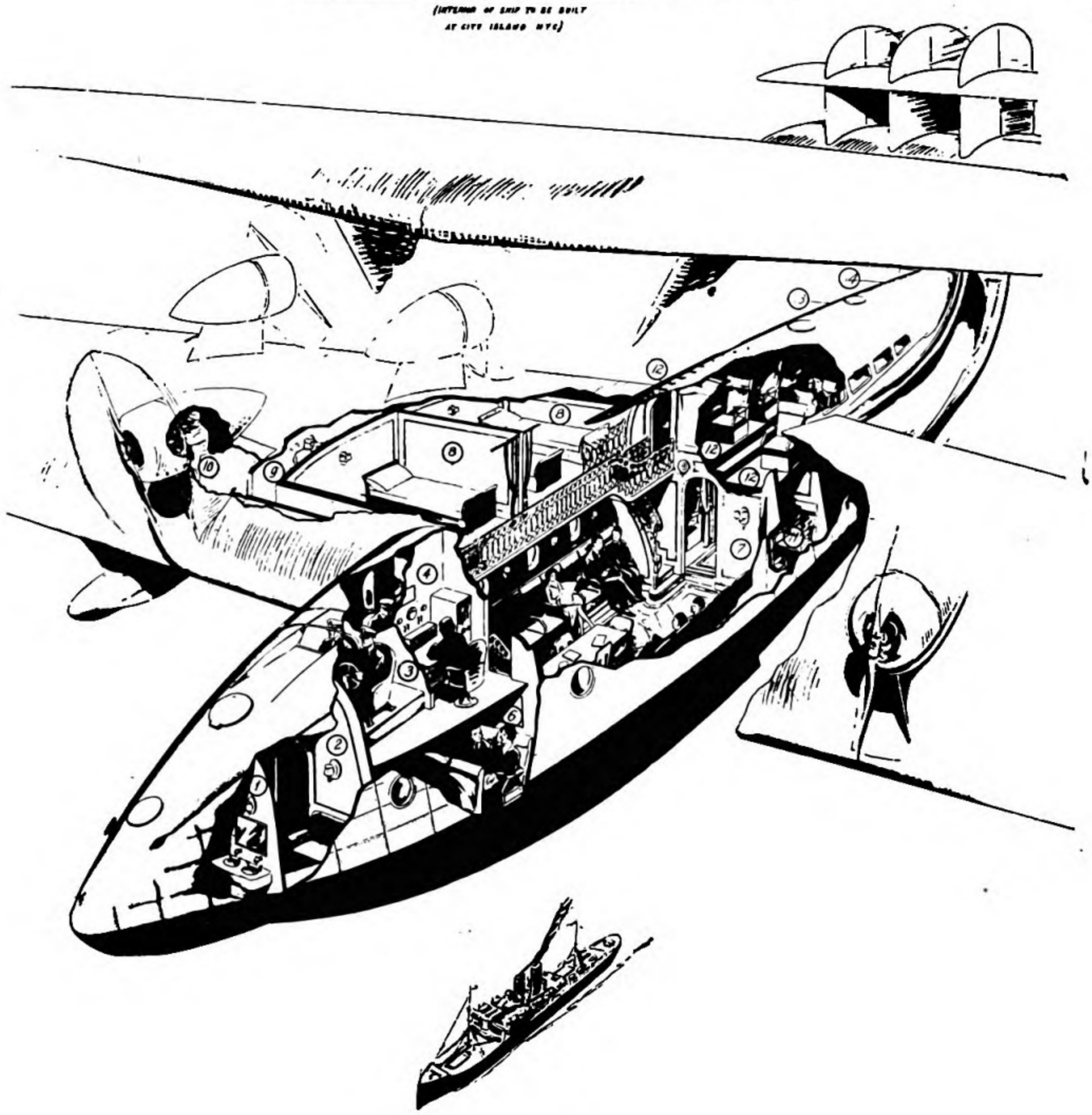
GIANT FLYING BOATS

O'CONNOR TRANSATLANTIC FLYING BOAT.

(INTERIOR OF SHIP TO BE BUILT AT CITY ISLAND NYC)



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1. Wash room.
2. Smoking room.
3. Pilot house.
4. Radio room.
5. Engine room.
6. Passenger cabin, lower deck.
7. Salon.
8. Berths.
9. Fuel compartment.
10. Engine nacelle.
11. Passenger cabin, lower deck.
12. Passenger cabin, upper deck.
13. Wash room facilities.
14. Kitchen and store room.

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a failure of one of two engines which represents fifty per cent of the total power available, especially in an overloaded plane, means a forced landing and perhaps failure or disaster for a small craft.

The father of multi-motored airplanes, Igor I. Sikorsky, who built the first four-engined plane about sixteen years ago in Russia and to whom is given full credit for the development of the amphibion type in this country, exhibited sound judgment concerning this type of planes of multiple engines and excess of power.

We may mention also another Russian engineer whose successful development work and research on seaplane floats is a valuable contribution to flying boat progress—Boris V. Korvin-Kroukovsky (Edo Aircraft Corporation). Mr. Korvin-Kroukovsky is a recognized authority on seaplane floats and hulls, used by outstanding aeronautical firms in this country.

Improved details in design mean improved safety in transportation. Although the reliability of modern aircraft engine is extremely high, the long distance flight would be still hazardous without a multiple engine power plant in transocean flying boats.

Regardless of the above mentioned theories of necessity to have at least five engine-units for a safe long distance, flight of over 2,000 miles, we encounter an opinion that four engines are sufficient for a large plane and that Dornier used twelve engines just because he could not obtain motors of greater power. This is simply a serious misunderstanding, because the necessity of having at least five or six units has been proved by the theory of probability as well as by practice of long distance flying. It will hardly be safe transportation if in the case of failure of two engines out of four, the ship, being overloaded and unable to fly, losing altitude, makes a forced landing which may lead to a disaster. A sufficient excess of power and subdivision of it into several units, at least five or six, will furnish adequate safety. This condition is of special importance when in trans-ocean flights the plane enters an area of low pressure; the lifting capacity of wings becomes weaker, the engine power smaller, and without reserve of power the plane rapidly loses its altitude, goes down on the rough sea or in the worst cases right to the bottom of the ocean.

This idea is not familiar to all designers; some of them are still advocating their designs of three or four engined planes for long distance and even for trans-ocean flights. Stunt flying on single-engined planes across the ocean has been already condemned. We can not find on the pages of scientific magazines, a line about that kind of flight. Flights in planes with insuffi-

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cient number of engines is almost of the same kind and the idea of the necessity of having power plant sub-divided into sufficient number of units must be kept in mind by every designer, regardless of his experience on small and short distance large planes, if he does not intend to send his passengers to death.

Safety First! Safe flying at night in fog is a special problem.

At the present time the problem of blind flying is solved completely. Not only flying in fog or at night is possible but even the problem of blind landing is solved successfully. This is mainly due to the new electrical height-indicators, measuring altitude *above the ground* with the highest precision. If used in combination with radio beacons and direction finders the apparatus gives full safety in blind landing regardless of fog or darkness; and all these instruments may be easily installed in spacious, huge flying boats as their weight is a negligible part of the gross weight of a gigantic boat.

In conclusion it is worth while to point out that the present brilliant success in building giant seaplanes is mainly due to the general success of engineering science, the same science which helps to construct gigantic bridges, fifty story buildings, ocean liners and other masterpieces of modern framed structures, due partially to some new metallurgical alloys unusually strong and unbelievably light, as well as due to thoughtful use of all modern achievements in aerodynamics and hyrodynamics providing new rational means for safe and easy take-off of huge boats after a comparatively short run.

A PRAYER

DMITRY MEREZHKOVSKY

From *Poetry: An Anthology* by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky

Published by International Publishers Company

CAST prostrate, in mourning,
Wingless, self-scorning,
Gulf in a gust
Flings us, dust upon dust.
We desire not, we dare not,
We believe not, we care not.
No wisdom has worth.
God, do thou dower us,
Kindle, empower us,
Give of thy mirth.
From the langour that clings
Give us wings! Give us wings!
Wings of Thy Spirit.

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Outline of Russian Poetry

Alexis Fovitzky

In the September and October 1929 issues of *The Russian Student* there appeared articles on Russian poetry by Basil Petrov. It is indeed due the author to state that his articles make interesting reading because of their literary form, daring and novel comparisons, although the material is often times very debatable.

At the same time it seems to be necessary to round up the short outline of Mr. Petrov and also, if possible, to give a more objective character to the appraisal of Russian poetry. With that purpose in view we wish to point out, in so far as it is possible in a foreign language, not only the subject matter of Russian poetry, but also its peculiarities and merits.

The "music of form" is often the real subject in poetry and form and matter in true poetry are two sides of one entity. It must be kept in mind that the transposing of a poetical work into a foreign language is ever—if we remember Croce—the demolition of an ancient temple. Even if the new version might be more promising in some respects, the "soul" of the original has departed, carrying with it the very essence that was hidden behind the poetic vaults of the old poetic structure. This can not be truly reproduced by translators.

Rhythm can be correctly noted, but all the details of "word music", all the gamut of sounds peculiar to a given language are lost. Very often it is impossible to feel all of the "internal form", all of the "emotional philosophy" of the work (if I may say so) unless the gamut of sounds is perceived.

This is true when applied not only to the early verses of Maeterlinck or to the poetry of Verlaine, to both of whom "the music of rhythm" is everything, but also to the famous Lermontov (the Russian Byron as he was sometimes called by narrow critics). He wrote a poem which begins thus:

"O, Mother of God, my prayer of today is not a prayer for my soul . . . ."

Because of special attuning, of the matching of alternate vowels and consonants of different sounds, a very profound basically Russian and tenderly mystic frame of mind envelops the reader of this poem. Such a musico-poetical technique in poetry opens to us a new and quite different world of spiritual beauty. How can it be told in a foreign tongue? Will not a most perfect story become only an imperfect echo of the original?

It is impossible to initiate the foreign reader into the series of perfect and important treasures of Russian poetry, and,

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therefore, it behooves us not to *prove* our contention not even to *show* it, in the majority of cases, but to *describe* only.

Russian Folk Poetry

In the past this Russian folk poetry was familiar to all classes of Russian people. But during the last two centuries, it "made its nest" generally among the "plain" people and mostly among the peasants.

The sources of this poetry are very old, as the sources of all folk lore, but many have been transmitted from generation to generation and so reached our time.

Numerous scientific expeditions were organized to Northern Russia and Siberia in order to collect through phonograph records the precious bits of songs, to write down *byliny* (heroic poems). They are still recited in sing-song in Russian *izbas* (peasant homes), in the family circle during the long winter evenings. In times of long ago *byliny* were recited with the accompaniment of *gusli* (string instrument) in manors of princes and in the homes of rich merchants.

Russian folk poetry was alive for centuries, and during that long period the creative force far from being exhausted continued to imagine not only the new details but even the wholly new "genres". One of the latter created under the influence of a busy city and over a century old was called *chastushki* and represented short, abrupt, malicious songs.

Generally speaking everything that was taken down (beginning in the seventeenth century at the initiative of foreigners) and then edited, would form a library of many hundreds of volumes on Russian folk poetry transmitted from one generation to another viva voce. *But the whole thing is measured not by volume but by quality.* As to its sterling quality the foreigners who have studied the subject thoroughly can tell better. Their opinion is unbiased. Prof. Reinhold Trautman (Leipzig), one of the foremost modern authorities in literature, writes as follows: (Das Russische Heldenlied, 1926)

"The knowledge of the essence of that wonderful phenomenon, the Russian literature of the nineteenth century, including also the poetry, can be obtained only through the study of the remarkable Russian folk lore, especially of Russian *bylina;* it is the most essential donation to European folk epics."

Prof. Trautman in studying the language of the works of Tolstoy who treasured *byliny* above everything, finds in that language traces of "bylina-style"; as, for instance, the "strong strokes" (*Zuschlagen*) used in Tolstoy's manner of speech.

But form usually leads to subject matter; many *byliny* contain in embryo so to say elements of Tolstoy's ideology relating

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to peace. Such is his poetization of rustic simplicity, open veracity, Christian-like friendliness, of almost childlike pacifism in its naiveté (*byliny* relating to Ilia and to Dobrynia.)

So Thomas Mann is perfectly right in stating that he finds in Tolstoy's creations, elements inherent in Russian folk epics. Many facts could be mentioned touching upon the similarity of Russian folk lore, in its ideas and moods, with Russian literature in general (including poetry and music) but that recitation would complicate our theme.

It will suffice to mention that beginning with the poets of the eighteenth century, who wore the mask of French classicism, and ending with the futurists, of our times, not to mention the contemporary peasant-poets of Yessenin type, there is not a single Russian poet (including Pushkin and Lermontov, Balmont and Blok) who was not influenced ideologically or formally, directly or through others by the elementary force of Russian folk epics.

But let us come back to *byliny*.

Though their subject matter was often of non-Russian origin, but of Eastern, Scandinavian or Finnish, these epic songs became with time typically Russian. They are interlaced with vivid and fantastic battles between different hyperbolical monsters, dragons, et cetera, together with pictures of ancient Russian history and life—that purely Russian mirror which reflects the spirit of the nation. *Byliny* were first recited by bards at the princely castles of medieval Russia where they were chanted under the accompaniment of *gusli*, then they were transmitted from mouth to mouth by *skomorokh* (merrymaker in Greek, something like the Greco-Roman mimes) to all strata of Russian people. And finally they found a lasting place in the hut of the Russian peasant where they were narrated and are still repeated by special "narrators" of both sexes.

Byliny Cycles

The birth and growth of the *Kiev Cycle* which is mentioned by Mr. Petrov is connected with the name and the court of Prince Vladimir—the Red Sun. His personality is reflected in two or three historical types from the tenth to the twelfth centuries, bearing the same name. The heroes and valiant knights are viewed as comrades in arms; they fight not only the external foes of the Russian land (the *Polovtzy* and Tartars) but the internal enemies also in the person of *Solovey-Razboynik* (Nightingale-Robber), for example, who is encamped by the road at the edge of the forest and deafens his victims by a shrill whistling. Sometimes the heroes search for a bride for their prince or for themselves. The latter case reminds us of the German Nibelungen.

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The *Novgorod Cycle* created in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is inspired by the rich independent mercantile Republic of Novgorod (called Lord Novgorod the Great by its admirers). It gives us different subjects and scenes. There is pictured fabulous wealth. The divine art of *gusli*-playing which enchants even the Sea-King (in the *bylina Sadko*, the subject of an opera of the same name by the famous Rimsky-Korsakov which will be staged shortly by the Metropolitan Opera Company).* Again we find the daredevilishness of the discoverers of new lands (*ushkuyniki*) and their adventures, which usually end in a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The hero of this *bylina*, Vassily Buslayevich sums up in a humorous and ironic way the adventures of his tempestuous life: "During my life I did a lot of killing and robbing; now that I am getting old it is time to save my soul."

The *Volynsko-Galitzky Cycle* represents a different picture. The heroes belong also to the merchant class, usually guests from overseas—handsome dandies very much inclined towards romantic adventures. The picturesque style of these *byliny* shows a great deal of aestheticism and good taste. The hero, Churila Plenkovich, has such an elegant light bearing and walk that he does not tread on "sky-blue flowers."

Other Byliny

There are many interesting *byliny* outside these cycles. One of them is especially characteristic as its hero is not a warrior but a peasant, by the name of Mikula Selaninovich; whatever might be the origin of that *bylina* it symbolizes undoubtedly the importance and the idealization of peasant work which is so characteristic of Russian literature.

The peasant appears there to be mightier than the whole princely city militia. It is of interest to note here that among the many different kinds of heroes, some famous for their cunning, others for physical prowess only, and still others for their masterly guidance of men, the first place is accorded to an old Cossak, Ilia Murometz, the son of a peasant and pet of the people. Besides the above mentioned traits of non-malice and unwillingness to slay his enemies for the sake of slaying, his personality is distinguished by a pristine simplicity and veracity which possibly were reflected in Platon Karatayev (Tolstoy's *War and Peace*): "I will bless you for worthy deeds, but there will be no blessing for wrong doings", says the father of Ilia while speeding him to a fight with the enemies of the Fatherland.

There is much to be said regarding the Christ-like tendencies of the *byliny*. They are seen not only in sayings, as the one

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* Premiere, January 25th.

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above mentioned, but also in the ways that the heroes use so often in treating their feebler and stupid foes. For instance, the same Ilia teases good-naturedly the robbers who wanted to slay him and who lost all their courage after learning who their prospective victim was. Ilia did not kill them but at the same time he smilingly refused their offer of honorary leadership.

Literary Qualities

Byliny in their technical and poetical language represent a very special and rare literary specimen. It seems pertinent to mention here some of their qualities:

(1) A very rich selection of similes, especially negative which are met only in Serbian epic literature—("It was not the white snow on the field that whitened the view, it was the snow-white head of the old Cossak, Ilia Murometz, that whitened the horizon").

(2) The manner of beginning *bylina* with special introductory harmonies, and of bringing it to an end with special finale (*ishod*) which was in the repertory of *skomorokh* and "narrators."

(3) The method of reiteration of words and of whole episodes in order to enhance the impression and to infuse into the hearer a special mood.

(4) The manner of undervaluing the hero in order to show afterwards more vividly his qualities.

(5) The method of artificial retardation in "narrating" the *bylina* so as to impress its importance, et cetera.

There should also be mentioned the special "written tonality", the musico-vocal instrumentation which represents one of the chief beauties of *byliny*. It is expressed in the play by the full-toned, multisonorous, soft and harmonious Russian language which was described by Prosper Merimée as follows: "That language, more than any other, is created for rendering the most subtle shades."

The peculiarities of the language and rhythmic structures of *byliny* create that "attunement" which cannot be expressed and which is best appreciated when heard sung by "narrators" themselves who are becoming rarer and rarer.

Only when all the above is taken into consideration can one understand the deep psychological importance of the dynamics of *bylina*-epos, rich in conjoint prepositions with many verbal predicates, and in "endearing" and diminutive terminations which contain so much of Russo-Slavonic softness.

(To be continued in the March number)

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A French History Of Russia

B. B. S.

IN the scheme of modern education as a whole, popularization of science is perhaps one of the most dangerous weapons that can be wielded to inculcate knowledge in unenlightened masses. This is especially true in the field of history where it is so easy for a writer to step over the line in trying to dress up attractively the products of scholarly erudition and where it is so difficult to turn the real elements of historical processes into a vivid but undistorted drama. Popular writing reaches largest number of readers. If it misrepresents facts or dislocates the true scientific perspective, it does more harm than good.

In this respect, M. Nichols Brian-Chaninov's *Histoire de Russie* (Artheme Fayard et Cie, Paris, 1929. 508 pp. 15 francs), which appears in a series of *Les Grandes Etudes Historiques*, sufficiently well known in France, is of a doubtful quality. Written by a Russian, a man of wide culture and much journalistic experience this eminently readable account does not contain any gross misrepresentations of historical facts which are not infrequently found in books written about Russia by foreign authors. His sins are rather those of omission than commission. In broad, nonchalant strokes and crisp colors he pictures the early stages of Russian history and surrounds the product by a thin mist of Oriental influences, Byzantine mysticism and some intangible mystery. This makes things all the more attractive and very obviously smacks of Eurasian school. The rest of the book consists of a series of character sketches of Czars and their courtiers, interspersed by numerous but choice anecdotes, the necessary historical sequence being invariably but less discriminately followed. Examining too closely the great or would-be great personalities and seeking for drama in their personal doings, the author has entirely obscured from view the vast panorama of the development of the Russian people as a whole. This social element, together with the economic one, are the most powerful of several dynamic forces which went into the making of Russian history and which are conspicuous by their absence in the book under consideration.

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The First American Mission To Russia

Peter Routsky

THE thought of sending an envoy to Russia was very popular with Congress for some time but the actual decision to appoint Francis Dana was not reached until December 1780.

By training and by the services rendered to his country, Dana was well fitted for that difficult post. Born in Charlestown, Massachusetts on June 13, 1743, he graduated early from Harvard and devoted his time and energies to the causes of colonial rights and popular liberty. In 1774 he joined the "Associated Sons of Liberty" and in the same year was elected delegate from Cambridge to the First Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. His sense of honor and of public duty was soon appreciated, and in 1775 he was sent to England to report on the critical state of colonial feeling. On his return he informed General Washington that there was no reason to expect peace from England. In 1776 he was elected to the Congress which framed the Articles of Confederation; then he became simultaneously member of the Congressional Board of War and chairman of the committee charged with the reorganization of the United States Army.

In 1779 Dana was nominated Secretary of the Paris Legation headed by John Adams who was appointed to negotiate treaties of peace and commerce with Great Britain. He sailed with Adams on November 13, 1779, in the French frigate *Sensible* and after a rough crossing they landed at Ferrol, Spain, reaching Paris, February 9, 1780.

Shortly after his arrival in France, Adams left for Amsterdam in consequence of a diplomatic quarrel with Vergennes, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Dana remained in Paris until Congress commissioned him and Mr. Adams to raise loans in Europe. He then joined Adams in Amsterdam and remained with him for some time. Returning to Paris he received on March 15, 1781, a commission from Congress as Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg.

After a necessary stay with Adams in Holland, he left for Russia in July 1781, journeying by way of Frankfurt and Berlin, reaching St. Petersburg on August 27, 1781.

In accordance with the instructions given to him by Congress, his duties were to "engage Her Imperial Majesty, (Catherine II) to favor and support the sovereignty and independence of the United States," to open friendly negotiations between the two countries and to announce his official mission and letters of credence only after communicating them to the French Minister

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in St. Petersburg and provided he had "a fair prospect of an honorable reception."

Thus, Dana was restrained at the outset in the fulfillment of his duties; first, by the conditional character of his instructions, and secondly by the difficulties of conducting his parleys privately amid the atmosphere of insincerity and diplomatic intrigue so prevalent at that time. He was also soon discouraged by the indifferent attitude, to say the least, of the French Minister, who was supposedly the official friend of the United States.

For a man of ardent and passionate temperament, intolerant of timid or temporizing measures—and such was Dana according to his biographers—the situation was acutely wearisome.

His secretary, John Quincy Adams—later the first official envoy to Russia and sixth president of the United States—after a few months stay in St. Petersburg, sensed the difficulty of Dana's situation, and after consulting with his chief left for America to report the whole matter to Congress.

After over a year of fruitless and tiresome pourparlers with the French Minister and Foreign Office, Dana decided in March 1781 to give official information of his mission to Count Osterman, Russian Vice Chancellor and Foreign Secretary. He never doubted that his main object, namely, the recognition by Russia of the United States would evoke an immediate protest from England. And that is what happened.

As soon as Dana declared his official status, Sir James Harris, British Minister in Russia, lodged at once his protest with the Russian Foreign Office. He remarked that "until the ratification of the definite treaty had taken place, the independence of America was not virtually constituted, and to negotiate with the American Minister before that event was disclosed publicly, would at least be a precipitate if not an unjustifiable measure."

At that time Russia contemplated a series of commercial treaties with various European countries, including Great Britain, and this fact combined with the English protest and with the lack of support from the French Ambassador in St. Petersburg, stopped any further negotiations between the American Mission and the Russian Foreign Office.

Dana reported his failure to Congress and asked for permission to return home. Acting upon his last and former reports, Congress passed on April 1, 1783, a resolution approving Dana's return to America "provided he should not be engaged in any negotiations with the Russian Court at the time of the receipt of the resolution; but if he were, it was the desire of Congress that he should finish the negotiations before he returned."

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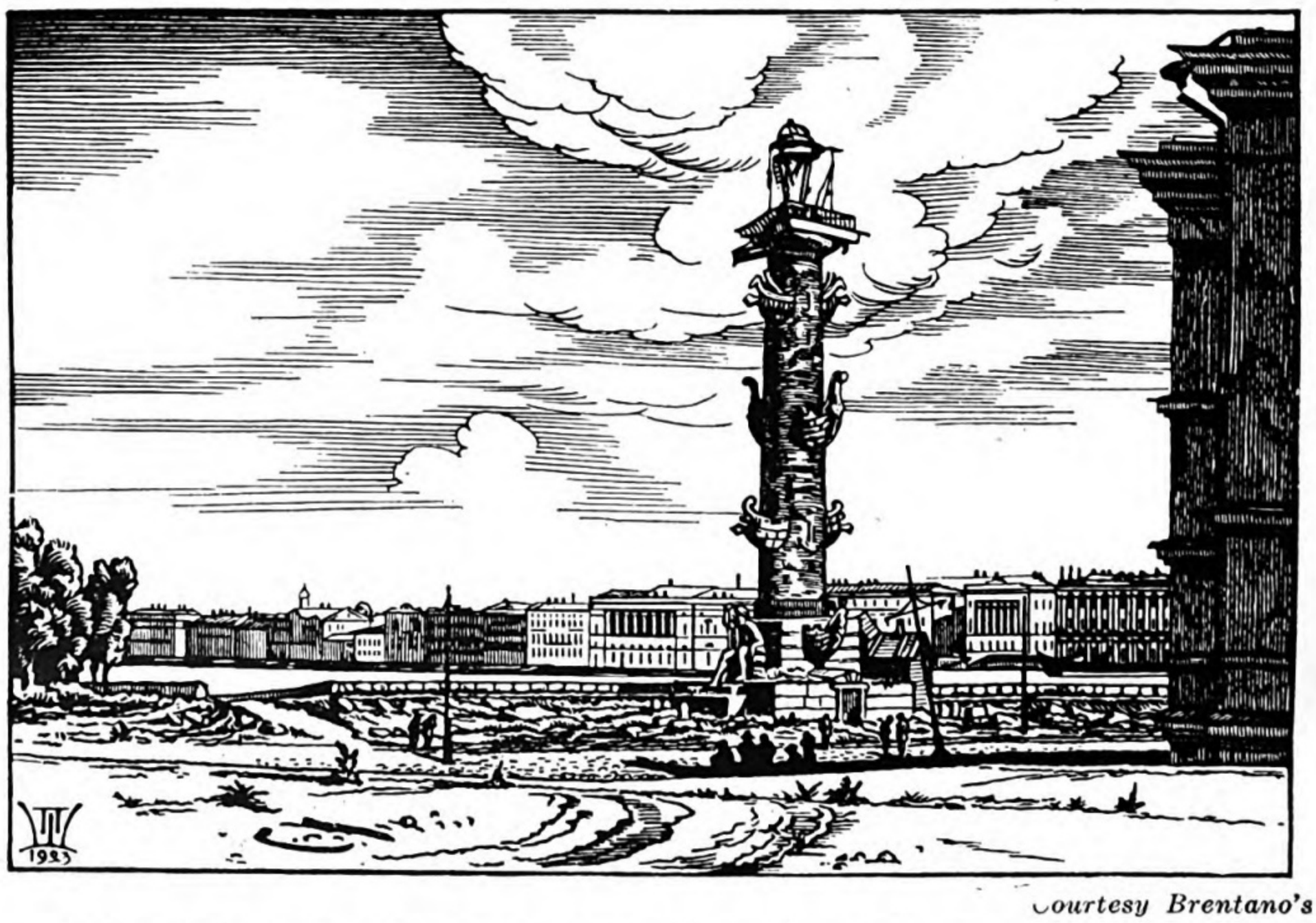
It is apparent that Congress hoped that the signature of the preliminary peace with England, which took place in the meantime, would give Dana the official diplomatic footing and would enable him to bring his negotiations to a desirable end.

Unfortunately the hopes of Congress were not realized, and Dana, sorely disillusioned, left Russia in August, 1783, without being admitted to the presence of the "Semiramis of the North". Before his departure he visited Count Osterman, with whom he had entertained a very friendly personal intercourse. He sailed directly to Boston where he arrived in December of the same year.

Dana's trying sojourn in Russia and the failure of his mission reacted unfavorably on his health, and that was one of the reasons for his declining the Special Embassy to France which was offered him in 1797.

After his appointment in 1791 as Chief Justice of Massachusetts he remained on the bench until his retirement in 1806. His last years Dana spent in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he died April 25, 1811.



Courtesy Brentano's

ROSTRAL COLUMN IN FRONT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

Wood Cut by Paul A. Schillingovsky.

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Russian Fisheries

N. A. Borodin

RUSSIA, with its many large interior seas, lakes and rivers, with a considerable coastal length of two oceans—Northern Glacial and Pacific—is a country very rich in fish. Its fisheries constitute an important branch of extracting industry.

About a quarter of million men are directly engaged in this industry, and many more people work in preparing and transporting fishery products. Annual production of fishery products in Russia before the war was estimated as high as two and a half billion pounds, valued at one hundred and forty million roubles (1913). At that time Russia occupied the second place among the countries of the world, exceeded only by Great Britain; the United States held the third and Japan the fourth place.

After the war the production of fish in Russia declined to one billion two hundred million pounds and it occupies at the present time only the fifth place: the first place belongs now to the United States with the production of 2.4 billion pounds; the second to Japan, the third to Great Britian, the fourth to Norway.

Before the war Russia used to export about forty million pounds of fishery products, valued at about two and a half million roubles. The most important items of Russian export were red and black caviar. The countries which used to import these products were the Balkan States, Germany, France and Great Britain.

At present Russia exports: fish—fresh, salted, smoked and preserved, 12,500,000 pounds—black caviar, 800,000 pounds and red caviar, 2,000,000 pounds; all these goods valued at 6,000,000 roubles (1926-27). As a novelty it might be mentioned that frozen sturgeon and cured "vobla" are imported into this country which never was the case before the war. Most of the black caviar is imported also into the United States.

The principal regions of fish production in Russia are: the Caspian Sea with the rivers Volga, Ural and Kura; Amur River and Kamchatka. Fisheries of all other regions—Black and Azov seas, Aral Sea, Baltic, White Sea and Northern Glacial Ocean with many large rivers falling into it (Petchora, Obj, Yenisei, Lena)—are of much less importance as compared with the above named principal regions.

The Caspian Sea with its rivers supplies sixty per cent of the total fish production and the Far-Eastern region twelve per cent; both of them together supply almost three-quarters of the total fish production. The Caspian fisheries were exploited at

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least during two centuries, and they still rank as the best ones. They do not present, however, possibilities of further expansion, while a comparatively new region—the Far-Eastern with Amur River and Kamchatka, is in process of development and has every chance of being greatly developed in the future. The same thing must be said about the Northern Glacial Ocean, especially in the boundaries of European Russia—(Murman, Novaya, Zemlya and their vicinities).

Russia possesses several peculiar and commercially very important kinds of fish and produces some very valuable fishery products in quantities, unknown to any other country. I mean sturgeon, which supply palatable and valuable meat and most valuable fishery products, rightly called "black gold"—caviar, because the price of the best Russian caviar (*beluga malossol*) brings on the New York market twelve to sixteen dollars a pound.

There are five species of sturgeon in Russia: *Beluga*—the largest species, which attains twenty feet in length and one ton in weight; *osetr*, or Russian sturgeon, four or five feet long and thirty-six pounds in average weight; *sevryuga*, or star-sturgeon, two and a half to three feet long and twelve or thirteen pounds of weight; *shyp*, close to *osetr*, a little smaller in size and weight; *sterlyad*—the smallest species, one foot average size and one-half pound in weight.

The best large-grained caviar is prepared from the roe of *beluga;* next grade will be that of *osetr* and the third grade that of *sevryuga*, the grains of which are smallest.

The importation of caviar into this country in 1919 was only five thousand pounds, in 1920, forty thousand pounds and in 1926, three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This shows an enormously increased consumption of Russian caviar by Americans.

Sturgeons constitute only 3.5 per cent (by weight) of the total fish production in Russia, salmon, 11.5 per cent, white fish, 9 per cent, cod fish and other marine fish, 2.5 per cent, fresh-water herring, vobla, 42.5 per cent, other fresh water fish—the rest. In total, about 97 per cent of fish in Russia are fresh-water and anadromous fish (ascending into the rivers, but living most of their life in the sea); in this Russia differs from all other countries where marine fish are predominant.

Besides the black, or sturgeon caviar, red caviar is prepared in Russia by using the roe of the Pacific salmon "keta" (*keta-caviar*) and of many carp-like fishes, *vobla, bream*, et cetera. More than 5,000,000 pounds of this kind of caviar are

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prepared; a considerable part of it is exported to the Balkan States and especially to Greece.

By salting and drying sturgeon-backs, the Russians manufacture a peculiar fish product called *balyk*, a delicious hors d'oeuvre, unfortunately not yet known in this country. Among other special Russian fishery products must be mentioned *syomga*, mild-cured Petchora and Onega salmon, not excelled by any cured salmon in the world, and some Russian canned fish, as for example, sturgeon, *skumbriya* (mackerel), *belorybiza* (white-fish), prepared with a special southern sauce—a most delicious fish delicacy.

Americans, until the War, did not know well, Russian caviar. At present it has become fashionable to have some caviar at dinner or supper. They do not yet know the use of sturgeon. They know only smoked sturgeon, after the German manner of preparing it. They do not know such delicacies as: "steamed sturgeon", "sturgeon pie", cold sturgeon with horse-radish sauce, sturgeon *ballyk*, canned sturgeon in tomato-carrot sauce, et cetera.

One of my lectures at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on Russian fisheries (1928) was accompanied by a degustation of some Russian fishery products which I was able to find on the New York market, and those who were present seemed to be very enthusiastic in their appreciation of Russian fishery delicacies.

From 1900 to 1914 the Russian government paid great attention to fisheries. A very important scientific investigation of fisheries along Murman coasts in the North Glacial Ocean, Caspian Sea, Azov and Aral Seas, were carried on during the said period. The Gosudarstvennaya Duma granted huge appropriations for the work of fishery investigations and fish culture. At this period an important artificial propagation of sturgeon was begun. All this work stopped during the world war, revolution and civil war. But in 1922 and 1923 the work was resumed and continued on the previously organized plan, and at present is carried on under the general guidance of some of the pre-war time specialists. Regular scientific fishery investigations are carried on by the ichthyological stations at Astrahan, Baku, Kerch and Vladivostok. The last one recently purchased in the United States a schooner, has a large staff of scientists and is making important investigations on the Pacific Coasts, including Kamchatka and other rivers running into the Pacific.

In the domain of fish culture regular hatching of sturgeon is carried on every spring on the Kura River with an average output of ten million of sturgeon-fry. In 1924 there was a suc-

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cessful transportation of a northern white-fish from the Ladoga Lake to the Transcaucasian alpine lake *Gokcha*. This fish is reported to be acclimatized there and is now a new object of fishing.

Just recently an experiment was made by transporting on an aeroplane eggs and fry of Caspian herring from the Caspian Sea to the Aral Sea where this fish was absent. Of course this is only an experiment and nobody can tell in advance whether it will be successful or not. I mention it as a rare case which, however, together with other activities in this branch of industry, shows that the fishery industry in Russia receives some resources needed for carrying on the work which was begun before the war. Russian fisheries have not yet attained the level of pre-war production, yet they have some chance of not being destroyed and even of further development.

Being entirely in the hands of the state to which it brings a considerable amount of foreign "valuta" (from the export of fishery products), the fishery industry, for this reason, is obviously patronized by the Soviet government.

DINING A LA RUSSE

STEAMED sturgeon is served in different ways—in sturgeon soup (*oucha*), in chopped form, also fried and baked. It is cleaned and thoroughly dried and is boiled in a pot on a wire frame barely covered with sturgeon soup (steamed).

Cold sturgeon with horse radish may be prepared by placing sturgeon in a pot on a wire frame and pouring into it prepared beforehand boiled soup of white roots, onion, laurel leaf, eight to ten round black peppers, 1 carrot, and some soup greens. Place around sturgeon evenly sliced pickles, some stuffed olives, white pickled mushrooms, pour two glasses of pickle solution (the solution in which pickles were) 2 glasses of white wine, and a piece of butter.

Place on fire. Boil for one quarter of an hour. Carefully take the sturgeon out and place on platter. Peal off skin. Place around sturgeon vegetables boiled with it, also shrimps, then pour a few spoons of soup over it. Serve separately with horse radish.

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SMATTER

IT was a Frenchman, we believe, who said that somewhere in the Russian soul lurks the desire to be considered incomprehensible. We recall the young woman who warned us that *The Sea Gull* portrayed typically Russian psychology, perhaps incomprehensible to Americans. We wonder?

Recently 76 students and graduates gave as the leading shortcoming of the United States: "Substitution of materialism for spiritualism", yet there are Russians (although perhaps not these 76) who in social conversation talk more about the price of things than Americans. They, some of them, will ask how much you pay for your apartment the first moment they see it. They inquire as to the size of your personal income. They, at least a few of them, dart around the rooms peering into personal niches like little animals. "Did they act that way in Russia?", an American may well ask. "No, of course not," say the Russians in righteous wrath. Incomprehensible? No, there are always a few misguided souls who lose their sense of the fitness of things as soon as they go away from home. Take an objective glance at the Americans flitting around Paris!

Some months ago a former member of the New York Stock Exchange—it was ages before the memorable crash of 1929—wrote an article and called it *The Mucker Pose*. "The very first step", wrote this, shall we say, ex-materialist, "towards a cultivated mind is the development of the ability rationally to discriminate, to distinguish between varying values and qualities. . . . . It *is* a loss when a man deliberately uses worse manners than he knows how to use, when he tries to cover up his intellectual abilities, or when he tries to be average when he is above it."

Just because an aristocratic Russian (although Americans must give him credit—he doesn't, as a rule, start calling himself a prince or a count, until the American puts it into his mysterious Slavic head) but just because he is forced by uncontrollable circumstances to live in bourgeois America does not mean that he must cultivate crude and ill-mannered habits. In spite of what you hear and see, one does not have to indulge in slap-back comedy and prying into personal matters to get anywhere. Success comes as a result of many failures, and it hangs most gracefully around the shoulders of those who remain true and genuine and who retain their sense of values (although there *are* others who seem to have grabbed it.)

There have been Americans in college, but perhaps they are no longer there, who did not write home for money even when they needed it for necessities, but the Russians usually can't be bothered with them. There are young American graduates

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who make themselves hopelessly unhappy wishing they had a social footing in New York and who think they could get better jobs if they had entree in certain quarters. The Russians, at least a few of them, think Americans have the money they undoubtedly crave and the best jobs because of the influence of "papa" or somebody else's "daddy."

But the Russians who seem to be getting along in America realize that they must face life as it is and that success, granting ability, in this American environment depends upon personality and not nationality. A business man said somewhere, somehow, that personality is human character developed to the nth degree.

Incomprehensible or not, the Russians have a contribution to American life. It is not in assisting the cause of materialism, although one must exist, of course; it is not in pushing their native culture out of their souls, although one can not live very long, it is true, on philosophical discussions and the appreciation of music; the contribution is not in adding to the sins of American hypocrisy by being a poseur, although one must undoubtedly make a favorable personal appearance. But let the Russians come out of themselves and make this contribution.

A tall graduate with an aggressive air smote a glass with his knife and yelled: "SERVICE!" He looked pleased, we thought, at assuming, what he considered, an American attitude, although he had taken me to a Russian restaurant. Incomprehensible? No. Just an enlightening first experience with a vociferous tumbler-tinkler—outside the movies. He talked of soap (we are calling it soap because that's what it precisely was not). Having only the superficial knowledge of soap required by the exigencies of New York life, and also having a slight acquaintance with the real subject of his monologue, we listened, though bored. He finally paused for breath, and being an opportunist, we cut in ruthlessly: "Is there anything besides soap in which you are interested?" He stammered, "Everything," and floated back to soap.

During dessert he confided that he would rather starve than not be well dressed. Eating was so degrading. We had wondered, while he was speaking of his importance to soap, at his pale cheeks and the neat twist of his tie, and the date of his last meal, if any. Incomprehensible? O, I don't know. Rather silly idea, we thought. Fancy! A faultlessly groomed—yea, a painfully well dressed man—more, a Russian manikin—with a face like a death mask, talking incessantly of soap! What impression does he make? If interested, ask all your American girl friends, rich and poor. But when you ask, don't omit the death pallor and pinched look!

Now think that over for a Valentine, —deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover by Georges R. Wiren (M.I.T. '23) of Stone and Webster, Boston, was made to satisfy the request of the editor for something startling and Russian. This design is of the "genre" used by noted Russian artists in illustrating Russian fairy tales.

▲

When young Russians want to know something about Russian literature, they turn to Prof. Alexey Fovitzky, of the Russian Educational Bureau. His discussion of Russian poetry will run through several numbers.

▲

Under the supervision of Victor A. Ivanoff, construction of the first giant flying boat of the O'Connor Transatlantic Airways, Inc., was begun on January 15th at City Island. This boat will accommodate 60 passengers and will have a cruising radius of over 3,000 miles with a pay load of 18,000 pounds. The craft is designed for 30-hour transatlantic service and the first flight is expected to be made between New York and Bermuda in September. Other details regarding Mr. Ivanoff were given in the January issue.

▲

For detailed information regarding Prof. N. A. Borodin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Massachusetts, the reader is referred to *The Russian Student* for June, 1929.

▲

We wish to express our gratitude to Peter Routsky, Director of the Service Bureau for Russians for his help in preparing material for this magazine as well as for the article—the first of a series of Russian-American historical episodes.

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

A Song About Tsar Ivan Basilyevitch. *By M. Y. Lermontov. Aquila. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos.*

The Eastern Orthodox Church. *By Stefan Zankov. Translated and edited by Donald A. Lowrie, with foreword by John R. Mott. Morehouse Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $2.25.

As an encouraging index of the standards of literary taste in America, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., has published a series of sixty-two classics, known as the Borzoi Pocket Books, at one dollar a volume. The Russians in this series are represented as follows:

N. V. Gogol—*Taras Bulba*
Maxim Gorky—*Chelkash*
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Ivan Bunin—*The Gentleman from San Francisco*

In the Modern Library at ninety-five cents a volume we find:

Dostoyevsky—*The Brothers Karamazov*
Merezhkovsky—*The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci*

The Embezzlers. *A novel of contemporary Russian life. Translated by L. Zarine with an introduction by Stephen Graham. The Dial Press.* $2.50.

The God Who Didn't Laugh. *By Gleb Botkin. New York. Payson & Clarke.* $2.50.

Humanity Uprooted. *By Maurice Hindus, illustrated by Arthur Hawkins, Jr., with an introduction by John Dewey. New York. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* $3.50.
A study of present day Russia.

Russian Folk-Songs. *Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford, with an introduction by Boris Brasol. G. Schirmer.* $1.00.
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Nicholas Roerich. *A Monograph. Compiled and edited by A. V. Yaremenko. Central Book Trading Company, New York. Subscription Price* $25.00. *After Release,* $35.00.
Contains 110 colored and half-tone illustrations of Professor Roerich's work.

The Background of the Russian Revolution. *By Alexander Meyendorff. Henry Holt.* $2.50.
An interpretation of historic processes and conditions that culminated in the revolution by a former vice-president of the Russian Duma. Given as Colver lectures at Brown University in 1928.

Principles of Rural-urban Sociology. *(American Social Science Series). By Pitirim Sorokin and C. C. Zimmerman. Student's Edition. Henry Holt.* $3.60.

Tolstoy; The Inconstant Genius. *By Alexander I. Nazaroff. Frederick A. Stokes Company.* $5.00. An entirely satisfactory biography of one of the greatest leaders of the world. Reviewed in *The Russian Student,* January 1930.

Nearing the End in Imperial Russia. *By George T. Marye. Dorrance.* $4.00
The contemporary notes and impressions of the American ambassador to Russia from 1914 to 1916.

For reviews of histories of Russia see *The Russian Student,* September—George Vernadsky's "A History of Russia" (Yale, $4.00) and in the October issue, Platonov's "History of Russia". (Macmillan. $2.00).

White Eagles. *By Val Gielgud. Houghton Mifflin Company.* $2.00.
A tale of Napoleon's campaign in Russia and of a little group of French spies.

Civic Training in Soviet Russia. *By Samuel N. Harper. Chicago: The Univer- of Chicago Press.* $3.00.

Hunky. *By Thames Williamson. Coward-McCann.*
The story of a great stumbling Slav as he gropes through the strange mists of American life.

Peter the Great. *By Stephen Graham. Simon & Shuster.*
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The Letters of the Tsar to the Tsaritsa, 1914-1917. *Translated by A. L. Hynes from the official edition of the Romanov Correspondence. Edited by C. E. Vulliamy. Introduction by C. T. Hagberg Wright, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $5.00.

Short Stories Out of Soviet Russia. *Compiled by John Cournos. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50.
An anthology.

The White Coat. *By P. N. Krassnoff. Duffield & Co.* $3.50.
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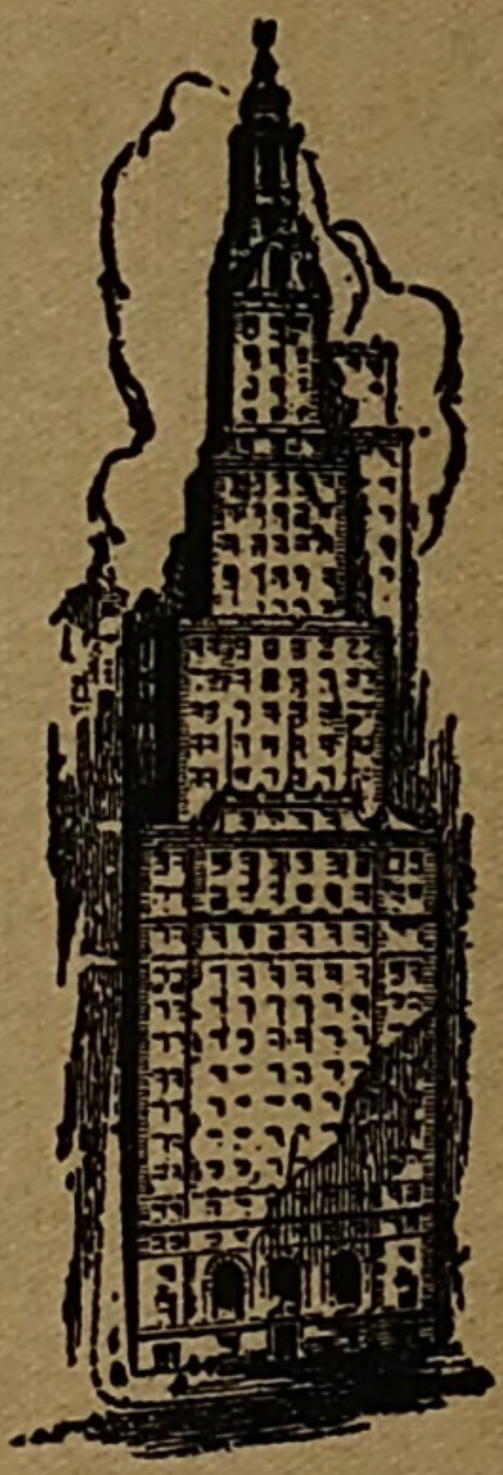

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Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

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Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 450 men and women, of whom 95 are still studying, have been advanced over $480,000. Former students have repaid $91,680.94, 57 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,300.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

March, 1930

Volume VI **Number 7**

TO WHOM IT IS REALLY DUE

ALEXIS R. WIREN

I AM asking the indulgent reader to forgive me for writing a few words of personal character, but, really, it would not be natural for me not to say them, especially after the unexpected first page of the last issue.

No achievement in life of any group of people, however small it may be, is accomplished by a single person. Many are to be thanked for whatever the Fund was able to do. First of all—those who by generously giving their time and means made it possible; their confidence and help brought us through many moments of anxiety. Much is due to the unfailing devotion of my wife who gave me inspiration and courage, allowing me, while she was still in this world, to take much of the time from her and give it to this work. All members of the staff who have so loyally done more than their part must receive their share of appreciation.

Greater of all, however, deserve acknowledgment those of the students and graduates, who have in so many ways showed that they deserved faith and that they are worthy of all that has been done for them. One who has not passed through similar experiences cannot realise all the obstacles which these young Russians confronted and conquered. Even if occasionally they may seem to be too much interested in the material problems of life, I know that they have kept in their hearts the best of their heritage and added to it what America has been so generous to offer for their further growth.

The task is not completed. Every one has to go on trying to live up to the trust placed upon us, and must thank all those to whom gratitude is really due.

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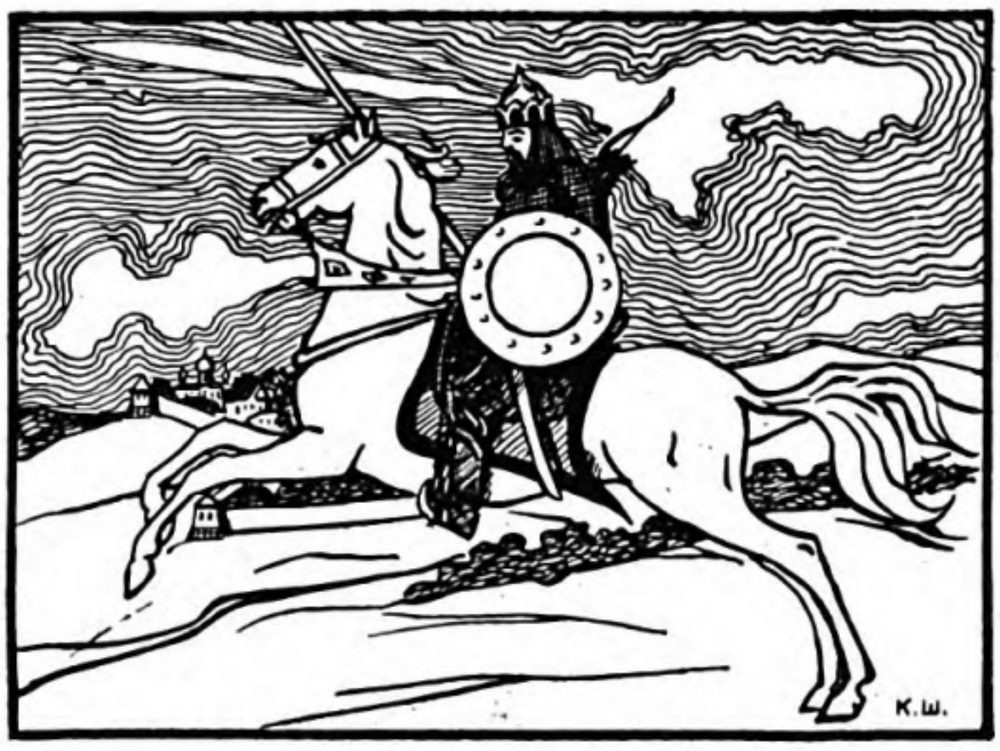
Outline of Russian Poetry

Alexis Fovitzky



BESIDES *byliny* of which I spoke in my February article there are many other "genres" of Russian oral folk poetry. I will mention here some of them starting with Russian songs proper.

I have in mind not the musical side of these songs, which was the source of inspiration of Russian composers, not even the musical peculiarities of the songs (the presence of natural counter-point) which amazed foreigners but their purely literary and poetic qualities. Here is the opinion of Prof. Rudolph Westfal, famous German investigator: "The majority of Russian folk songs contain such a rich, inexhaustible depository of natural, soft poetry, of purely poetical ideology vested in highly poetical form, that literary ethics should allot them *first place* among the folk songs of all the peoples of the World." (Allgemeine Theorie Und Geschichte Der Music.)

In the same vein speaks Alfred Rambaut, noted French author, in his book *La Russie epique.*

The poetry of Russian folk songs speaks of different shades of love sentiments ("it is not your present that is precious to me, but your love") full of tenderness and deep cordiality; of family tragedies where woman is usually the sufferer; of thoughts as to the fate of mankind, fate taking the forms of Misfortune, Grief, et cetera; of the severe conditions of war life ("our bed covers are mighty winds"); of tragic, daring and reckless life of robbers who swarmed Russia ("The Tzar will grant me two posts and a cross-beam") and of that special understanding of "robbery" which was born of the yoke of servitude ("We are not thieves or robbers but co-workers with Stenka Razin*").

There exists also a special kind of song, *burlatzkaya,* one of which *Volga Boatman* (*"Ei, uchnem"*) is known all over America. Then, there come "ritual songs" where a pagan idolatry of nature and extolling of different phases of its life blends with Christian ideology. Ritual songs are still in use to a certain degree during the solemn rituals of marriage, funerals, et

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* Stenka Razin, an ataman of the Don Cossacks, led the peasant rebellion from 1667-1671.

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cetera. Quite original are poetical "lamentations" with their rhythms which control sobbing and tears.

Outside the peculiarities of poetical forms of *byliny* which have been described, let us note also in conjunction with songs other formal values of Russian folk poetry. First to be recorded is richness in symbols . . . . In order to show all the intricacies of the soul of a Russian girl, the song selects the names of the most beautiful, the most delicate flowers and trees. The maiden is called sometimes "white little birch-tree," sometimes "blue corn-flower" . . . . And the young man is called falcon, hawk, "whose heart is closed with a golden padlock." Symbolism and allegory are prevalent in songs which deal with occultism, fortune telling, and with yearning to control the forces of nature ("agrarian occultism.") There is to be noted also erotic symbolism in songs, plucking of flowers, breaking of trees, et cetera. And when the maiden scatters the pearls, it is the symbol of tears. The Russian song is noted in its poetical structure by constant use of "anacrusa," non-accented syllables in the beginning of verse. Such a song is construed upon a verse called musico-tonal, where accentuation of words is similar to music. The descriptive part in Russian songs, as also in folk songs, is usually devised in "scaled" order, starting from general description and continuing up to concrete description. These are some of the external traits . . . .

There are numerous divisions in Russian oral poetry. Historical songs (*byliny* with a definite historical background where are depicted Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, et cetera); religious verses, legends and songs; different types of conjuration and exorcisms, written in rhythmic form and often in rhyme; folk drama in form of verses, et cetera.

Religious songs which were influenced by the Church, lives of saints, and apocryphic narratives (agiography) are found to contain cosmogonic theories, ideas on martyrdom, and reflections on destiny of mendicants who popularized those songs all over Russia while strolling from monastery to monastery. Among

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the most popular are the songs on Lazarus being raised from the dead, on the ascension of Christ, whose gifts to the "poor" are not mountains of gold which can be taken from them but His Name. The invocation of that Name for Christ's sake is feeding the poor.

There is another form of religious poetry, namely, ecstatic songs and hymns of sectarians ("old-believers," et cetera) those songs and hymns take sometimes the form of what is called by the left wing of futurists "a language without ideas."

It would be strange not to speak of Russian fairy tales when talking of folk poetry. They are not prosaic writings, as it seems to those who consider poetry only that which is written in verse.

As a matter of fact the subject of the best fairy tales is rhythmic and often rhymed and besides that the prose of fairy tales is full of purely poetic elements from the formal point of view. But above all the fairy tales belong to poetry owing to their vivid imagination, high strung emotionalism, and innumerable artistic descriptions and symbolisms.

Russian fairy tales just as well as *byliny* and popular sayings, are connected somehow with Indian epos and some other foreign folk lore, but they are, nevertheless, permeated through and through by the spirit of pure Russian poetic genius.

Let us mention but a few pictures, for instance, Ivan Tzarevich and Ivan the Fool. The last one is the son of a peasant. He has been called the Fool because of his purely Russian qualities, as we already know, of simplicity, humility and lack of malice. His clever elder brothers are sly and crafty. The sympathy of the tale is with the Fool whose heart finally overcomes the crafty cleverness of his brothers . . . .

Ivan Tzarevich is a splendid hero of the fairy tale who performs miraculous deeds with help from forces of nature impersonated sometimes in the form of a gray wolf, and sometimes in the form of a magic horse *Sivka-Burka.* While fighting the dark forces (Immortal *Kashchey, Baba-Yaga-the-Bony-Leg,* impersonation of spitefulness . . . . there is also a benevolent *Baba-Yaga* . . . .) Ivan Tzarevich is ready for any sacrifice. In searching for ideal, ideal beauty, "Beauty-you-could-not-look-at-enough" he feeds his horse—*Ptitza-Mogul**—with his own flesh . . . . all in order to attain his high purpose.

There are also fairy tales depicting material pursuits and people's humor; then, there exists, as usual in every epic, animal fairy tales where animals familiar to Russian peasants (bear,

* Ptitza in Russian—bird, Mogul—the name of the bird.

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fox, hare) show original Russian characteristics; such is the clumsy and good natured bear . . . .

Russian fairy tales are known not only for the wealth of imagination, but also for creative terminology, they contain names for animals and things quite characteristic of the animal world—*Tiapish-Liapish* is called the heavily treading bear.

As I have no opportunity to go more deeply into the theme of this article, I will cite the most recent work of one of the most famous Russian scientists: "There is no need to prove any more that the upper strata of Russian literature and poetry owe much to oral folk poetry. Notwithstanding the fact that printed literature presses heavily on oral poetry, the living well-springs of the latter are still in action and even feed creative genius. Such a state of things remains unchangeable up to our days."

This is the reason why an essay on oral folk poetry is essential as an introduction to the History of Russian Poetry in general.

(*To be continued in the April Issue*)

THE VOLGA BOAT SONG*

EI euch nyem!
Ei euch nyem!
Once again, and once again.
Soon the birch will move onward,
Soon the birch will move forward.
Ai da da ai da, Ai da da ai da,
Soon the birch will move forward,
Ei euch nyem!
Ei euch nyem!

Translation by Jacob Robbins*

* By special permission of G. Schirmer, Inc., publisher of Russian Folk-Songs. Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford.

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Stenka Razin*

FROM beyond the wooded island
to the river wide and free,
Proudly sail the arrow-breasted
Ships of Cossack yoemanry.

In the first one Stenka Razin
With a princess at his side,
Drunken, holds a marriage revel
With his beautiful young bride.

But behind them rose a whisper,
"He has left his sword to woo,
One short night, and Stenka Razin
Has become a woman too".

Stenka Razin hears the jeering
Of his discontented band,
And the lovely Persian princess
He has circled with his hand.

His black brows have come together
As the waves of anger rise,
And the blood has mounted swiftly
To his piercing, jet-black eyes.

"I will give you all you wanted,
Life and heart, and head and hand",
Echo rolls the pealing thunder
Of his voice across the land.

Translation by Jacob Robbins*

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Stenka Razin

"Volga, Volga, mother Volga,
Deep and wide beneath the sun,
You have never seen a present
From the Cossack of the Don.

And that peace may rule as always
All my free-born men and brave,
Volga, Volga, mother Volga,
Volga, make this girl a grave."

With a sudden, mighty movement,
Razin lifts the beauty high,
And he casts her where the waters
Of the Volga move and sigh.

"Dance, you fool, and men, make merry,
What has got into your eyes?
Let us thunder out a chanty
Of a place where beauty lies."

From beyond the wooded island
To the river wide and free,
Proudly sail the arrow-breasted
Ships of Cossack yeomanry.

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ALTAI—THE PEARL OF SIBERIA

GEORGE GREBENSTCHIKOFF

1. The Message from America

MY thoughts about Altai often shape themselves into a psalm . . . .

When through the narrow and high space between the towers of New York appears the strip of the clear western sky, I look for clouds resembling mountains.

The sun is setting and the clouds by thin entangled threads catching its rays — as many as they can, as many as time permits.

The summit of this pillar of sky is of enamel — blue and lightly swathed in a thin white cloudy veil. A little lower a cloud like a huge snow flare slowly flits by, resembling a transparent topaz, delicately tinted with rose.

Still lower this snow-like cloud burns with a yellow flame, then pink, and red until it turns into a reddish—purple glowing mass and finally, at its very bottom the entire pillar of sky and clouds is set upon the solid inflamed alloy of the earth itself. Soon the pillar interwoven by purple and rainbow hues begins to burn and glow. Then a feathery ray of the setting sun, like a dazzling white spear, pierces sidewise all these hues. And the pillar of heaven is transformed into a spear made of rainbow colored alloy of the sky, sun and earth.

And it seems as though someone, in the blue depths, holds this staff which every day touches the earth at sunset. Who is He, who covers by a starry blue veil the beloved face of the earth?

Who takes away this staff, which locks the day like a key, in order that in the quiet of the night the earth might be sprinkled by a universal starry rain?

Who plants a gigantic blue candle in the place of this staff? Now, He lights up this blue expanse with the evening star. My soul is filled with a sacred trembling before the inexpressible triumph of this Mystery.

Brighter and brighter blazes forth the star, the first, the largest. Soon it will call from the depths of heaven all the other stars and lead them into the distant Milky Way.

Then, like lightning, flashes the pleasant thought:

This distant star seems so close because someone dear to me is looking upon it from the heights of the mountains of my far away country . . . . Blessed thought! You that conquer space! Evening Star! There, in my land you are the Morning

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Star. Setting here behind the Western boundary, you also rise there from behind the Eastern mountains and the traveler and the shepherd of Altai meet you with the morning prayer.

Beautiful star! If at the same moment you can be the morning and the evening star for two opposite hemispheres of the globe, does not the moment unite us with all the travelers upon all the ways of the earth?

. . . . Thus, sometimes are performed the evening vespers of my reverie about the distant and sacred mountains of Altai.

Shall I ever see the happy morning when I shall sing of the building of a new life upon the silver mountains glowing in the rising sun?

Oh, Altai, Altai! The pearl necklace of my hopes for a marvelous future!

Shall I find adequate words to sing Thy beauty and splendor? . . . .

2. The Bell of the Earth

Whenever I say or hear the word Altai I see its blue purple hues bordered with white. And undoubtedly the caressing musical consonance of this word must be comprehensible to all peoples and languages:

A l t a i—because it has a sound of home.

The following beautiful three lines written by the poet Khomiakov a hundred years ago seem to be dedicated to all the nations:

"Wild and formidable is the summit of Altai,
Eternal is the glitter of its snows,
There lies my mother country."

The longer I live, the greater number of countries I see and the further I go from the blue Altai, the more majestically its massive rocks rise before me, the more inexpressible is my rapture in thinking of this country and therefore I can never speak or write about it without a sense of exaltation.

Not because Altai is my mother country, but precisely because it is the fatherland of all mankind, the cradle of the universe, the bell of the earth, that its name reverberates in melodious chimes:

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Altai

Moreover it is situated just in the center of the greatest continent, in the very heart of Asia, spreading its ridges like wings—the right across Sayany and Baikal towards the joining of the Pacific and the Arctic oceans, the left—across Tenshian Pamir, towards the sacred Himalayas and to the adjoining of the Caspian and the Black Seas. Its south-western slopes go into Mongolia, China, Tibet and India, and the north-western foothills expand throughout all Siberia to the Arctic ocean and the Urals. Into the plains of Siberia it sends seventeen messengers, seventeen Altai sisters, great mountain streams to replenish with an inexhaustible and everlasting supply the three largest rivers —Irktish, Ob and Yenisei, which feed and give life to almost all the interminable expanse of Siberia, and which, the still more abounding in water, flow into the boundless ocean.

The people of Altai have good reason to sing:

"Like a nine-faced diamond,
Glitterest thou, oh, Altai."

The nine principal ridges in the various parts of Altai which rise up glittering with their perpetual snows.

Yet, in all, Altai has twenty-one summits with perpetual snows, there are still twelve more white capped mountains.

It is only upon a few of these ridges and on their south side alone that in the end of June the snow disappears. But on the north side, even during a very hot summer, the snow is to be seen upon all of them. On many of the mountains, the depth of the perpetual snow is so considerable that it reaches to 5,000 feet above sea level and yet it does not thaw throughout the summer; and at 7,000 feet, that is above the vegetation zone, the snows form glaciers which occupy large areas. Many glaciers in the Katunsky chains reach ten and fifteen square kilometers.

The magnitude of these ranges and the variety of their positions and interlacings is beyond description. Merely climbing one of the lowest mountains is sufficient to dazzle you with the glowing whiteness of the nearest peak; and the higher you climb, the more fantastically beautiful is panorama spread before your eyes. As the vista extends wider and wider, the horizon becomes more and more of a purplish hue, while here and there unexpectedly rise up the snow capped peaks. Sometimes they are hidden by clouds, but in clear weather you often mistake for clouds a whole ridge which entwines sky and earth in a fantastic design. When the clouds drift midway across the

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mountain, it seems to you as though a whole snow white mountain has been lifted by the clouds and is floating away into the misty distance.

Continually different worlds are unfolded before your eyes. Right under your feet lies a dark green valley, beyond which rises the first elevation, visible and clear, but immediately beyond the next proclivity, the range is already enveloped in a bluish mist which resembles a transparent blue net. Further, these nets become thicker and darker, until quite far away, arise dark purple stone waves, as though petrified in a powerful surge and swathed in silver blue.

If only people were more worthy of the gifts bestowed on them by nature!

If they only *could* attune their lives to the glow of purity and sanctity with which glitter the mountains—how wonderfully would the life of our planet blossom forth, and with what an inexpressible beauty would gleam the crown of Belukha, the double-headed lofty queen of Altai, called by her people the throne of God.

3. The White Queen

We have thus seen that the most marvelous feature of Altai is the eternal speed and the unbrokenness of its many hundred rivers. The streams of Altai never dry not only at their sources, in the glaciers and perpetual snows, but even where there are no snows. Only temporarily, depending upon the seasons, the body of water in the rivers decreases or increases, as though the rise and the fall of the water was due to the rythmical breathing of the canyons.

The secret of this inexhaustible supply of water is not difficult to understand were you to climb to a considerable height and spend there some time.

The mountains are alive and breathing and their stone breasts covered by forests and intersected by folds—the canyons—always repose on feathery clouds, the result of this breathing.

If you were to climb on some height above the zone of vegetation, from which the panorama extends for a hundred versts, you could for days and hours at a time, with ordinary opera glasses observe these clouds early in the morning, coming slowly out of the canyons, climbing the slopes, reaching the summits and then spreading their wings and bearing off in whole droves, like caravans of white-winged camels, into the expanse of the heavens towards a higher range. Arrived there, as though lost in thought, they stop for a while, circle around and tearing themselves away off they go to a still higher summit which is

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surrounded by a multitude of clouds already gathered. Then, finally all together as a numberless dark-opal colored host they drift in the direction of the greatest ridges of Altai, to the Chuyisk and Katun columns—the lofty queen of the Asiatic mountains, Belukha. Yet, once there, all this host of clouds seldom ventures into the glaciers, but clings as though in an ecstacy of joy and adoration, close to the great rocky mass of Belukha, whose powerful shoulders extend several hundred square versts about its glaciered summits.

At any time of the year during day or night you might see Belukha always surrounded from base to summit by masses of clouds—these messengers from the canyons and valleys—from the far off mountains, from the depths of the blue canyons, from the limitless plains of the west and the north and the south and the east — from everywhere, even in spite of a wind blowing from one direction only, there continually drift towards Belukha, new pilgrims, new envoys of the breath of the earth and the mountains.

It always happens that if the winds are blowing across the earth and the mountains, the clouds rush to Belukha high in the sky, while those which have already performed their mission crawl back by the lower route; and on the contrary if the storms are high beyond the clouds, they crawl to Belukha to pay their homage, grappling at the summits of the mountains, stealthily, or catching at the fortress of the rocks in their agitation, but not daring to stop, or disobey the imperial call of the white queen.

But no one could ever divine what has taken place on these great heights, under the ever moving turbulent strata of clouds. What sacrament or witchcraft may be hidden there, behind the clouds? About what does the sacred Belukha converse with the messengers of all the distant countries? One thing is certain, however, that always, even in clear weather, storms gather and some sort of trial is held. Blizzards rage there even in days of burning heat and the perpetual movement of glacial ice rumbles and crashes in response to the rolling peals of violent thunder storms. Very seldom, perhaps in the end of August or the first days of September, Belukha shows its unveiled face. But even then and even from a great distance, one could not contemplate this highest point of Altai with impunity because, unprotected by smoked glasses no eye can withstand the dazzling glare of her snow.

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Meanwhile in these hours of sparkling brilliancy the greatest of all sacraments takes place on Belukha. Gathering together in an immense white circle, the clouds rise to the summit and wrap themselves around her like a turban which, presently, lifts itself up into the sky and poised immobile in its blue expanse, form a white crown.

In the meantime new coming clouds descend almost to her foothills and pressing to sources and valleys of the rivers, they pour forth rain or disperse slowly, scattering into the forests and upon the grass a shower of mother of pearl drops.

Thus, an eternal whirlpool of living, evaporating waters swirls around Belukha while upon her summit is performed the great mystery—the birth of these same white waters, the purity of which from old attracted many pilgrims and seekers of beauty and celestial perfectment of spirit.

MY LITTLE ALMOND TREE

ALEXEY K. TOLSTOY

From *Poetry: An Anthology* by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky
Published by International Publishers Company

MY little almond tree
Is gay with gleaming bloom,
My heart unwillingly
Puts forth its buds of gloom.
The bloom will leave the tree,
The fruit, unbidden, grow.
And the green boughs will be
By bitter loads brought low.

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THE THREE SISTERS, a drama in four acts by Anton Chehov. At the American Laboratory Theatre, 222 East 54th Street, New York.

ONE of the most pertinent problems of our cosmopolitan stage is how adequately can it produce an undistorted interpretation of a foreign art in the midst of our own syncopation and distortion; whether this stage can cause the average New Yorker to empathize, to "feel into" a foreign situation.

In the current procession of Russian productions on Broadway, Chehov's fragile plays are in particular need of receptive calm. To make Chehov comprehensible, to make him acceptable, a flawless true tone must prevail on both sides of the footlights. No one has ever learned the lesson better than Chehov himself who witnessed the premiere of his *Seagull* at the Alexandrinsky Theatre, where a good cast playing slightly out of tone and a restive audience brought forth hisses and catcalls.

There are enough difficultes to overcome in producing Chehov in Russian; to give a reasonably good production of his plays in English is well-nigh impossible. The only occasion on which the impossible has been distantly approached, although by no means attained, is the production of his *Three Sisters* at the Laboratory Theatre, under Mme. Germanova's exceptionally able and authoritative direction.

The *Three Sisters* is in many ways a more subtle and elusive play than the familiar *Cherry Orchard*. Both are tragedies of inactivity, but while in the latter play this inactivity results in an obvious, tangible loss, in the *Three Sisters* the loss merely consists of the failure to realize potential capacities, and for that very reason it is more keenly felt and is more dramatically expressed. The plot of the *Three Sisters* is more complex, but it is not the plot that makes the play so tremendously difficult to produce. Through every one of its scenes there runs a never-changing, never-disturbed undercurrent of stillness which, in the apt words of Gerhardi, is "the very water of existence." In fact, this oppressive staticity, as thrown against the background of boundless human yearning, is the very essence of the play. Of all theatres, Russian and non-Russian, only the Moscow Art Theatre has succeeded in fully grasping this essence and in giving it adequate expression.

In the Moscow Art production, the tragic figure of Masha as portrayed by Olga Knipper-Chehova, was the keynote of all acting, it tied, so to speak, the whole thing together. Germanova's acting, when considered apart from other characters, is excellent. But it does not rhyme with that of the rest of the company. That essential binding link, which should make the play an indissoluble unity, is missing. Her individual interpretation of the part, moreover, strikes the present writer as somewhat incongruous with Chehov's intention. It is not sufficiently subdued, too obtrusively melodramatic.

By all means the most masterly piece of acting is found in Maria Ouspenskaya's portrayal of the old nurse Anfissa, a minor but necessary character in the play. As for the American members of the cast, one must grant that their common handicap of language and culture taken into consideration most of them are eminently successful in bringing the play to the high level which it has attained.

Mme. Germanova's chief merit in this production lies in her directing. The mise-en-scenes are all artistically done and full of atmosphere. The singing scene in the dining hall is strikingly well handled. The entire production shows that the American stage is capable of true interpretation of Russian dramatic art.

Although the Laboratory group has not completely succeeded in overcoming the difficulties inherent in the production of the *Three Sisters*, theirs is an educative and a worthwhile experiment.

—B. B. S.

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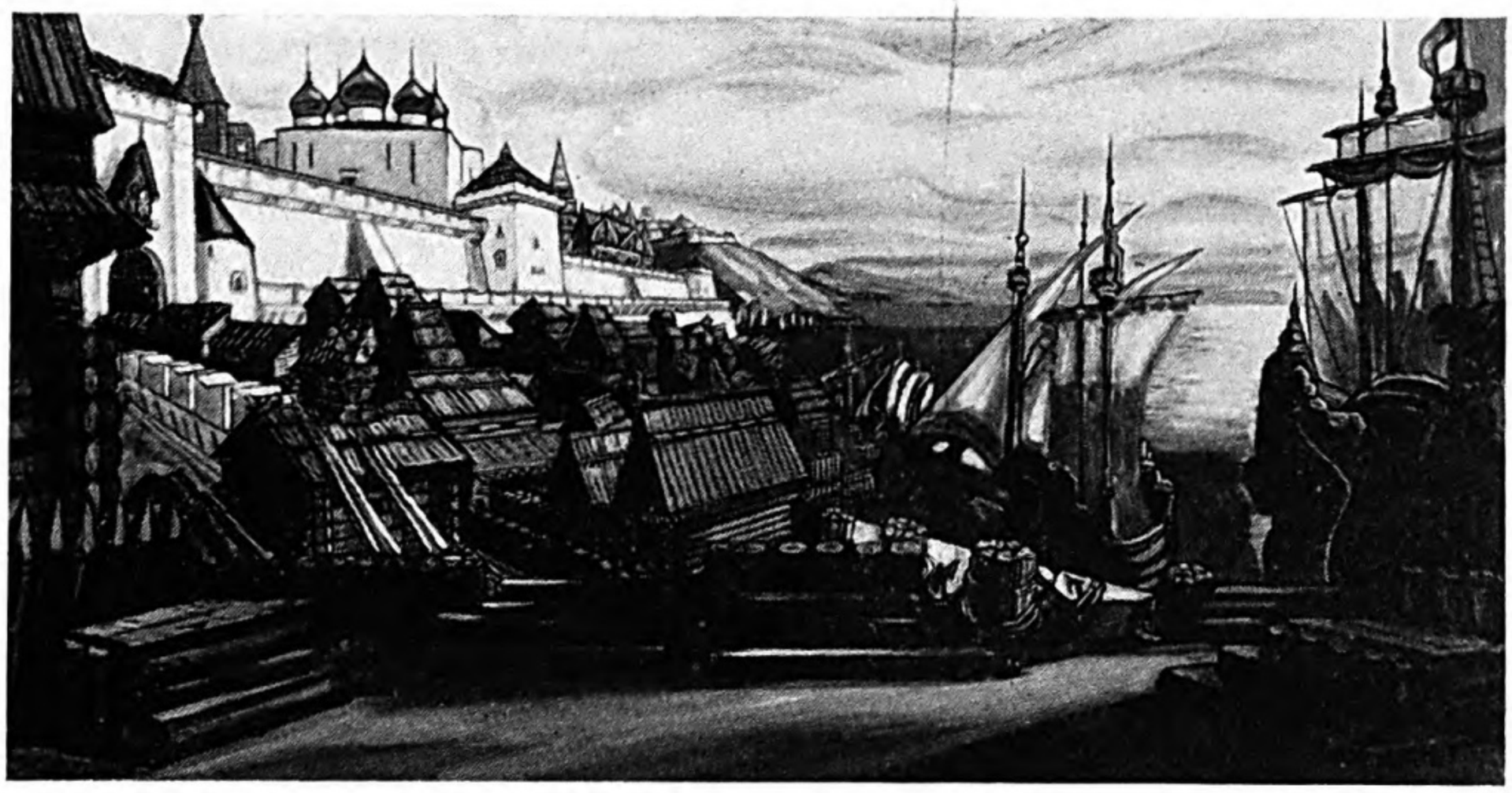
SADKO, SCENERY BY SERGÉI SOUDEIKINE



Hail to thee, famous City of Novgorod!

SHORTLY after Rimsky-Korsakoff visited the United States as a naval officer in the '60's, he composed a symphonic poem *Sadko*. The orchestration was revised and thirty years later the opera *Sadko* was performed, Rimsky-Korsakoff having written most of the libretto himself, assisted by Byelski.

Sadko, perhaps the most gorgeous of Rimsky-Korsakoff's thirteen operas, was given in the United States for the first time on January 25th, and repeated several times this season, by the Metropolitan Opera Company, stage settings designed by Sergei Soudeikine.

There were two legends of the *byliny* cycle of Novgorod, *Vasili Buslaevitch* and *Sadko*. Sadko (the role taken by Edward Johnson, tenor) won the love of Volkhova, the beautiful princess of the sea (Editha Fleischer, soprano), but forsook her to return to his wife, Lioubova (Ina Bourskaya, contralto). Volkhova dissolves into mist and connects Novgorod with Lake Ilmen, thus opening a new waterway which could be navigated to regions afar to the glory of Novgorod.

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Guayule Rubber

Boris Krukoff

WHEN horses were unhooked from hundreds of thousands of vehicles and gasoline engines were hidden under the drivers' seats, the epoch of rubber was initiated. About nine pounds of rubber per year are necessary nowadays for every person in the United States.

If one starts to think about rubber, what comes to his mind? A lofty tree; high forests of the valley of the Amazon—native home of Hevea; plantations in the Far East with excessive moisture and tropical conditions; and a finished product—tires.

Very few however have even a general knowledge of what has been accomplished in the last few years with the native American rubber-producing shrub Guayule, which at the present time is being extensively cultivated on a commercial scale in California.

Guayule is a small shrub, rarely over two feet in height, covered with short silvery leaves, native to the elevated semi-desert regions of North-central Mexico where winter frosts and even snow occur. Its botanical name is *Parthenium Argentatum* and it belongs to a family Compositae which includes our *Palyn*, sun flower, et cetera.

The story of Guayule could not be told without mentioning the Intercontinental Rubber Company. For the past twenty-five years one of the subsidiaries of this company has been engaged in the production of rubber from the shrub which grows spontaneously on its extensive holdings in Mexico. Its output has been as high as ten million pounds of rubber per year. As early as 1907 the company employed a staff of botanists to study Guayule with a view to increasing the supply available in Mexico. Attention was concentrated on artificial propagation and cultural methods and after eighteen years of experimentation this was successfully accomplished and resulted in a domestication of the plant and the production of rubber as a field crop with a cycle of three or four years.

Side by side with botanists the work was done by mechanical engineers who have developed a practical machine or device to do away with every item of hand labor. At the present time Guayule rubber is a machine grown and machine fabricated product. The production of rubber involves the following program.

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The first commercial planting of Guayule rubber was made a few years ago in California and at present plantations are rapidly increasing in extent. At least the problem of whether crude rubber on a commercial scale can be produced within Continental United States has been solved.

Eighteen years of experimental work by a number of skilled botanists, chemists and mechanical engineers and a total expenditure running into seven figures were necessary before this question was solved for the States. This was done only by one concern and there is no need of mentioning that this is only a part of what was spent in unsuccessful effort by others.

A start toward the same goal has recently been made by Russians in Turkestan, the Caucasus, and elsewhere, but success will only follow many years of painstaking and expensive effort.

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SMATTER

A RUSSKY of considerable solidity pushed a five dollar bill across our desk. "Don't count me an 'uncollectible', will you?" He begged.

"Of course your *Smatter* is purely imaginary anyway", he went on after being reassured. "Why, that dialogue last month happened," we blurted out, not flattered at all that he thought we had the ability of making it up. "Everything in *Smatter* is based on something that really happened, but you know no human being can relate any event exactly as it was." He smiled, and departed to deal with a power station uptown.

While we were rummaging among our tons of waste paper to induce the cerebral processes to function, we found this boomerang—"The human mind does not deal honestly with reality. It is forever distorting such facts as can be ascertained in order to gratify its desire to enjoy power and the experience of life and death in the proportions and sequence that are most pleasing to it.—*Rebecca West.*"

Honest! We don't experience any pleasure in recording the fact that the majority of young Russian students and graduates of American colleges consider their greatest handicap to be failure to adapt themselves to American life. We retorted once, "You don't try!" "We do," came the answer. We know now that Russians *do* try to meet the demands of American life but unfortunately too many times their efforts carry them in the wrong direction and are thus woefully inadequate. They suffer from a conflict with their environment and within themselves.

We don't believe we are being purely imaginary when we emphasize, as we thought we were doing in the January dialogue, our faith in the Russians through everything.

That architect in Philadelphia insists that we are urging *complete Americanization*, but we don't think we are. We've observed that the Russian who makes himself completely over into an American is not particularly popular either with Russians or Americans. After all nobody likes an imitation. If he remains a Russian—but a Russian adapted to American life—that's sensible. For civilized human beings it ought not to be impossible.

"Civilization," writes Henry Seidel Canby, "is so marvelous a mechanism that it can accustom itself under necessity to anything . . . . The readjustment that comes after struggle is a hardening rather than an easing process. It is a process which means the resolute acceptance of a changed order of existence.

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. . . . It implies a recovery of balance, measure, and perspective and in that recovery of proportion a reassuring of human values."

Dr. Canby was thinking of post-war American literature. Americans born before 1914 have had to readjust to a *native* environment, while these Russians of the same age, their own social heritage seeming to prove inadequate, were forced to go to other countries and try to adjust to an altogether *foreign* environment. They are laboring under a double strain; the process of readjustment is longer, more hardening and more involved. But, we reiterate, they can and do survive to dominate their experiences. It is an acid test of the Russian character.

These Russians can not count, usually, on possessing whatever they may happen to want, and they often find it too painful to want what they *can* possess. What is to be said of an adult who is eternally crying for the moon? But there are Russians who have learned the bitter lessons of adjustment, revamped their desires in the light of their understanding of life. They have undergone a "transvaluation of the values" they brought here with them. They have found out that it's no use whining, even in secret, "Everybody's out of step but me."

A business graduate feverishly argued: "I can read between the lines." That's all very stimulating! But why not read the lines? Why waste one's energy on imagining something that isn't there? Why not use one's mind to understand what is actually there? Then the reading between the lines can be done with fairness, discrimination, and what is more important, understanding.

A Phi Beta Kappa (the only one we ever met who did not deliberately put his hands in his pockets to display his key) finished his *zakuska*. Across the table came the words: "If we could have stayed in Russia; if the revolution hadn't happened, we might have been different. But now, well, we couldn't be any better adapted anywhere else, not even in our own land, after all we've been through. Things can never be the same again. That's the way life is. I used to think it was just America, but I've thought things out and I know that it is in ourselves.

"I've thought it all out and that's the conclusion I've come to. Now I feel better."

He stirred the cream in his *borscht* with a gesture that surpasseth all understanding.

Yours for thinking things out,

—deN.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

Mushroom Barley Soup

PREPARE either with usual white bouillon, without any roots or vegetables, but with some greens or soup of white roots, carrots, onion, celery, et cetera; take one glass of peeled barley; put in a pot and add half a spoon of butter; cook until ready, put through sifter. Boil five dried mushrooms, put juice through the sifter and add to soup. Cut the boiled mushrooms into long narrow strips and put in the pot; mix two yolks of eggs into one glass of sweet cream, boil it with some soup juice, and then pour into pot. Heat the soup but do not boil it; add one half tablespoon of butter before serving.

Beef a la Stroganoff

Cut one pound of beef into small long pieces, sprinkle them with pepper and flour; put into a frying pan, add two or three tablespoons of butter, a large onion sliced. Place on stove. Add one-quarter of a glass of bouillon (meat stock), three tomatoes, one tablespoon of soy sauce, ¾ glass of sour cream, one glass of red wine (perhaps grape juice would do). When meat is a light brown color, remove from pan and put on a deep plate; add either O'Brien potatoes or mashed potatoes and dill pickles; champignons (small mushrooms) or white pickled mushrooms may be used instead of pickles if desired.

Apple Charlotte (Mousse) Russe

Make puree of a dozen apples; whip the whites of three eggs and sweeten to taste. Whip puree and eggs together, then add to the mixture as much gelatine as necessary to serve six people. Put in cold place. Add whipped cream before serving.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover by Alexander Joukovsky (Univ. of Mich. '27) is taken from the Ivan Tzarevich illustration by the famous Russian artist, I. Bilibin, made in 1899 for the Russian magazine *The World of Art*. Mr. Bilibin, who resides we believe, in Paris, is considered by Russians and others who know his works as "the poet of the intimate, lyrical disposition of Russian soul and of Russian character." Besides his water colors illustrating fairy tales (in which field he reigns supreme) this artist has planned Russian costumes for Diaghileff's performance of *Boris Godounoff*, in Paris; for *Sadko* and other operas given in St. Petersburg; decorated the Nizny Novgorod State Bank and other decorations executed in Syria, Africa and Paris.

▲

The cover design depicts Ivan Tzarevich and the Beautiful Princess fleeing to the Tzardom of Tzar Dolmat. The Gray Wolf who performed miraculous deeds in aiding Tzarevich Ivan in his heroic adventures is seen as his mount, while the Princess is riding the "Horse with the Golden Mane." After many hair-raising escapes from enemies and from certain death the Tzarevich wins his Princess and half of his father's Tzardom and they lived happily ever after.

▲

Ivan Tzarevich is mentioned by Prof. Alexis Fovitzky in his second article on Russian poetry. Prof. Fovitzky, a graduate of the University of Moscow, Faculty of History and Philology, Class of 1903, has contributed to Russian as well as American literary magazines.

The Siberian novelist, George Grebenstchikoff, was born in Churaevka, a tiny village in the Altai Mountains so picturesquely described in this issue. Mr. Grebenstchikoff has written plays, short stories, verse, monographs, and articles but his best known work, translated in several languages, is *Churaevs*, named for his native village. In addition to writing, Mr. Grebenstchikoff has organized an art village near Southbury, Connecticut, which he appropriately enough calls Churaevka. Mr. Grebenstechikoff's plan of bringing about an exchange of ideas between Russians and Americans is incorporated in his lecture on Siberia and Russia which he will give in English at the Roerich Museum, New York, on April 7th.

▲

Boris Krukoff graduated from the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University in 1928 and almost immediately went to South America for his practical experience. He is at present connected with the International Rubber Company somewhere in the vicinity —near or far—of Valparaiso. He is quite enthusiastic about the opportunities which Russians may find open to them in the tropics.

▲

Sergei Soudeikine, to whom the laurels are given for the success of *Sadko* given this season by the Metropolitan Opera Company, is one of the most prominent Russian artists outside of Russia. Mr. Soudeikine's individuality and Russian spirit are recognized in many Metropolitan and Chauve Souris settings and costumes.

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A Johns Hopkins business graduate describes his native city.

ALASKA UNDER RUSSIAN OWNERSHIP,
by Peter V. Shchusev
Dr. Shchusev, Russian scientist and explorer, has spent much time in Alaska and knows well the history of Alaska's Russian period.

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

A Song About Tsar Ivan Basilyevitch. *By M. Y. Lermontov. Aquila. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos.*

The Eastern Orthodox Church. *By Stefan Zankov. Translated and edited by Donald A. Lowrie, with foreword by John R. Mott. Morehouse Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $2.25.

As an encouraging index of the standards of literary taste in America, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., has published a series of sixty-two classics, known as the Borzoi Pocket Books, at one dollar a volume. The Russians in this series are represented as follows:

N. V. Gogol—*Taras Bulba*
Maxim Gorky—*Chelkash*
L. Andreyev—*The Little Angel*
M. Y. Lermontov—*A Hero of Our Time*
Ivan Bunin—*The Gentleman from San Francisco*

In the Modern Library at ninety-five cents a volume we find:

Dostoyevsky—*The Brothers Karamazov*
Merezhkovsky—*The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci*

Humanity Uprooted. *By Maurice Hindus, illustrated by Arthur Hawkins, Jr., with an introduction by John Dewey. New York. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* $3.50.
A study of present day Russia.

Russian Folk-Songs. *Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford, with an introduction by Boris Brasol. G. Schirmer.* $1.00.
The music with both Russian and English words are given.

Nicholas Roerich. *A Monograph. Compiled and edited by A. V. Yaremenko. Central Book Trading Company, New York. Subscription Price* $25.00. *After Release,* $35.00.
Contains 110 colored and half-tone illustrations of Professor Roerich's work.

The Background of the Russian Revolution. *By Alexander Meyendorff. Henry Holt.* $2.50.
An interpretation of historic processes and conditions that culminated in the revolution by a former vice-president of the Russian Duma. Given as Colver lectures at Brown University in 1928.

Principles of Rural-urban Sociology. (*American Social Science Series*). *By Pitirim Sorokin and C. C. Zimmerman. Student's Edition. Henry Holt.* $3.60.

Tolstoy; The Inconstant Genius. *By Alexander I. Nazaroff. Frederick A. Stokes Company.* $5.00. An entirely satisfactory biography of one of the greatest leaders of the world. Reviewed in *The Russian Student,* January 1930.

Nearing the End in Imperial Russia. *By George T. Marye. Dorrance.* $4.00
The contemporary notes and impressions of the American ambassador to Russia from 1914 to 1916.

For reviews of histories of Russia see *The Russian Student,* September—George Vernadsky's "A History of Russia" (Yale, $4.00) and in the October issue, Platonov's "History of Russia." (Macmillan $2.00).

The Letters of the Tsar to the Tsaritsa, 1914-1917. *Translated by A. L. Hynes from the official edition of the Romanov Correspondence. Edited by C. E. Vulliamy. Introduction by C. T. Hagberg Wright, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $5.00.

The Life of Napoleon. *By Dmitri Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by Catherine Zvegintzov. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.50.
A biography of the Corsican by a famous Russian author.

Three and the Moon; legendary stories of old Brittany, Normandy & Provence. *By Jacques Dorey. Knopf. With pictures by Boris Artzybasheff.* $3.50. A Juvenile.

Moussia: The Life and Death of Marie Bashkirtseff. *By Alberic Cahuet. Macaulay.* $3.00.
A biography of a painter and diarist.

Religion in Soviet Russia. *By the Rev. William C. Emhardt. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $4.00. A study of religious conditions in Russia from the Revolution to the present day.

The Eastern Church in the Western World. *By Emhardt, Burgess and Lau. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $1.25. A study of the religious life of the ancient Eastern Churches especially as represented by their adherents in the United States.

The Love of Jeanne Ney. *By Ilya Ehrenbourg. Doubleday Doran.* $2.50. The love story of Jeanne and Andrew against a background of Soviet Russia and Paris.

Coronet. *By Manuel Komroff. Coward-McCann.* $3.00. A novel of four centuries of aristocracy. Based on the lives of the Russian and French families who owned, among other treasures, a coronet and a silver whip.

The Franco-Russian Alliance. *By William Leonard Langer. Harvard.* An academic study.

Red Cavalry. *By Isaac Babel. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.50. These experiences of a Bolshevist with Budyenny's Cossacks were published in Russia under the title Konarmia, which in English means "horse play."

Oblomov. *By Ivan Goncharov. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. The Macmillan Co.* $3.00. First published in Russian in 1858, available in English in shortened form, but now published for the first time in English in complete form. A great novel which explains Russian inertia and apathy.

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Michael Angelo and Other Sketches. *By Dmitri Merezkovsky.* The life of Michael Angelo in its most dramatic period—when he was covering the Sistine ceiling with his immortal work.

Peter the Great. *By Georges Oudard. Translated from the French by F. M. Atkinson. Payson and Clarke.* $3.50. Sensational and dramatic at the cost of veracity.

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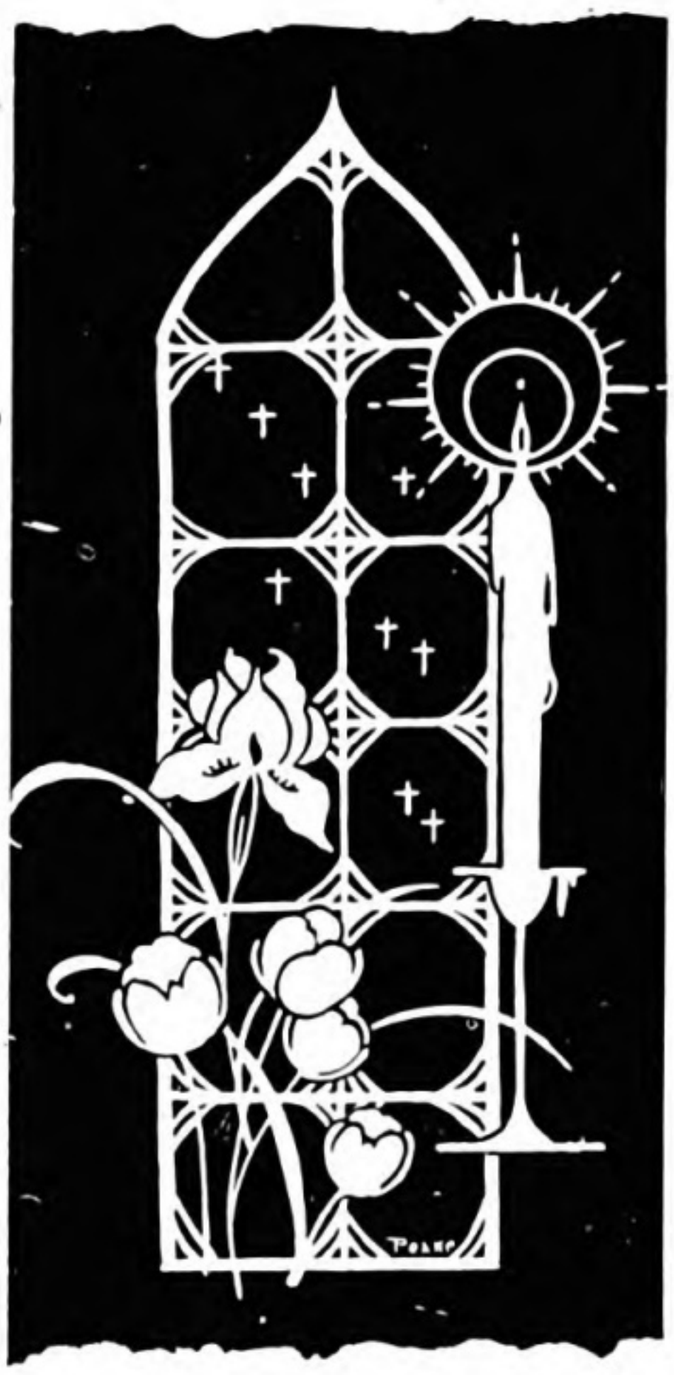
April, 1930

Volume VI **Number 8**

AN EASTER IN MOSCOW*

DONALD A. LOWRIE



IT is the night before Easter, and we have come into the old Cathedral of the Assumption, in the heart of Moscow, for the vigil service. The great, dim-lit room is fragrant with the odor of incense and the burning wax of scores of tapers. The walls are covered, every foot of them, with pictures of the Christian heroes and martyrs of the past. Row on row from every pillar and angle, their gold-haloed faces look down on the crowded worshippers, a sea of heads which fills every corner of the great church. And as you slowly elbow your way among them to face the sanctuary from the foot of a great pillar, the patient, expectant faces of the silent crowd rouse your imagination.

And you think of the crowds which were here last year, and a generation ago, and a century: and back and back to the days when first these walls rose, a score of years before Columbus discovered the New World. And as never before, perhaps, you feel your identity with the Church of all the centuries. The chain is linked with lives of the great and holy men of the past, these frescoed forms which crowd wall and pilaster and dome, and in the dim light, and the magic of the solemn service, they seem almost to live again, and join with the worship of the present throng. The Apostle's

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* From the book *The Light of Russia*, an Introduction to the Russian Church.

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"cloud of witnesses" has become a new reality.

For three days the service has been almost continuous. Yesterday saw the high solemnity of the Entombment, with every worshipper holding a lighted taper, in the church, darkened to commemorate the "darkness" which "was over all the land until the ninth hour," and the pompous setting up of the "Tomb of Christ," in the center of the church. On it was spread the purple velvet pall, embroidered with gold and jewels, and bearing a life-size picture of the dead Saviour. Flowers were brought, and a goldbound copy of the Gospels was laid beside the catafalque. And all night, and all of today, the people have thronged up to kiss the pictured body of the Lord, pierced hands and feet and side, and the holy Book wherein His life is told. There have been the long lines of people waiting for confession; no light save from the hundreds of votive candles, set before various ones of the pictured saints, and in spite of the crowd of worshippers, the great church seems almost silent, with only the hushed sounds to be heard of the coming and going about the Tomb. And the dim stillness, heavy with the odor of incense, calls to mind high thoughts of Life and Death and the meaning of all the great Mystery.

It is ten o'clock. The church is almost dark, with here and there a stray reflection from the great gold and silver ikonostas, where the flicker from some candle strikes. That flash of green fire is the Tsar's emerald in the crown of the Mother of God; most of the tapers are burning before her wonder-working image, set in priceless jewels and banked with roses and narcissus. Some greybeard general has relieved the priest at the reading of the prayers, but aside from that steady drone and the shuffling feet about the Tomb, the church is still. You try to think back to the first Passion week, and to imagine His disciples on that last night, with hearts as empty as the tomb they found the next morning, talking sadly over the final service they could render Him. And you can see them stealing quietly out, in the dim dawn, to carry their spices to the grave. But how that night could ever give rise to such an occasion as this, with the gorgeous temple and the pomp of clergy and the flash of gold and gems—all the magnificent pageantry of Candle and Cowl, is something we find it hard to understand.

Eleven o'clock, and the choir-boys, on one side of the altar in red, and on the other in deep blue, begin to take their places. A procession of priests appears not robed in the black and silver of the past week, but in something approaching the splendor of Easter, and the Winding-Sheet is carried back into the sanctuary, and the church made clear for the following service. One by one, more lights come out and row after row of the great silver chandeliers is kindled. Midnight is near, and suddenly there issues

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from the holy place a brilliant procession of bishops and priests, gold robes and mitres flashing diamonds, preceded by the Life-giving Cross and some richly jewelled pictures. The whole choir follows, more than a hundred boys in blue and crimson; and, all bearing candles, they go out to circle the outside of the Church, in memory of the women who went to the Tomb "while it was yet dark." There is a tense hush all through the crowded aisles, broken only by bursts of song floating in as the procession outside passes one or another of the entrances. It is as if the whole world were breathless on the threshold of some divine, mysterious portent. But I think our attitude, here, again, is different from that of the faithful ones who went to the Tomb the first Easter morning. Theirs was such a hopeless journey: we stand in vivid expectation—we *know* He is to rise, again.

With a swell of music from the choir, the glittering procession enters the great doors, and as he crosses the threshold, the Bishop exclaims "Christ is Risen," and the packed crowd sways to meet him with "He is risen, indeed." Every light in the church is lighted, every bell rings, and priests and people answer each other, many, many times: "Christ is Risen" . . . "He is risen, indeed." And the choir sings it: "Christ is risen from among the dead, trampling down death by death, and upon those in the grave bestowing life." Over and over, with ever changing music, such as only the Orthodox Church has produced, and all the while, the people repeating the salutation of the first Easter morning—"He is risen, indeed."

Then follows the great festival of rejoicing, with the beautiful prayers of adoration, and choral music which is beyond describing, until you have heard it, yourself. Could anything be sweeter than that quartet anthem of boyish voices which floats out from the sanctuary into a sudden hush in the service in the great church? There are long portions of the Gospel, notably the Prologue to John, which is read, with choir responses, in four successive tongues: Greek and Latin, Russian and Slavonic, the language of the Church. The Slavonic is thrice repeated, and all the people join at verses they know by heart, with many repetitions of the Easter greeting. Then much more litany and choral music, moving and wonderful, than which, surely, that of no other Church could be truer worship. To hear these great choirs sing, you would be sure there was an organ accompaniment somewhere, but it is only that the rest of the chorus is sustained and supported by the tremendous Russian bass. It is a great service, and you come home in the glowing dawn of four o'clock in Moscow, with all the countless belfries of her "forty times forty" churches making the air fairly throb with sound. It is Easter morning: the Lord is risen, and all the world rejoices together. Surely it never was like this, before.

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Holy Night in the North

Painting by I. S. Goriushkin-Sorokotoudov

The Day of Resurrection! Let us be illumined, O ye people! The Passover, the Passover of the Lord! From death unto life, and from earth unto heaven hath Christ our God brought us over, singing a song of victory!

—From Russian Service Book.

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Soup of Master John

Fable by Ivan Krylov

*Translated into English Verse by Sir Bernard Pares**

Now do, old fellow, do!
This dish was specially for you."
"No, my dear fellow, no; I'm simply stuffed." "No matter
There's room for just one little platter.
By Gum, one soup like this, it's just a joy to sup!"
"I've had three helpings now." "What, counting every bite?

Why, where's your appetite?
'Twill do you good; so eat it up!
So rich and thick, upon my soul,
It curdles and it strains like amber in the bowl.
Now do, old friend! Just help me out!
Here's perch, and here's some tripe, and here's a piece of trout.

Just half a helping, do!
You ask him, wife; perhaps he will for you."
'Twas thus that Master John did Master Tom entreat,
Nor rest, nor respite gave, still urging him to eat.
You see from Thomas' face the perspiration pour;
Perspire or not perspire, he takes one helping more,
Contrives distaste to smother,
And clears the platter dry. "'Tis you're the lad for me;
With all your squeamish gents I never could agree.
Well done!" cries Master John. "And now you'll have another!"

But here, in sheer dismay,
Though fond enough of soup, old Tom gets up straightway;
Hat, belt and stick
He gathers quick
And runs for home with might and main,
And Master John won't see that friend again.
My author, well for you to own a talent rare;
But if you will not learn in season to forbear
And so your neighbour's ears too seldom spare,—
Be sure your prose and verse, as you go on and on,
Will sicken people more than soup of Master John.

* Reprinted from Fables by Ivan Krylov, by special permission of Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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NATURALIZING THE STOMACH

(Fighting Foes and Fondling Friends in Foods)

TATIANA W. BOLDYREFF

Il faut manger pour vivre, et non pas vivre pour manger.
We must eat to live—but if we eat carelessly we may eat to die.
—*C. Houston Goudiss*.*

THERE exists among the students of Western Reserve University a Cosmopolitan Club which I understand is fostering sybaritic and epicurean inclinations through the encouragement of various foreign delicatessen. I am not initiated into the chief aim of this institution but I fancy they can gather much instructive material for a treatise on comparative cookery.

Since we are physiological organisms, why should we not discuss food and digestion? Matters of bodily reactions in health and disease are very delicate, even though they are facts and not fancies; but I have no naturalistic vein and am a bit precieuse into the bargain; the reader, thus, is in no danger of being shocked by a too frank approach to the subject.

Many have a certain reserve when it comes to eating á la what-one-is-not-used-to, and parenthetically said, this is not just a matter of idiosyncrasies alone, but this reserve is a refined development of the natural instinct of self-protection. Imagine yourself at a formal banquet in a strange land, say Ethiopia, where the menu is a perfect mystery to you. Would you not experience a most trying suspense between the courses? Somewhat of a similar suspense we Russians feel on landing in the U. S.; only here we imagine ourselves face to face with the latest inventions which we are often reluctant to try: we are diet-shy. Perhaps this is the general psychological attitude of being slow in "taking to" the unusual?

Curious controversies may arise and I think interesting topics for intercollegiate debates may be gleaned, such as whether we should serve desserts first or last; dip our bananas in mustard, pour milk in our tea, or eat our berries with cream and our melons and watermelons with a grain of salt? The truth seekers may nearly come to blows, yet the solution would ever elude them, for it has been said that one man's food is another man's poison.

Perhaps no other nation is as fond of, and as reluctant in giving up, the national food as the Russians are, but this should

* Eating Vitamines. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1923.

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not necessarily be interpreted as an indication of a trait contributory to an exalted patriotism, or should it?

Russia knows no Chinese restaurants and chop suey, luckily for China and the reputation of Chinese chefs, for no Chinese restaurant could stand the rivalry of a Russian inn: it's the recipe that counts! On the other hand, Russia is not looking for outlandish repasts; she is appreciative of her own wealth.

Now, it would be sheer ingratitude and bad breeding to insinuate that American food is bad. As a matter of fact Americans are most enthusiastic about Russian cuisine, and so are Russians too . . . .

But, says Dr. J. H. Kellogg, an authority in matters of diet and nutrition, in his recent article of significant title "Food and Funerals"*—being a study in the statistics of deathrate traced to the nutritional defect: "the great slaughterer who destroys several times more lives than murderers, automobiles and a dozen other of the great killing agencies, is the *American cook*," for, let us add, she knows not what she is doing!

Textbooks in nutrition give data showing that "observations of school children by physicians have shown that approximately one third of the children of the U. S. are suffering from malnutrition."

Perhaps owing to the influence of this machine age and the pressure of over-occupation in the strenuous American life and the unfortunate hurry habit, the housewife has forsaken the golden rules of the old-time simple cookery and lets herself be drifted along experimenting in the dietetic chemistry or alchemy, blindfolded, mixing up, concocting, combining unawares new elements which may prove to be poisonous? We hope not!

It was ever my belief that old-fashioned cooking was safer. I was not here, however, at the time of the Mayflower period, my Americanization being somewhat of a more recent date: I am thus not quite in a position to compare the modern and older American cooking.

The Russian cuisine, which is one of the most conservative of all Russian institutions, if I dare say so, is an age-old art or industry and it is based on very simple dietetic principles: the food values taken as the original capital, the foods are prepared in a mode which makes cooking bring interest to the nutritional value of the meal. Do not ask me for the secret; it is not mine to be given away, not being a *cordon bleu*, and were I one of these geniuses, would I be expected or trusted to give away such a delicious secret?

Of course, it must be kept in mind that Russia is a country of tremendous natural resources.

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* Good Health, Feb., 1930, Vol. LXV., No. 2.

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Russian diet is simple and yet varied. There is a popular phrase: *tshi da kasha, pitsha nasha*—cabbage soup and cereal gruel, our daily food.

Let us make a review of the Russian food products in skeleton.*

Flesh is not outbalancing vegetables, besides about fifty per cent of meat is fish-meat (which is more easily digested); flesh is entirely banned during several lengthy Lenten periods yearly, especially the seven weeks before Easter; there is a variety of vegetables and cereals extending on the method of cooking and the combination of foodstuffs; there is a large percentage of fruit, greens, berries and mushrooms; Russia is favored with a richer and more varied crop of berries, fruits and vegetables, than any other country, even though she knows no bananas and grapefruits and pineapples are rare: she has a larger variety of domestic apples, pears, cherries, et cetera and a greater variety of home-grown nuts, not to mention sunflower and pumpkin seeds and poppyseed bars; there is a variety in bread flour and baking; yeast, not baking powder, is used; rye is the staple bread; a number of vegetable oils are used in cooking; there is an abundance of sea and fresh water fish, and fish-roe and caviar; one should not forget the wealth of grain cereals like buckwheat, barley, millet, oat, used in flour and gruel; there are more combinations and modes of serving milk and milk products; there is a better cultivation and a greater consumption of honey. One notices absence of the factory canned and pickled foods. These are substituted by salting, drying, preserving, home pickling, such as sauer-kraut, salted and pickled mushrooms, dried vegetables, fruits, and berries, home-made marmalades, water-cured fruits and berries, et cetera, all mysteries to the greater part of the rest of the world.

I cannot think of a typical American dish or food. Perhaps, it is corn; now I do not mean popcorn. The doughnut might answer the qualifications, but I am beginning to think it is the Esquimo pie! My American friends failed to provide me with information in this regard.

The average American cooking tends to be so standardized, catalogued, labelized, that it becomes rather a mechanical process than an artistic etude. The chain stores of lunch stands, dinner counters, with their shopmade pies, hot dog and pickle sandwiches and ketchup sauces are familiar to us all, although preferably not patronized. As a matter of fact America is the country

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* For details refer to the standard cookbooks as that by Helen Molohovetz in which the author keeps the promise she makes in the title: A Gift to Young Housewives, or a Means of Cutting the Family Budget. Latest edition: O. D. Strok. Riga. 1927. I know of no translations.

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of the least home-cooking, which is much to her disadvantage. Not that there is not much fine home-cooking in America, but there is not enough of it.

American boarding does not agree with Russians independently from the fact that we do not at once develop the skill of the "boarding house reach," which is one of the important points in the delicate technique of boarding.

It is a tragic discovery and perhaps a very treacherous one, to find oneself a naturalized American and yet gastronomically still a Russian, thus not in a position to stomach the American food.

Let's prepare a little digest of this problem.

Naturalize your stomach! Unable to trust yourself to the intuition of the Russian cooks, believe in the learning of the American ones and live in accordance with the *natural* laws of dietetics!

If the American tendency is to sin in the kind of the right food at the right time, the Russian errs in the measure and though he gets away with it on the native soil, he is likely to get in trouble here before properly acclimatized.

It has been said that one could depend on one's instinctive subconscious sense of what one needs—on one's own appetite. Dr. A. Lorand* says: "sensible animals do not eat more than they require." But we know that the broad-natured Russians are anything but sensible; they do things on a large scale, are freakish and temperamental.

The grandpa Kryloff, himself an incorrigible *enfant terrible* in matters of food, portrays in his much-famed fable *Demianova* (Demian's Soup) the exaggerated sense of hospitality which is characteristically Russian. We meet with it again in literature, for instance, in Gogol's *Starosvetskie Pomyeshtshiki* (The Landowners of Old Days), who were known for their hospitality and who overdid themselves, often eating just to kill time, and then tried to correct things by eating more, probably in the belief that "diamond cuts diamond."

"As a man eateth, so is he." Says O. S. Marden: "There are tens of thousands of people who are almost successful, who have almost done the things they started out to do, but who cannot get any farther because their health has broken down; or it may be, because of some physical weakness or diseased organs, due often to *eating wrong things through ignorance*, when scientific food and scientific living would not only have carried them

* Health and Longevity Through Rational Diet. F. A. Davis Co., Phila. 1913.

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to the goal, but would also have brought them there in superb condition."*

Here are some plain facts to be borne in mind, although the stomach would be a more suitable receptacle.

Food is fuel which burns our home fires and keeps things going. Get proper amount of calories, which are units of energy. Develop and practice moderation and regularity and vary the daily bill of fare, which should be balanced in proportion to the expenditure of energy—work. There should be no foul play in eating; the game must be played in good humor and the teeth should be allowed to do their share of exercise. Moderation and regularity are the secrets of keeping fit. Economy in food is dangerous, it is a "fatal frugality;" high seasonings and all stimulants should be avoided as dope. Proteins, fats and carbohydrates, seasoned with their mineral salts are nothing without the important though retiring elements of which little is known up to date, save that the family is steadily growing; their incognito has not yet been fully disclosed but they go under the stage name of Vitamines. Perhaps some day the English alphabet would be found deficient to designate all the various members of this fast growing family. Vitamines are chiefly found in fresh fruit and vegetables and greens and they are on guard in maintaining the proper harmony of the bodily chemical processes of metabolism. From Vitamines we derive our vitality, vigor, vivacity, vim. So look for Vitamines** in your victuals: Your vitals need them, for they are like the "Living Water" in the Russian fairy tales, or, in the current American phrase, the source of "IT."

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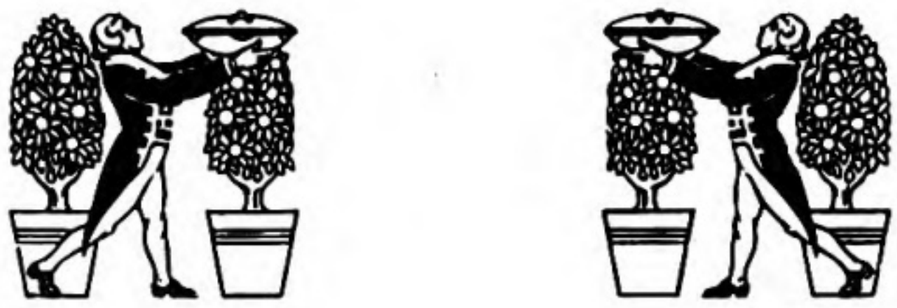
* Keeping Fit. Thos. Y. Crowell Co., New York, 1914.

** A mine of information is J. H. Kellogg's book The New Dietetics. The Modern Medicine Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Revised Ed. 1927; a new edition is now in progress of preparation.
One finds an alphabetically arranged list of food-stuffs containing Vitamines in C. H. Goudiss: Eating Vitamines, in the Chapter on Who's Where in Vitamines.



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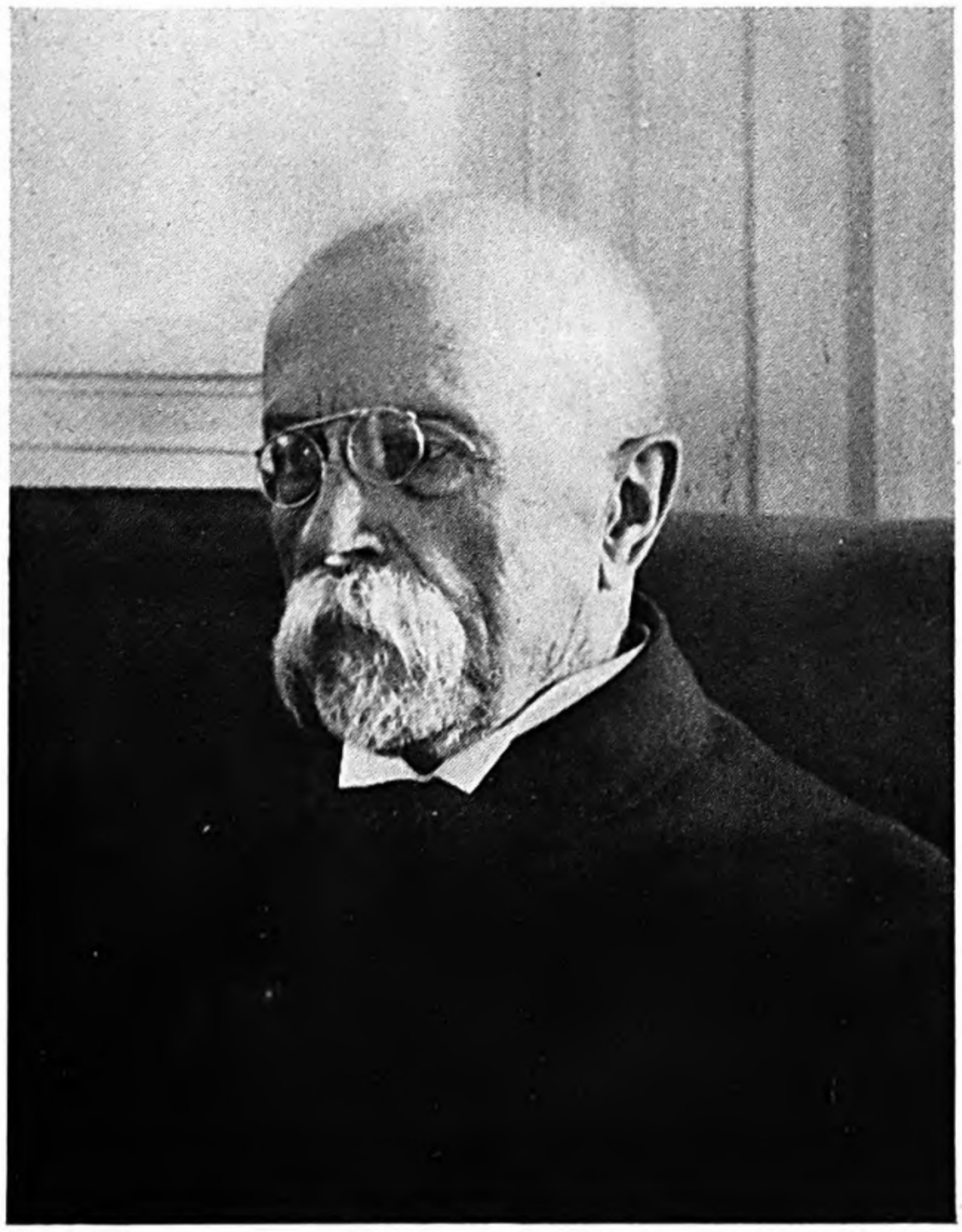
A Unique Bit of History



THOMAS G. MASARYK
President of Czechoslovakia

THE young Republic of Czechoslovakia has just recently celebrated the eightieth birthday of its first president, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk.

This man's sincerity and courage have commanded the respect of the leaders of the world and Americans of many ancestries have honored him and are grateful for this modern hero. His story "The Making of a State" is indeed a fascinating romance. His history of Russian thought "The Spirit of Russia" should be read by everyone interested in Russians.

President Masaryk is perhaps more intimately connected with the United States and is better informed on American life and thought than any other prominent European, but it is the unique service of his Republic to Russian refugee students and professors that chiefly concerns us here.

Many Russian readers of *The Russian Student* came to this country via Prague and can give first-hand accounts of how Prague became the most important center of Russian education, culture, and science. There is, we believe, no other example in history of one brother nation helping another on such a huge scale.

During 1920 and 1921 approximately 20,000 Russian refugees, in the greatest need and most hopeless misery, poured into Czechoslovakia. Some say 5,000, some say 6,000 of these were students and others say that many of them walked from Constantinople because they heard that board, room, clothes, books, and everything necessary for a modest life would be

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granted to them there and they would be permitted to continue their studies in their own language. It was the promise of a return to the life of a human being. In Prague alone it has been estimated that between three and four thousand young Russian students were supported by the Czech government.

Through the Ministry of Foreign Affairs a Council of Russian Professors was formed. This Council, under the presidency of Prof. A. S. Lomshakoff, included over seventy professors. Russian courses were organized and correlated with the corresponding Czech courses. On the initiative of the late Prof. P. I. Nowgorodzeff, a distinguished authority on Russian law, the Russian School of Law was founded in 1922 and incorporated as a department of the Czech Charles University of Prague.

Over 600 students and 100 professors of the Russian women's gymnasium, of the "Union des villes russes," were transferred from Constantinople; primary schools for Russian children were created; about 1,000 peasants and Cossacks were helped to graduate from agricultural institutions, et cetera, et cetera.

Other cultural activities were subsidized by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs especially the Moscow Art Theatre, and after its departure a special Russian Theatre. There were special organizations to support Russian writers and poet; special sums for the publication of Russian scientific books were appropriated. In Prague resides the organization which unites all the learned and scientific forces of the Russian emigration.

Russian students in the United States do not recall with any degree of accuracy or uniformity the amounts given them but they all say and with emphasis, "It was enough." Some of the professors who could not find positions were given as much as $75.00 a month by the government.

A Russian student in an American college, who is personally acquainted with President Masaryk, speaks of his magic personality and lofty character and that he possesses "special insight and understanding not given to ordinary men." The son of a Slovak teamster could not become in succession a blacksmith's apprentice, a college professor, the preacher, proclaimer and ruler of a new nation, without that vast amount of human understanding so essential in directing the pathway of a country and in recognizing the struggles of men from a stricken land.

L. J.

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Color Photography

Leo Nasarevich

ALL of us are more or less acquainted with the art of photography and perhaps many of us can even develop, print and tone ordinary black and white pictures, but those who did not watch recent developments in this art probably do not realize the wonders offered to amateurs by the latest color plates.

The idea of color photography is not new. Lippman experimented and produced the first color pictures almost a century ago, but his process was based on interference of light rays, very hard to perform and was only of theoretical interest.

The present color photography is really a tri-color process combined in one plate. It is based upon the theory that all the colors in nature are formed by a combination of the three primary colors—yellow, blue and magenta. Although it is not exactly true the discrepancy is so small that it may be disregarded for practical purposes.

The first photographic plate was made by spreading silver salt emulsion in gelatine on the glass and drying it in a dark room. After exposure and chemical treatment the silver was reduced to a metallic state and its finely divided black particles formed the image. Such a plate was only sensitive to violet, some of the blue and green and insensitive to the rest of the visible spectrum. By continuous experimenting it was found that washing the plates in certain dyes (eosine, pinacyanol, et cetera) extends the sensitiveness to red light, producing the so-called orthochromatic plate, and finally it was possible to produce "panchromatic" plate, i.e. the plate sensitive to all the colors of the visible spectrum.

Suppose now that we expose such a panchromatic plate in the ordinary camera by taking a picture of a colored object, say a flower, holding a red glass in front of the camera lens. Red glass transmits only the red rays, absorbing all the others and therefore only the red parts of the flower will be recorded on the plate. If now without moving the camera we expose two other plates through blue and yellow glasses, we shall have all parts of the picture separated into three colors and recorded on three plates. If these plates after development and reversal are projected on the same screen through their respective color filters so that the images superimpose, we shall get the original picture in its full and natural colors.

This is the basic idea of color separation and it is used in different modifications in different countries for reproduction

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of paintings and color photography. Of course the three plate color process offered so much difficulty to the average amateur that it could not be used until about 1904. Lumiere patented his process in which he combined the three plates into one. Many other one plate processes were produced since then (Duffay, Thames, Paget, Dioptichrome) but they all were based on the same principle and did not meet with much success. Lumiere's autochromes predominated on the market until a few months ago a more sensitive and much faster agfa plate was introduced.

It is known that if screens of small dots of different colors are printed on white so that the dots do not superimpose, the resultant effect will be the product of the colors, i.e. yellow and blue dots will show green. The wonderful one plate color process is based upon this principle. In other words the sensitive emulsion on such a plate is entirely covered with many millions of minute dot-like filters of three colors. They are mixed in such proportion that no color is predominating, but when after exposure and development the reduced silver is washed out "from under" the dot-like filters, the red parts of the picture are washed from under the red dots, blue from under blue and so forth.

If we now examine such a plate by transmitted light, we shall find that all the images appear in their original colors! No special camera is required for this kind of work and the development is quite simple, too. Although there are still some technical imperfections (the main one is the impossibility to obtain colored prints on paper) the results are really wonderful.

And the experimenting goes on. Some papers for producing color prints have already been prepared. They were a failure for they could not be fixed, but they will be perfected and it seems the time is near when black and white photography will be only used for special purposes and the public will take all their pictures in natural colors.

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When the Russian Reads

Brief Reviews by Alexis P. Gaidash

Michael Angelo and other sketches, by Dmitri Merezhkovsky

MEREZHKOVSKY'S biography of Michael Angelo exceeds anything written in the new biographical method. The author interweaves the story of the life of the famous painter, sculptor and engineer with the exact setting of the life of Christian society of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries B.C. The author gives sharply to reality the psychology of the creation of immortal things, and he gives us the enigma, the life of a genius, uncovered to the deepest depths of the emotions ruling him.

The tragic and alluring love affair of a great man makes the story very sad; together with the cruelty of life of that time the author gives the impulses of the creative genius of the Italian people.

The reader will find in the book a great deal of philosophy of religion, psychology of religious mysticism, and naiveté born out of the life of these centuries in the consciousness of the best educated modern mind.

The translation is by Natalie Duddington. It bears evidences of the simplicity of Russian prose, with its direct method of explanation, combined with exceedingly well chosen words and shades of meaning of the English language.

Myself and the Theatre

By Theodore Komisarjevsky,

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, $3.75

Non so d'onde viene.
quel tenero affetto . . . .

THIS book is a story of life in connection with art or a story of art embodied in the life of a man who did much for the enrichment of the pure art of acting for the pleasure of people.

Theodore Komisarjevsky, a producer, who worked in the theatres patronized by the state, and who, volens nolens, had to produce and work in the atmosphere of the commercial theatre, has written the story of his inner drama of adapting himself to the requirements of the public, and of an attempt to give the public the best of what he thought would satisfy them, as a result of his broad experience.

Throughout the whole book there is discussed the important question of the relationship between the producer and a company

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of artists; the eternal question of individuality and ensemble work is ably touched upon; the author gives psychological explanations which direct an actor, a star, and which are in favor of a modern movement toward a stock company. In this connection he treats in the wrong way the inner structure of the Moscow Art Theatre.

The highest expression of theatrical art is the opera. Komisarjevsky finds that there are few real operas—those which really give an artistic combination of acting, singing, and orchestral music—combination of rhythm with other features of the opera.

The dynamic décor of the Synthetic Theatre should be in harmony with the music and with the performance of the ensemble; even in the production of a play without music the rhythm of the stage action should reflect itself in the surroundings. This is the dynamic décor, (which is the opposite of the usual static performance), reached by a combination of colors and effects of light and shade, while preserving and improving combinations of sounds and movements, not only of the actors, but the harmony of the play. In such a way, the better it is done, the more definite is the psychic effect on the spectators.

The French School of the Synthetic Theatre believes in the acting of individual actors, who by a single movement, a gesture, may give an intrinsic understanding of the whole epoch or of some phase of life. But the Modern Russian Synthetic School, believes mainly in the harmony of acting, the play, surroundings, et cetera and in not what the spectator should see, but what he is given to understand by the concealed psychical effect of the play as a whole.

Komisarjevsky belongs to the so-called imaginative movement in the theatre. His experience in England, France, Italy, and in the United States where he directed several plays for the Theatre Guild, was connected mainly with the theatres of that movement which is quite new and which in his opinion will always need patronage of the state or municipality. He is of the opinion that the commercial type of theatre is a menace to theatrical art; he believes in the renaissance of art through the medium of amateur or theatrical ensembles supported by an institution.

Usually, every theatre, which in the highest sense is always international and in details national as for instance the Shakesperian Theatres in England and the Moscow Art Theatre needs an audience trained in long-run-performances. This, after all, is the final criterion of theatrical performances.

Komisarjevsky worked with the Russian producers Taïrov, Vachtangov, Evreïnov, Diaghileff, and others, who together with

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him developed three dimensional cubistic sets and constructions with three dimensional measurements. Komisarjevsky introduced into the stage settings ladders combined at present with platforms, balconies and almost cubistic arrangement of scenery, use of lighting as dynamic force, et cetera.

The story of the latest development of stage settings begins with the twentieth century; in ancient times and until comparatively recently the place for acting was the so-called proscenium, i.e. the front of the stage; then appeared the third measurement, i.e. the width of the stage (second plan) and correspondingly the arrangement of the movement of the play has changed, the last feature, the back fan, the bound, was torn and now life appeared also there; it was applied in all forms of theatrical art: in opera, in drama proper, in comedy and in musical plays.

"No one can really love or hate what he knows nothing about, especially in the arts," said Leonardo da Vinci—*nessuna cosi si puo amare ne odiare se prima non si ha cognition di quella.* Before he became a producer, Komisarjevsky, as any impressario, must have had knowledge of literature, sculpture, painting, architecture, and music.

THE DEMON*

M. Y. LERMONTOV

An extract from Lermontov's Poem, translated by Lionel M. Summers.

IN THE oceans of the spaces
Without rudder, without spars,
Through the fog, with all their graces
Float the many lustrous stars.

Through the plains without an ending,
Without trace throughout the sky,
The elusive clouds are wending
As in fleecy groups they fly.

Time of parting, time of meeting
Neither brings them woe nor gladness.
For the future have no greeting,
For the past they have no sadness.

In the time of piercing woe,
O, remember them that day.
All terrestrial do not know,
And be carefree in their way.

* This poem was made the basis of an opera for which the music was composed by Anton Rubenstein.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

The Easter Supper After the Midnight Service

KOOLICH—A Sweet Bread

3½ cups of milk
7 cups of flour
2½ yeast cakes
10 eggs
2 cups of sugar
1½ lbs. unsalted butter
½ lb. of ground or cut almonds
¼ lb. of Sultana Raisins
One Lemon Skin

Make a dough of the milk, flour, and the yeast dissolved in warm water. Put in a warm place to rise. When the dough has risen, put in the other ingredients. If necessary some warm water may be added, so that the dough will not be too tough. Knead the dough for an hour and a half or even longer. Some Russian housewives say five or six hours.

Cover the dough and put in a warm place to rise again. Divide it into a number of pieces and put in special forms which have been lined with buttered paper. These forms look like pipes which are about six inches in diameter and are twelve to fifteen inches in height. Any tall cylindrically shaped vessel may be used. Fill the form half full of dough, let the dough rise to three-fourths its size and then cover the top with the white of an egg whipped. Bake in the oven.

PASKHA*

5 lbs. cottage cheese (must be absolutely fresh) or cream cheese
1 lb. of unsalted butter
4 yolks of eggs
1 teaspoon of salt
2 cups of sugar or more depending upon taste
2½ cups of sweet almonds cut lengthwise
1 cup of cut up dried, candied fruits (lemon peels, orange peels, melon peels)
1 vanilla stick (better than vanilla extract)
1 cup of light (yellow currants)

Put the cheese under a press for the night—that is, it must be placed in some way so as to press all the water out. The next morning rub the cheese and the butter, separately, through a sieve. Mix the cheese, the butter and yolks of eggs, salt, sugar, and the rest of the ingredients together and put in a form with a hole in it. The Russians have special wooden forms but an earthen pot for flowers may be used. Put something heavy on the top, let the extra juice come out through the hole. Keep in a cool place.

BABA—Dessert

1 cup of flour
½ cake of yeast
¼ cup of sugar
¼ lb. of seedless raisins
3 eggs
1 ounce of currants
½ ounce of citron
¾ cup of butter

(*Continued on page 23*)

* *Koolich*, *Paskha*, and the Colored Easter eggs are taken to the church to be blessed by the priest.

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Two Songs From Pushkin's Evgeni Onegin

Lenski's Song

Translated by Elena Y. Mitcoff

THE dawn will come, and every cloud
The sun's bright rays will swiftly banish,
But I perchance in a cold shroud
From life eternally shall vanish;
The mem'ry of the youthful singer
For one brief summer yet may linger,
The world I know will soon forget,
But will you weep in true regret
Beloved, for my untimely doom,
And whisper thus, "He loved me only,
He gave his life, pathetic, lonely
To earth and death's eternal gloom?"
O tender friend, O friend so dear,
Come, come, and soothe thy lover's fear.

Tatiana to Onegin

FOR me, Onegin, all this chill
Of wealth and pomp are only trifles,
The high position that I fill
To me is empty, cold, it stifles.
What is it for? I would with gladness
Throw all away, this dazzling madness,
This glamour, laughter, noise and heat,
For my old books, the rustic seat
Of our old garden's leafy screen,
Those other spots, that fated place
Where first I met you face to face,
And for that churchyard's shade serene
Where on a cross soft vines still creep
Where my nurse lies in lasting sleep.

---

* The music for the opera *Evgeni Onegin* was composed by Tchaikovsky.

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SMATTER

"THE only way," writes an engineering student from California, "to study well and to learn both American university customs and language is to live in a university dormitory with American students. Too many Russian students go through an American university and never really become a part of its life or learn to know intimately its students. I have my balalaika, and my Cossack dance is frequently applauded. One student who particularly liked the melody of *Stenka Razin* asked for the words and wrote a term paper for his English course which met with much approval in his class. Many times more serious discussions of Russian life come up and I feel that some of the students no longer hold their former naive opinions about us.

A Pittsburgh student says that he has noticed that many Americans follow the old Russian custom—"When destiny smiles upon you, smile; when she frowns wait." That's an idea! "Maybe such an affinity," he goes on to say, "is explained by some mutual trait of character. I don't know; I wish I'd some day find out." So do we.

A graduate with twinkles in his eyes and seriousness in his chin confessed a tragedy, we thought. He has no friends among the Russians. "Last night I talked four hours to an American and found that our interests were much the same." This doesn't prove a thing, only that some human beings can't be intimate with certain other human beings. In friendship nationality doesn't always matter, even though one might quite naturally expect that it should.

The editor is in receipt of the following letter:

"We always understood that the aim of *The Russian Student* was to promote mutual understanding between Americans and Russians, as well as friendly relations among them. Having this in mind and for this purpose we have recommended this magazine to our friends.

"Therefore, we cannot help protesting the publishing in such a magazine an article of the kind as is the *Smatter* column in the February issue. We are in sincerest hope that the author did not mean to generalize the individual cases described therein. But we are afraid that the American readers might misjudge and accept these individual shortcomings as characteristic of the Russian Nation. Please accept our sincerest respect."

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SMATTER

We turned back to the February *Smatter* and muttered,

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

We thought it was quite clear that we weren't generalizing. We are sorry if the February or any *Smatter* has been unpleasant. It is ever fartherest from our thoughts to attempt to characterize the Russian Nation. We were only picking out, too vociferously we grant, a few very bad traits of some (but not all) Americans—traits that a few (we didn't say all or even many) individual Russians unwisely appeared to adopt as their own—traits which cultivated and discriminating Americans dislike in other Americans as well as in Russians. These habits, we should like to add, do not detract from our own personal admiration of Russians in general. We are quite willing and eager to overlook such things even in individual cases, although we do refuse to have much to do with Americans who have the same characteristics.

We consider the American readers of this magazine (as well as the Russians for that matter) to be wise enough and discriminating enough to know that the crude manners painted in the February *Smatter* were not characteristic of all Russians in the United States nor of all Americans in the United States and we supposed that they would recognize that column, if they took it seriously at all, as a warning and a help to Russians in adopting American habits and also as a warning to Americans who have criticised foreigners for the same faults which some Americans have themselves.

We ought long since to have found out that we aren't miraculously endowed with the ability to tell people where to get off and have them accept it cheerfully, and we admit that we foolishly stepped in where angels fear to tread. We're sorry!

By the time this reaches most of you, it will be the Easter season. Russian and American Easter hit the same time this year. It isn't necessary for us to point out, or is it, that at Easter the Russians kiss even their enemies thrice and forgive everything, including their friend's shortcomings.

So, *Christos Voskrese.*

—deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

Because of the popularity of the Easter cover last year, we are repeating it. It represents a mediavel Easter procession as it starts its way around the church on Easter Eve just before midnight. When the procession reenters the church, singing *Christos Voskrese* (Christ is Risen) the worshippers respond with *Voistinu Voskrese* (He is Risen Indeed).

▲

In 1916-1917, Donald A. Lowrie served with the prisoners of war in Siberia and later was Y.M.C.A. secretary in Odessa, Moscow and with the Allied Armies in the Archangel District. Since 1920 he has been actively associated with Russian refugee student groups in Esthonia, Berlin and Czechoslovakia. His book on Thomas Masaryk has just been published. Mr. Lowrie is at present in Geneva with the World's Student Christian Federation.

▲

Sir Bernard Pares is Professor of Slavonic Languages and Literature at the University of London. Of the fable published in this number, he writes: "'Soup of Master John' is said to have been read for the first time at the close of a literary evening which, in spite of the presence of several well known men of letters, had been spoilt by the vanity of one writer, who had taken up all the time by reading his own latest work; Krylov, on being asked if he has any new fable with him, produces this drastic commentary."

▲

Tatiana W. Boldvreff came to the United States in 1922 after spending two years in Japan. She is a graduate of Western Reserve University (A.B. '23) and of Battle Creek College (A.M. '27). Miss Boldvreff has taught modern languages at Battle Creek College and at Pennsylvania College for Women and has written articles for the *French Review* and *Hispania*. At present she is connected with the Pavlov Physiological Institute at Battle Creek Sanitarium.

▲

Leo Nasarevich, a graduate of Pratt Institute ('28) is employed by the Hearst Publications. As a chemist he has had interesting experience with color photography of which he writes.

▲

Lionel M. Summers says that he knows Russian because his mother is Russian and he has been in Russia several times, the last time in 1918 when his father Maddin Summers was American Consul General to Moscow. Mr. Summers, a Princeton graduate of the Class of 1927, will complete his law course at George Washington University in June.

▲

Elena Y. Mitcoff is a native of what used to be known as St. Petersburg, Russia and came to the U.S.A. before the War. Miss Mitcoff, a graduate of the College of the City of Detroit is doing graduate work in Social Service administration at the University of Chicago. In 1929, The Viking Press published Miss Mitcoff's *Petroushka*, a puppet play, in the book, *A Repertory of Marionette Plays*.

▲

We regret that Prof. Fovitsky's article on Russian poetry was received too late for publication in this issue. This series will be resumed in May.

Erratum

Through error in the last issue the birthplace of George Grebenstchikoff was given as Churaevka. This village existed only in his novel *Churaevs* and in Connecticut where he has organized a cultural colony.

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Dining a la Russe

(*Continued from Page 18*)

Put one-half a cup of flour on the table, make a hollow in the flour and place in it the yeast, moisten with a little milk so as to form a paste. This dough-like mass is then placed in a pan and left in a warm place. Then take more flour, and make a hollow in the center, in which put the sugar, butter, and eggs. This is mixed together with the hands.

Mix together the currants, raisins and citron cut in small pieces; these are added to the paste. Fill with the paste a butter mould or any large, round mould, to a third of its height and put it in the oven for about three-quarters of an hour. To test when it is done, stick the point of a knife into the *Baba*. If it is done the knife blade will be dry. When done, turn out of the mould, pour over it two glasses of wine (if the country is dry, this should of course be omitted) and sprinkle a little sugar on top.

Colored Easter eggs, baked Virginia ham, boulogna, and fishery products with special sauces are also served with Easter supper. KOOLICH, *PASKHA*, et cetera may be bought from John Denissoff, No. 489 Fifth Avenue, New York (Telephone, Harlem 5473) and from Eagle Provision Corporation, 198 Lenox Avenue (Telephone, Harlem 2077). It is advisable to order the bakery products several days in advance. Fishery products may be obtained at these stores and at the Russian Merchandise Stores, 178 Second Avenue (Telephone, Stuyvesant 0438).

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

A Song About Tsar Ivan Basilyevitch. *By M. Y. Lermontov. Aquila. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos.*

The Eastern Orthodox Church. *By Stefan Zankov. Translated and edited by Donald A. Lowrie, with foreword by John R. Mott. Morehouse Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $2.25.

As an encouraging index of the standards of literary taste in America, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., has published a series of sixty-two classics, known as the Borzoi Pocket Books, at one dollar a volume. The Russians in this series are represented as follows:

N. V. Gogol—*Taras Bulba*
Maxim Gorky—*Chelkash*
L. Andreyev—*The Little Angel*
M. Y. Lermontov—*A Hero of Our Time*
Ivan Bunin—*The Gentleman from San Francisco*

In the Modern Library at ninety-five cents a volume we find:

Dostoyevsky—*The Brothers Karamazov*
Merezhkovsky—*The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci.*
Andreyev—*The Seven That Were Hanged, and the Red Laugh.*
Best Russian Short Stories, *Including stories by Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Gorky, Tchekov, Tolstoy, etc.*
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Tchekov—*Rothschild's Fiddle. The Plays of Tchekov.*
Tolstoy—*Redemption and Other Plays. Anna Karenina. The Death of Ivan Ilyitch and Other Stories.*
Turgenev—*Fathers and Sons. Smoke.*

Humanity Uprooted. *By Maurice Hindus, illustrated by Arthur Hawkins, Jr., with an introduction by John Dewey. New York. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* $3.50.

A study of present day Russia.

Russian Folk-Songs. *Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford, with an introduction by Boris Brasol. G. Schirmer.* $1.00.

The music with both Russian and English words are given.

The Background of the Russian Revolution. *By Alexander Meyendorff. Henry Holt.* $2.50.

An interpretation of historic processes and conditions that culminated in the revolution by a former vice-president of the Russian Duma. Given as Colver lectures at Brown University in 1928.

Tolstoy; The Inconstant Genius. *By Alexander L. Nazaroff. Frederick A. Stokes Company.* $5.00. An entirely satisfactory biography of one of the greatest leaders of the world. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, January 1930.

Nearing the End in Imperial Russia. *By George T. Marye. Dorrance.* $4.00

The contemporary notes and impressions of the American ambassador to Russia from 1914 to 1916.

For reviews of histories of Russia see *The Russian Student*, September—George Vernadsky's "A History of Russia" (Yale, $4.00) and in the October issue, Platonov's "History of Russia." (Macmillan $2.00).

The Letters of the Tsar to the Tsaritsa, 1914-1917. *Translated by A. L. Hynes from the official edition of the Romanov Correspondence. Edited by C. E. Vulliamy. Introduction by C. T. Hagberg Wright, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $5.00.

The Life of Napoleon. *By Dmitri Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by Catherine Zvegintzov. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.50.

A biography of the Corsican by a famous Russian author.

Religion in Soviet Russia. *By the Rev. William C. Emhardt. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $4.00. A study of religious conditions in Russia from the Revolution to the present day.

The Eastern Church in the Western World. *By Emhardt, Burgess and Lau. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $1.25. A study of the religious life of the ancient Eastern Churches especially as represented by their adherents in the United States.

The Love of Jeanne Ney. *By Ilya Ehrenbourg. Doubleday Doran.* $2.50. The love story of Jeanne and Andrew against a background of Soviet Russia and Paris.

Coronet. *By Manuel Komroff. Coward-McCann.* $3.00. A novel of four centuries of aristocracy. Based on the lives of the Russian and French families who owned, among other treasures, a coronet and a silver whip.

The Franco-Russian Alliance. *By William Leonard Langer. Harvard.* An academic study.

Red Cavalry. *By Isaac Babel. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.50. These experiences of a Bolshevist with Budyenny's Cossacks were published in Russia under the title Konarmia, which in English means "horse play."

Oblomov. *By Ivan Goncharov. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. The Macmillan Co.* $3.00. First published in Russian in 1858, available in English in shortened form, but now published for the first time in English in complete form. A great novel which explains Russian inertia and apathy.

Myself and the Theatre. *By Theodore Komisarcjevsky. Profusely illustrated with photographs. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.75.

Michael Angelo and Other Sketches. *By Dmitri Merezkovsky. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.00. The life of Michael Angelo in its most dramatic period—when he was covering the Sistine ceiling with his immortal work.

Peter the Great. *By Georges Oudard. Translated from the French by F. M. Atkinson. Payson and Clarke.* $3.50. Sensational and dramatic at the cost of veracity.

Peter the Great. *By Stephen Graham. Simon & Shuster.*

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Yama the Pit. *By Alexandre Kuprin. Translated by Bernard Guilbert Guerney.*

A depressing novel dealing with the sordidness and wastefulness of vice which makes one blush at times.

The Two Frontiers: *A Study in Historical Psychology. By John Gould Fletcher. Coward-McCann, Inc.* $3.00. A study of the civilizations of Russia and America.

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Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 450 men and women, of whom 94 are still studying, have been advanced over $480,000. Former students have repaid $95,626.94, 59 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,300.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

May, 1930

Volume VI **Number 9**

THE SONG OF OLEG THE WISE*

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

Translation by Elena Y. Mitcoff

While this translation follows the spirit of Pushkin's ballad, it does not preserve the rhythm of the original. It is almost impossible to render a perfect metrical translation of Pushkin's poetry into English.—Editor.

OLEG the Wise has gone forth from the land
To punish the Khazar horde,
Nor hut nor pasture could withstand
His firebrand and sword.

Leading his yeomen in armor and shield
Astride on his charger he crosses the field,
From the depths of the forest so dark and so still
Comes forth an ancient seer
Who served the gods, and by their will
Could see man's future clear;
He pondered and prayed from youth to old age,
And thus the knight addressed the sage:
"Prithee O prophet, by all gods blessed,
My destiny reveal,
How long ere I be laid to rest
By the foe's triumphant steel?
Hide nothing, I crave, tell only things true,
And a gallant steed I'll give to you."

"The magicians dread not lord nor knight,
They need no kingly fee,
Their sooth eternal as the might
Of all the gods that be.
The future's flick'ring in the gloom
Wherein thy fate doth glow and bloom:
Remember my utterance—glory and fame
And victory's blessings await,
Conquest and triumph shall honor thy name,—
Thy shield on Tzargrad's** gate.

* Oleg is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable.
** Tzargrad is the ancient Slav name for Constantinople.

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Land and sea obey thy law,
The enemies marvel in envious awe;
Not ocean's treach'rous storm and strife
When tempest rears its arm,
Nor sling, nor spear, nor fatal knife,
Will ever bring thee harm.
Thou know'st not hurt in war or fray,
An unseen guard protects thy way.
Thy steed no fear of danger knows,
His master's hand he heeds,
Now motionless stands 'neath the shafts of the foes,
Now like an arrow speeds.
He dreads not frost nor winter's sting,
But death to thee thy horse will bring!"

Oleg is startled, and laughter with grief
Upon his visage blends;
A moment's pause, and then the chief
From off his horse descends.
His hand upon the steed he lays
And with the charger fondly plays:
"Farewell, worthy comrade, most matchless and swift,
Fate bids that we must sever,
My heel to thy stirrup I never shall lift,
Farewell, loved friend, forever.
Console thyself howe'er thou may:—
Ho, pages, lead the horse away.
To him the richest trappings bring,
And to my pastures lead,
Give him water from my spring,
And honeyed clover feed."

The henchmen take the horse aside,
Another horse Oleg must ride.

II.

Oleg and his yeomen are feasting with zest,
The goblets clink and glow;—
Their locks are white as mountain crest
Aglittering with snow;
With bygone days their tales are fraught,
And battles they together fought.

"Ah, where is my dauntless," Oleg then did say,
"Where is my noble steed?
Is he still well, and still as gay
And fleetest of his breed?"
"On yonder bank," came the mournful reply,
"In lasting sleep thy horse doth lie."
Mighty Oleg bowed his head as he muttered,
"Divination is naught but lies,
Crafty old hermit, 'twas falsehood thou uttered
Thy prophecy I despise;
I could this day his rider be,
The steed's remains I fain would see."

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Mighty Oleg doth ride forth, in his rank
Are Prince Igor and guests from the feast;
They behold on Dnieper's hilly bank
The bones of the noble beast.
The dust swirls o'er them, the wild rains surge,
The four winds wail a mournful dirge.
Upon the skull his foot he places,
And murmurs, "Sleep, lone friend,
Thy master lives, but daily paces
Toward the selfsame end;
Not thou wilt lie on my funeral pyre,
Nor thy blood feed the ashes of thy dead sire.
In this poor spot my fate abides?
These bones point out death's way?"

Forth from the skull a reptile glides,
And hissing encircles its prey,
The ven'mous fang its victim seeks,
Oleg the Wise in anguish shrieks.

III.

The wine in the goblets glows and flashes,
Oleg's mourners weep;
Igor and Olga honor his ashes,
His warriors revels keep;
With bygone days their tales are fraught
And battles they together fought.

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Outline of Russian Poetry

Alexis Fovitsky

III.

ALEXANDER SERGEYEVICH PUSHKIN (1799-1837) is an unsurpassed Russian poet; he is the greatest pearl in Russian poetry. As another Russian poet spoke of him, "He was a genius who loved everything and who covered by his genius North, West and East."

In order to comprehend the multisided qualities of that phenomenon of world literature, called Pushkin, it is necessary to review the growth of Russian poetry of the pre-Pushkin period. Especially as there we find many works which did not lose their poetic value up to our days, not to mention their historical importance.

We have already treated folk poetry in the February and March issues of *The Russian Student* and now we will consider printed poetry. Its history begins in the eighteenth century, but it should be mentioned that many poetical values are to be found in old Russian literature which patterned Byzantine forms and church literature, but although imitative in some respects, old Russian literature is mainly self existent and independent.

Thus, for instance, we find a calm and stately beauty in the narratives, partly legends of old Russian chronicles, born and tended in monasteries; there is so much of deep sorrow at the misfortunes of the fatherland expressed in old Russian language mixed with Church-Slavonic; and above all so much picturesqueness! "If we will not achieve peace among us, the stones will float and the hops will go down."

There is so much on the other side of studiousness and embellishments of language and of poetic fiction in the works of, for instance, Bishop Cyrill of Turov, author of the twelfth century, who is oftentimes called the Second John the Golden Mouthed. "This day the sinful winter has been ended through repentance, and the ice of Thomas' unbelief has melted."

Finally, if we touch upon the apocrypha called "The Walking of Virgin Mary over Sufferings" (which is very little known in Western Europe but very much loved and well known in Russia) we find in that highly dramatic narrative a well of heartfelt tenderness, of love and affection mingled with expression of terror at the mention of "sepulchral mysteries."

One of the works of that old Russian literature might well be called poetry though not written in verse. Some German and Russian scientists do believe that this work was not only narrated under the accompaniment of music but had in effect a poetical form. This work is translated into many European

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languages and is being studied continuously by many scientists of Western Europe.

Pushkin was enraptured with it, studied it and debated it with professors. There is an English edition of that work which might well be recommended and which is called "The Tale of the Armament of Igor, a Russian Historical Epic."*

The theme of "The Tale of the Armament of Igor" has inspired many painters, (V. Vasnetzov and others) and Alexander Borodin who composed the famous opera *Prince Igor*. The poetical value of the Tale is so high that many Russian poets of the nineteenth century have translated it into verse from the old Russian into contemporary Russian.

It is a historical poem the hero of which is the Russian Prince Igor or as a matter of fact "Russian Land" suffering from raids on the part of Polovtzy, (of the twelfth century) and from dissensions among princes. It is a complete picture permeated by a sad lyricism and composed of epic descriptions of war life; its lyrical beauty is most touching and reaches the highest point in the famous "Weeping of Jaroslavna", wife of Igor; she is joined in her expressions of love and endearments towards the hero sufferer even by natural forces.

Being a product of contemporary poetical art at its height (the author was evidently a conspicuous political figure of his time), the Tale is resplendent with poetical beauty. The pagan gods of the Slavs in their individual diversities, the elements of folk poetry, the echoes of Christianity (not didactic, but expressing deep, truly Christian feelings) all those are intermingled in the poem.

Nature and Man are still in alliance in the Tale. The river Donetz seems to help Prince Igor in his escape from the enemy camp and to encourage him. After the defeat, the trees bow sadly their heads to the ground, and the grass withers out of sympathy for him. Wolves, foxes, eagles, feel the defeat of the armament of Igor and foretell it by their howlings and cries.

The traits of personal creative genius (the deep lyricism) and the traits of folk psychology and of church-literature melt into one in that Russian *Chanson de Roland*, in such a way that the result is a harmonious unity, oneness.

I wish to point out a few comparisons which together with symbolisms, metaphors ("a pearly soul") abound in the Tale. "Two suns went dark and with them two moons", speaking of princes. "The Battle is a bloody feast". "There was not enough of bloody wine;" Death mows down the life of men—field of

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* Edited and translated by Leonard A. Magnus. With revised Russian text notes, introduction and glossary. Oxford. 1915.

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God. Prince Igor moves like an ermine, swims like a white gogol (a kind of duck) flies like a falcon, runs like a wolf, ...

The questions and exclamations coming from the depths of the soul (What noise is there? What thunders there?) fill the reader with perpetual excitement and tension. "O Russian land, thou art already behind the hill" (in old Russian *za schelomenem*) ; this sorrowful, parting refrain sung by soldiers of heroic departing regiments serves as an accompaniment to the Tale. The special style of the poem mirrors the whole poetical school, which after evolution, brings us to *Poltava* by Pushkin.

But let us come back to poetry proper. Book poetry starts at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when under the influence of growing European schools there appears an artificial versification. Many manuals on rhetoric and poetry appeared in Russia through the theological schools in Kiev and Moscow. They are all the works of French, German, and Polish authors, but soon afterwards appear also Russian manuals "De arte poetica."

At the beginning the rules of Russian poetry were based on Greek and Roman classics and on their rules of metrics (long and short syllables). At that time the idea prevailed that Slavonic vowels have the same meter that the Greek vowels. Pretty soon, however, the inadaptability of that method was evident. Then Russian scholars who resided in theological schools, took up the Polish system, (so-called "versus" idea) otherwise syllabic versification based on the number of syllables. Russia adopted thirteen syllable verse.

Many writers of considerable church and scholastic fame tried to become poets "par excellence" using this new cumbersome and heavy system very little adaptable to Russian language. Nevertheless, this system existed until the middle of the eighteenth century and gave birth to a poetic literature.

Among the typical representatives of that scientific syllabic poetry was the monk Simeon Polotzky, Court tutor of Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich (father of Peter the Great.) He wrote a great many works, some of them representing transposition into verses of calendar and psalm books; others have the aspect of mild satire, and the rest are religious plays in verse. He is as a matter of fact the first of that new literary phase which is called book poetry as different from oral folk poetry.

Prince Antiochus Kantemir (1708-1744) was the last important representative of that syllabic poetry which was very awkward in its form and on the other side full of religious, political and to a certain degree amorous feelings. Prince Kantemir was the son of the ruler of Moldavia; Kantemir's father migrated to

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Russia, where Antiochus obtained a brilliant education and toward the end of his career filled the post of Russian envoy to Paris. He was a loyal supporter of the reform movement initiated by Peter the Great and belonged to that faction of "Westerners" which after the death of Peter the Great continued his fight against the reactionary group of lords of the eighteenth century. Kantemir is the first great Russian poet, publicist, poet, satirist, full of pathetic fighting spirit against obscurantism. "All that I am writing, I do as a dutiful citizen."

These words were paraphrased in the nineteenth century by another great poet-accuser Nekrasov, when he said: "To be a poet is your right, but to be a citizen is your duty." "I must write, I cannot stand it", wrote Kantemir, as if expressing the thought of Leo Tolstoy: "I cannot be silent." In his many poetical satires Kantemir revolts against the fact that variety, wealth and lazy obscurantism have the upper hand as compared with science and wisdom. "Science is shabby, her vestments are all to pieces." His civic sorrow is so great that Kantemir forsakes the usages then in vogue to glorify the mighty personages, and offers his apologies to Empress Elizabeth saying that he cannot do it. His biting laugh is a prototype of Gogol's laugh which "screens the tears unseen by the world." To use the words of Kantemir, "his soul is sobbing, while externally he seems to laugh." In Kantemir's satires there pass before our eyes landowners who have sold their lands together with their serfs in order to be richly dressed, bigots, coarse utilitarians—"We can count kopecks in roubles without the aid of algebra"—spendthrifts and rakes—"He will not exchange for Seneca a pound of good face powder . . . . " "The bootmaker a la mode is better than Cicero" and many other types, depicted in accord with La Bruyere and Theophraste.

Kantemir is especially famous as a man who knew the Russian way of life to perfection, and was the first one to introduce it into book poetry. Though a disciple of Horatius, Juvenal, and Boileau, he is nevertheless a realist and depicts all phases of life beginning with palaces and ending with monasteries and on the other side starting with mansions of merchantmen and finishing with humble villages. It must be said to the credit of Kantemir the poet, that he put some life into versified poetry by accentuating, in accordance with the spirit of the Russian language, the above mentioned poetry which was unthinkable outside of a prescribed number of syllables.

The activities of Kantemir had a very noted success but the immutable law of time required further progress in poetical forms. The Age of Catherine was approaching. Russian litera-

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ture imbibed the French classical influence, which enriched thought and imagination; outside of that the Russian poetical world, so richly endowed in the past by folklore, started to free itself from foreign schooling and then comes *a new poetical reform.*

Sumarokoff (1718-1777) the contemporary of Kantemir and famous author of tragedies, satires and fables, paid due tribute to the strength and wisdom of Kantemir's thoughts but regretted that owing to their wrong "cold and affected form they are not clear enough."

The names of scientists and poets such as V. K. Trediakovsky (1703-1769) and M. V. Lomonosov (the latter had a marked influence on Pushkin) are closely connected with the above mentioned reform. Lomonosov, the son of a peasant, became not only a famous poet-reformer, but also professor and eminent scientist of world fame who foresaw and foretold many phenomena which were later confirmed by such famous men as Lavoisier, for instance. The same Lomonosov (I will speak of his poetical attainments in the next chapter) was also one of the most active charter members of the Moscow University which was opened in 1755.

The reform (the poetical works of two Germans, then living in Russia, Pastor Gluck and Magister Paus—contributed toward it) consisted in introducing the so-called *tonal* versification.

The chief point of it was accentuation which corresponded to the spirit of the Russian language, instead of division of short and long syllables as practiced in ancient metric versification and also in lieu of quantitative amount of syllables used in a verse. The metric system of versification of ancient Greeks and Romans (yambs, chores, et cetera) was changed into one of accentuation, akin to the Russian language and to Russian folk poetry. True, it was an artificial *book* system very far from a copy of folk poetry, nevertheless it was a tremendous conquest to be conserved for centuries.

It was a system satisfactory to the spiritual thought (enriched by the growth of culture) of poets who belonged to the educated strata of society, and at the same time it was very close to the spirit of the Russian language and to the not-artificial folk poetry.

This reform opened new horizons for poetic creativeness and the latter starts to grow speedily and takes deep root during the last two thirds of the eighteenth century; that formative period was the birth bed of the "phenomenon of genius called Pushkin", as Alexander Hertzen said.

(*To be continued in the June issue*).

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A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY BY IVAN TURGENEV
(1818-1883)

Presented by the Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre,
245 *West* **52***nd Street, New York.*

THIS play was presented for the first time to a New York audience on March 17, 1930. It was written by Ivan Turgenev, the founder of a great literary school. His works are inexhaustible sources of beauty and inspiration. Turgenev's language is like music. His pictures are tender pastels. He drew the characters with loving hands. There shines throughout his works that light of human sadness which makes them so alluring. Even the character of a Nihilist, student Basarov from *Fathers and Sons*—a man who says that "Nature is no temple; it is a workshop," is drawn in such soft tones that one could hardly call him a Nihilist (some foreign critics do not call him a Nihilist in the harsh meaning of this word).

A Month in the Country (in four acts, translation by M. S. Mandell) has its modern psychological merits. The production surprises by its natural lively character and tempo throughout. It has its amusing and interesting love affairs, together with pictures of light and meaningless sides of life of a family of a rich Russian landlord of the last century. Turgenev belonged to the well-to-do class, and he knew thoroughly the merits and defects of his own circles. To a Russian the play seems to be as tragical as it is comical, while an American will find in it a source of real mirth and enjoyment as well as historical interest.

The story depicts a few days in the life of a family of a rich landlord; there is a picture of a conflict and succession of generations, the plot of the play turning about the love affairs of the lady of the estate, who doesn't know how to occupy her time. She has that indefinable something which makes her look always for new excitements, thrills or adventures although she is over thirty and has a thoroughly respectable husband. Her search for the "ideal" is naive and tragic at the same time.

Alla Nazimova's interpretation of a very attractive woman, experienced and passionate, wanting to be loved, and suffering from a lack of understanding, was incomparable. One naturally is allured by the apparent simplicity of her role, which is extremely complicated at the same time.

Unity of action and harmonious sequences combined with perfect lighting effects give a very favorable impression. The task of interpreting a Russian play by American artists for an American audience was fulfilled almost perfectly; a Russian spectator notices, however, once in a while American gestures and feelings. (The scene of the agreement to obtain a wife, between Dr. Spigelski and Afanassy Bolshintsov.) The tutor, Alexi Nikolayevich, is very adequately portrayed by Alexander Kirkland, although he was too shy for the Russian student of his time.

The producer overdid sometimes in showing too much of the tragical side of character; the role of the landlord, Islaev, played by Douglas Dumbrille, on the whole seemed to be too tragic and common. This interpretation is reminiscent of the merchant's brother Lubim Tortzov, without its real significance, from Ostrovsky's *Poverty is No Sin.* Mr. Dumbrille would probably do well in this famous role.

On the whole, the production succeeds in giving correctly the atmosphere of the life of a landlord family of Russian society in the nineteenth century.

ALEXIS P. GAIDASH.

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SONGS OF GRETCHANINOFF*

THE WOUNDED BIRCH

COUNT ALEXIS K. TOLSTOY

English version by Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

BY THE hatchet wounded,
See the birch-tree languish;
From its bark of silver
Fall the tears of anguish.
Do not weep, do not weep, O birch-tree.
Cease thy mournful crying!
Summer soon will heal thee;
Birch, thou art not dying!
In thy lofty glory,
Thou shalt greet the morrow;
But a heart once wounded
Fades beneath its sorrow.

CRADLE SONG

Kolybelnaya

Poem by LERMONTOV

English version by Deems Taylor

SLEEP, my darling, sleep, my starling,
Bye, my baby, bye,
Bye, my baby, bye!
Softly glistens moon and listens,
From the lofty sky.
Cradle swingeth,
Mother singeth,
Fairies gather nigh;
Eyes are falling,
Dreams are calling;
Bye, my baby, bye!
Bye, bye, lullaby!

MY NATIVE LAND

Krai tui moi

COUNT ALEXIS K. TOLSTOY

English version by Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

BEATING hoofs of horses;
Screams of eagles in the sky,
Howl of wolves in winter!
Hi! thou native land of mine!
Dreaming virgin forests;
Midnight songs of nightingales,
Wind-swept fields and meadows!

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* From Masters of Russian Song, collected and edited by Kurt Schindler, Volume II, published by G. Schirmer, Inc.

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MME. MARIA KURENKO
AND
ALEXANDRE GRETCHANINOFF

MME. MARIA KURENKO, well known Russian soprano and Alexandre Gretchaninoff, one of the most famous living composers, recently appeared on the same program in Carnegie Hall, New York. Mr. Gretchaninoff, who studied with Rimsky-Korsakoff, has written one hundred and twenty opus, ranging from liturgical music of exalted majesty for the Russian Orthodox Church to a variety of operas, symphonies and songs.

At least a dozen of these songs, Mme. Kurenko sang divinely in Carnegie Hall, accompanied by the composer himself who seemed to derive as great pleasure as the audience at hearing his compositions sung with such unique musical understanding and as one critic so exquisitely expressed it "by a voice that soars like the lark, but has a witchery beyond the throat of a bird."

Mme. Kurenko touches the souls of her listeners. She sings with ease and fluency attained through sincere criticism of her own work as an artist and genuine enjoyment in what she so naively terms as "time of creation—time of preparation—then one really belongs to one's work and the work belongs to you."

Of the Gretchaninoff Concert, Mme. Kurenko says: "The best moments were the rehearsals with him. We worked on his songs, on his remarkable unique lullabys, his lyrics and children's songs. I gained marvelous inspiration from the composer himself. His young soul was present in all of his creations."

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Alaska Under Russian Ownership

Peter V. Shchusev

At the written request of Peter the Great in 1725, 580 men started to search the boundaries between Asia and America, and they discovered the Bering Strait in 1728. In 1733 the second expedition was sent by Empress Anna Joannovna. In 1741, after eight years, some of them, under Captains Vitus Bering and Alex Chirikoff, reached Alaska. The long period of preparation is due to great distance of St. Petersburg, the absence, near Ochotsk, of timber for building a fleet and the fact that the natives, *Chukchi,* were not yet conquered; also the intrigues of the Scorniakov-Pisarev, the inspector. All this gives the right to call the achievement of the second Kamchatka expedition exceptional heroism.

The discovery of this peninsula, however, was not of such importance to Russia as the discovery of America and the West Indies for Spain. The discovery of Columbus gave to Spain gold, slaves and tales of a fair climate and a wonderful nature. Chirikoff brought to Russia stories of hardships, of cruelties of the natives. The massacre by natives of two of Chirikoff's dessants near Sitka Bay, fierce winds, clouds and finally the untimely death of Captain Bering. The followers of Columbus to America were cultured and rich adventurous gentlemen. The followers of Bering and Chirikoff were Siberian merchants, uncouth and uneducated and of little culture. The followers of the first pioneers to Alaska were fishermen, huntsmen and even convicts and bandits.

For forty years the fate of the new continent was of little interest to the Russian government. Merchants and traders at their own risk discovered new islands, new territories and were in contact with the natives interchanging with them the products of the sea and forest.

The prospects of a good fur harvest in the Northern Sea lured these courageous, yet oftentimes drunken and immoral adventurers to the Alaskan Coast and though they did not come for the purpose of spreading Russian culture and civilization and though the Alaskans strongly resisted the Russian influence, the strength and power of the Russians and their culture prevailed. The original inhabitants needed, no doubt, a better

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The author of this article wishes to express his thanks to Mr. J. Wissner for his aid in translation from Russian to English.

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example of good family life than they received from the first followers of Alaska's discoverers. Kamerger* Nicholas P. Resanov, the best educated Russian who went to Alaska during the early periods, found the natives of good disposition, in general revengeful and deceitful but inclined to the influence of culture. He stated: "In describing at what price the skins of the beavers were obtained and how many people perished on account of it, we should bow our heads in shame."

When notified of the discovery of Andrianov Islands by the Cossak Ataman of Siberia, Andrian Tolstich, The Empress Catherine the Great appealed to the traders through Chicherin, the Governor of Siberia, not to oppress and cheat the natives but to look upon them as newly discovered brothers.

II.

In 1780 the policy of wasteful exploitation ended. On the scene appeared three statesmen who carried the banner of progress. These were Shelechoff, Resanoff and Baranoff. At this time Alaska was an integral part of Russia.

A merchant of Rilsk, Grigory Shelechoff, together with his wife, was of good service to Alaska. About him one can say, that just as Bering discovered Alaska for Russia, so Shelechoff created it for Russia. Not paying any attention to red tape he formed on the island of Kadiak a rich commercial center. Kadiak grew also as a civilized community. A school was opened, soon public baths appeared. When the natives began to settle down, he appealed to the Russian government to send missionaries to spread religion for the purpose of fighting vice and the wild habits of the populace. The Russian government sent the Archimandrit Josephat and seven other priests.

St. Petersburg was under the impression that Russia did not need any colonies. In this it was supported by the Foreign powers who were afraid of the growth of Russia. Hence Alaska was almost self-governed. After organizing the settlement at Kadiak, Shelechoff invited the merchant of Kargopol, Alexander Baranoff to assist him. With good treatment Shelechoff appeased the natives but soon was called back to Irkutsk, Siberia, to act as representative of the general government of the colonies.

So in 1790, the management of the Alaskan colony passed to the less able but nevertheless energetic Baranoff. He transferred the seat of management to Sitka, Novoarchangelsk, where in 1794 he built many vessels, among them, the first vessel, "Fenix". Under Baranoff's rule Sitka became not only the seat of the Russian government in America but the most important port on the Pacific Coast.

** Chancellor of the Court of Russia.*

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In 1801 at the request of Baranoff the Russian government dispatched a few battleships to Alaska. This had both a good and a bad influence on the populace. The good part lies in the fact that the officers studied the islands, the bad in the fact that the military representatives demoralized the population.

Resanov describes these events: "Since the Russian officers appeared in Alaska the poor and suppressed class of merchants and traders cannot get anything for their money and have ceased to import anything from Russia. Instead they get everything at three times its value from the ships that arrive from Boston. The Governor cannot even import anything. Everything is stolen."

In 1821 in answer to the appeal of the management of the colony other priests were sent to Alaska. Among them was Rev. John Veniaminoff, later known as Bishop Innokenty of Alaska, and, still later, as the Metropolitan of Moscow.

In 1793 land cultivators, plumbers and other specialists were sent from Siberia. The energetic Baranoff set a strong foothold in America but could not convince the Russian government of the importance of Alaska as a land of open ports. He was described as a cruel man, but some of his contemporaries have an entirely different opinion of him: "Baranoff," they say, "was not at the head of a well organized society but it consisted of a motley of convicts, nobles, Cossaks, adventurers, who constantly conspired against him and his life was always in danger.'

Under Baranoff's rule the fur industry flourished. The Alaskans sold skins to China, America and the Spanish colonies. Forts were built. Suvorov (Nak-Nek), Newchigak, Semenovsky are the best known. Also the coast and the rivers both of the north and south were studied. The hunt for skins was systematic —each individual was allowed to obtain not more than one skin during the year. Useless destruction of animals was not permitted. The Russians did not suppress the natives, their customs and habits, but mingled with them. The natives were, however, compelled to pay a tax known as *iassak*.

At that period Russia lived through the Napoleonic Wars. The fate of Russia was in doubt. In spite of impossible conditions the development of Alaska was firm, though slow.

III.

In 1816 the Napoleonic Wars came to an end. The able and energetic Baranoff died in 1819. In Alaska appeared a new element. Instead of traders and businesslike people, war veterans rushed to the fur country. They studied the lakes and rivers, but they did not develop trade and industry. They did not build

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a merchant marine fleet from the abundant timber of Alaska. This period is famous also for the growing influence of the United States especially for the activity of John Jacob Astor and his fur traders. The most efficient managers at that period were Captains Baron Wrangel and Etolin. This period is also known for its spiritual development under Rev. John Veniaminoff mentioned above. In 1817 this priest established the Cathedral of St. Michael, which is even today one of the most historical shrines of worship on the Pacific Coast and the headquarters of the Assistant Orthodox Greek Bishop in the United States. A cluster of bells was sent from Moscow. One of the three chapels was built in honor of Our Lady of Kazan. An ikon was made by the monks of Solovetsky and rich ecclesiastical treasures were sent from Petropavlovsk. This Cathedral contains the famous Madonna, for which J. P. Morgan has been said, to have offered $25,000.

Churches were also established in the villages. The natives were converted to Christianity but not forcibly. Under the

Courtesy of Travel

Cathedral of St. Michael, Sitka, Alaska

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influence of the clergy slavery was abolished. With the translation of books even the older inhabitants became literate. In 1840 there were eight schools in Alaska with 200 pupils, both male and female, also an institution for widows.

In 1841 when Rev. Veniaminoff was appointed Bishop of Alaska at Sitka, he established a seminary. In 1836 the Russian-American Trading Company brought a few physicians to Alaska under Dr. Bliashko, who fought the smallpox epidemics of 1837-39. Dr. Volinsky and three assistants attempted to vaccinate the population of Kadiak, but the people tried to avoid it and perished by hundreds. In 1840 Captain Etolin became Governor of Alaska.

In order to get into closer relationship with the natives, Captain Etolin organized a fair and games, presenting the Natives souvenirs; he built the so-called "Barabara"* for five hundred of the most noted natives. He encouraged the hunt for whales by doubling the price paid for each whale. An American whaler was invited from California. The shipbuilding and machine building industries also began to develop under the leadership of Mr. Moon in whose honor the first ship was named; contact with California was established. But all this was accomplished by the Russian-American Trading Company and not by the Russian government.

Though Russia lived through the terrible War of 1812, though the natives at first resisted her, Russia nevertheless succeeded in one hundred years in converting the natives to Christianity and in giving them a language, education, and a knowledge of trade. Etolin had the generous idea of constructing silver, black, and blue fox farms. This is done in Alaska by the United States government now.

The Russian *bania* were so well liked by the natives that they exist in every Alaskan village to this day. Many Russians married native women. There was later intermarriage with Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes. Christianity was planted in Alaska so profoundly that even now the chief or *tiuns* are appointed and deposed by the priests who are citizens of the United States, for example, Rev. Nicolas Kashevarov. The influence of Russian ownership and management is still felt. It surprises travelers and satisfies the national Russian feeling, when one, by chance, reaches the shores of the land. Russian rule of Alaska was not in vain.

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* *Barbara is a native's home.*

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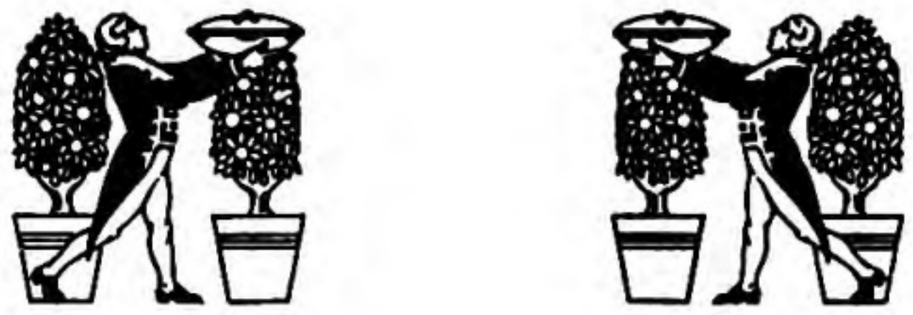

DINING A LA RUSSE

FORSHMACK—APPETIZER

1½	lbs. of boiled veal	1	large dill pickle
3	large boiled potatoes	1	salted herring
3	tablespoons of butter	½	cup of sour cream
1	large onion	2	eggs

Remove the skin and bones from the herring. Run the meat, potatoes, onion, pickle and herring through the meat chopper; add the sour cream, pepper to taste, two teaspoons of mustard, and the eggs. Mix thoroughly. Put into a greased pot. Place over top bread crumbs and grated cheese, if desired. Leave in hot roasting oven for twenty minutes or so.

May be served hot or cold with fresh tomatoes or with tomato sauce.

SALANKA

Filet of sole	Flour
Fresh vegetable stock	Small White Mushrooms, Olives, etc.

For the fresh vegetable stock use beet juice, spinach juice, asparagus juice, et cetera. To it add an onion, pepper, and leaves from the green bay tree, also some small white fish. Strain the mixture and add some flour fried in butter. Fry the mushrooms, capers, olives, et cetera. Twenty minutes before serving boil it all and put in the filet of sole. When the fish is ready, add for the color one table spoon of puree of tomatoes fried in butter. If desired, add shrimps and lemon juice.

MAZOURKA

½ to 1 lb	of walnuts or almonds as desired	5	whites of eggs
		¼	cup of sugar
10	yolks of eggs		

Cut the nuts into fine pieces or run them through the food chopper. Rub the yolks of eggs with the sugar until they are white, then add the whipped whites of eggs. Mix well and then put into a form which has been lined with buttered paper. Put in medium oven.

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SMATTER

"HAVE you christened that good-looking family?" A sense-of-humor-Russian pointed to the row of Russian Wooden Kustar dolls on the bookcase. We grinned this reply hesitantly: *"Vanychka, . . . Lydichka . . . Seryozha, Tanya Ludmila . . ."*

"*Ludmila's* not a diminutive!" His passion for accuracy was tantalizing.

"O! *Lucia! . . . Misha . . .* and *Matrushka*". We finished breathlessly.

"Why, *Matrushka?*" Wouldn't you know he'd have to have a reason for everything?

"I supposed that would mean *Little Mother*. I made it up."

* * * * *

"Where do you get those dolls? I've got to go right out and buy some!" An American girl in a green dress was excited enough for it to be a matter of life and death.

We pounced on the March issue of *The Russian Student*, opened it to page 24. "Here! Take this and tell him you found it in that!" She did not notice my ungrammatical habits. The green dress disappeared.

We put on our coat and hat preparatory for a late lunch. It was after two o'clock. We took the air to *Anmah's* (See Page 23) and ate so much of his best Armenian cooking that we decided it might be a good thing to disappear among the other advertisers.

Idiotically or otherwise, we were thinking of sky when we ambled into A. S. Lusenberg's Rare Old Book Establishment. Incidentally, let it be known that Mr. Lusenberg is a Fund graduate. He can talk Latin better than most people speak English and he has some rare Greek, Latin, and Oriental volumes. We browsed until we realized that most people were hovering over their evening meal.

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SMATTER

We rushed to Kretchma on East Fourteenth Street, which is open from 11 a. m. to 3. a. m. Over our tea we decided to stop at the Central Book Trading Company and then call it a day.

Mr. Yaremenko, also a Fund graduate, enveloped in a cloudy blue smock of American-make was draping himself across the window in an attempt to rearrange his very artistic collection of Russian greeting cards. Gracefully he climbed out, showed his newest books and graciously sold us dolls.

And they tell us our niece calls them her Russian soldiers and insists on . . . . Well, well!

Right on the way home was *Maritza* of West Fourth Street. She sells Russian dolls too, but for a long time we've been suppressing the desire to wear her *sapozhkee* without going on the stage or substituting them for galoshes. She kept showing us embroidered smocks and men's shirts. "Yes, they're lovely, but . . . ."

"There's a Russian ball tonight, isn't there?" Maritza queried innocently.

"Is this March 21st? Of course! But it's not a masquerade. I'll come in again next week and look at those dresses."

* * * * *

"What's that book?" Marion was already dressed for the National Russian Students' Christian Association Ball at the Ritz-Carlton and could spend her time in firing questions.

"That's why I'm so late! That's what's the matter with me! It's *Oblomov** and *Oblomovism* is what I've got!" The words spilled themselves all over each other. We felt feverish as we glanced over our wardrobe.

She put her hand over her mouth cautiously. "Is it contagious? Something Russian I suppose?"

"Yes, but Russians haven't got a monopoly on the disease and Americans can have it too. Where is my . . . ."

She muttered something about everybody's having telephoned and would be at least a half hour late and added clearly: "But did you go to the doctor? We'll never get to the Ritz-Carlton in time for the ball anyway and . . . ."

"Aw, piffle, give me three dollars for the book and you won't get it, but you'll find out tonight that you can go two hours late to something Russian and be just in time. Just in time, I say." I put on my best shoes fatiguingly.

"Where'd you get that?" was her next question as she powdered her nose unnecessarily.

"It's Makaroff's Fresh Caviar delivered to any part of the United States packed in ice", we were wondering when we could take a run to the Russian Art Restaurant.

"Sounds like an ad," she purred. "It is—Page 24" and we added, maliciously, "Might be a good antidote for *Oblomovism*." The bell rang.

* * * * *

"We'll miss the dinner. It's almost twelve o'clock," shouted the German boy from one taxi to another. "It's not a dinner," we corrected, "and anyway what more bewitching hour to arrive than fifteen minutes before midnight." The moon was shining over Jefferson tower.

* * * * *

"Didn't I tell you? The program's still on! We're just in time."

---

* Oblomov. By Ivan Goncharov. Macmillan. $3.00.

(*Continued on Page* 21)

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FROM THE MAIL BAG

Genuine

Admitting ever that the problem of mutual understanding between Russians and Americans is so great that your effort in this direction might be considered by the pessimistically inclined as only a proverbial drop in the bucket, *The Russian Student* is none the less a very valuable publication, chiefly by virtue of its genuine character.

S. M.—St. Petersburg, Va.

Not So Easy, Is It?

As time goes on the field for the publication will become better and wider. My own work has brought me in touch with many "White Russians" — student groups and older persons thrown down from high estate; you know the story. It is naturally hard for the expatriated Russians to give up their longing for the fatherland and to adopt the customs and language of a country so foreign to them. I found that their lapsing into Russian speech on every possible occasion retarded their mastery of English.

Those who resolutely set their faces toward the new things not in entire forgetfulness of the old, but a willingness to meet the new issues confronting them—have done beautigully; while many other acceptable persons, clinging to the old are still chained to menial positions; generals, statesmen, most charming and highly cultivated women. I think we have in the neighborhood of 10,000 in the Bay Region here. Yet there are numbers of them who left the past behind completely who are making splendid successes as engineers and scholars.

Sometimes in *The Russian Student* I note a rather carping intellectual attitude which only blocks their progress. I am writing this with a view of possibly helping you in your editorial work, to urge these facts upon them. Briefly, my thought is—urge your readers and writers to take the most optimistic view of America they possibly can. We think we have something unexcelled and not to be found elsewhere —much toleration as well.

F. P. C.—San Francisco, Cal.

A Scientist Speaks

The following lines appear in George Grebenstchikoff's article in the March issue of *The Russian Student*: "You that conquer space. Evening Star. There, in my land you are the Morning Star. Setting here behind the Western boundary, you also rise there from behind the Eastern mountains and the traveler and the shepherd of Altai meet you with the morning prayer. Beautiful Star. If at the same moment you can be the morning and the evening star for two opposite hemispheres of the globe, does not the moment unite us with all the travelers upon all the ways of the earth."

This is a physical impossibility. The facts in the matter are that the Evening Star of New York will appear as an Evening Star in Paris and Shanghai and as a Morning Star nowhere in the world.

A. N. G.—Pittsfield, Mass.

Send Subscriptions!

I can say nothing but the very best praise for your magazine. It is a fine piece of literature. It is just the thing that we need very badly in the present struggle for an international understanding. I hope that I shall be able to help you in any way possible to make *The Russian Student* a success.

S. C.—Washington, D. C.

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From the Mail Bag

Leap, Circulation, Leap!

I am delighted to receive *The Russian Student,* to watch my countrymen getting along and to read the articles on art, literature and science that are so spendidly combined in the magazine. I hope the circulation will increase by leaps and bounds, which must be so due to the fact that it contains fine material for its size.

A. A. S.—Chicago, Ill.

Thank You!

The Russian Student is doing much toward the better understanding of Russia by America and if in its program of Russian art and literature is included historical part of the two countries and the mutual interest they have, it will give to its readers high ideas for future constructive relations. I enjoy too the beautiful covers and hope you will give to our American friends a real representation of Russian life in all its variety. The proof by the recipes that Russians know how to eat and what to eat is, I think, very helpful to the cause.

Russian Bishop, Chicago, Ill.

Exchange Ideas

Some articles represent outstanding interest and I read them with great pleasure. I think that it is the only way we Russian students may exchange our ideas, learn and read something new aside from text books, especially because many of the articles were written by men of greater experience and knowledge than our own.

V. K.—University of California

Will You Buy It?

It is an excellent publication and very interesting. I think it would be worth while to compile your recipes for Russian dishes into a little book.

N. A. Mc—Charleston, S. C.

We Might Try It

I read *The Russian Student* through even the personals and the ads. I do wish though that you would boil down all those Russian recipes to American weights and equivalents and sell them so they could be used in any American kitchenette without calling in a lawyer and a chef to interpret some of those dreams of the dead and gone past. I will subscribe for one of those books NOW, provided its done so it makes American sense.

J. C. W.—Washington, D,. C.

Smatter

(*Continued from Page* 19)

"Who's the program?" . . . . . "Prince Alexis Obolensky . . . . , Vladimir Drozdoff . . . . . Mme. Kurenko . . . . . ."

"It looks like a success. Guess they'll get their clubhouse." *

A four o'clock sky is lovelier still.

* * * * *

Tomorrow, or rather the rest of today is Saturday, the banks close at noon and we'll have to wait until next week to see that American exhibit at the Bank of New York and Trust Company . . . . We've been going there ever since it opened . . . . Wonder how many Russian *Service Books* sold last month? . . . . Has anything new happened to *The Light of Russia?* . . . . Need a thousand new subscribers! . . . . And just think of all that free advertising those publishers are getting on the back inside cover . . . .

The ice man knocked on the door. The rest of that day had already begun. We gazed on a different sky, thinking it might pay some people to advertise.

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit. —deN.

* Clubhouse opened at 109 West 54th Street, New York City.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover this month was drawn by Nicholas Ovodow, a student in the School of Architecture, Columbia University, from a drawing by Bilibin which appears in Sonia E. Howe's *Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners.*

▲

According to tradition the people of Novgorod asked the Norsemen to put order in their country and rule over it. So the Viking Rurik, in 862, founded a town where the river Volkhov flows into Lake Ladoga. Later he made Novgorod his capital. On his deathbed he entrusted his infant son, Igor, and his principality to his kinsman, Prince Oleg. The power of the Khazars, a Turkish tribe, extended from the Caspian Sea and the lower Volga to the Dnieper and the Black Sea. Oleg, known in history and legend as *Vestchii Oleg* (Oleg the Wise) took Kiev from two other Varangian knights and from his capital Kiev accepted the invitation of the Tsar of Bulgaria to assist in his attack on Byzantium. Although it is a story quite apart from Oleg, it may be noted here that during the campaigns against the Byzantine Empire, many Russian warriors and traders were converted to Christianity and later, in 957, the Russian Princess Olga, wife of the Varangian Prince Igor, was converted. Oleg ruled Russia for thirty-three years and the Chronicles say that "the people wept for him with great weeping."

▲

Readers are referred to the April issue for additional mention of Miss Elena Y. Mitcoff.

▲

It is with pleasure that we resume the series of articles on Russian poetry by Professor Alexis Fovitsky.

▲

Dr. Peter V. Shchusev received his medical education from Vojenno Medicinskaia Academia at St. Petersburgh. In 1897 he went to Africa as attache of the Russian Diplomatic Mission and participated in the founding of the Abyssinian Red Cross. He has traveled in most of the countries of the world and served as a doctor with the Russian Army during the World War. In 1928 he made some geological and paleontological investigations in Alaska.

▲

Alexis P. Gaidash studied at the Far Eastern University, Vladivostok, and graduated from Brown University, Class of 1927.

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

A History of Russia. *By George Vernadsky. Yale University Press.* $4.00. A clear penetrating account written for the American reader. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, September 1929.

A History of Russia. *By S. F. Platonov. Macmillan Company.* $2.00. A translation of a famous Russian history. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, October 1929.

Dostoevsky's Letters to His Wife. *Richard R. Smith, Inc.* $5.00.

Economic Trends in Soviet Russia. *By A. Yugoff. Richard R. Smith, Inc.* $4.25.

Russia Today and Yesterday. *By E. J. Dillon. Doubleday Doran.* $3.50. Reported to be an impartial survey of what Russia was and is by an English newspaperman who knew the old Russia.

Three Masters: Balzac, Dostoevsky, Dickens. *By Stefan Zweig. Viking Press.* $3.50. Critical essays on three great novelists.

Bystander. *By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* $3.00. The first volume of a three volume novel which will embrace a period of forty years from the assassination of Emperor Alexander II in 1881 to the Revolution.

Borzoi Pocket Classics, *published by Knopf.* $1.00 a volume

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Modern Library—.95 cents a volume

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Poor People
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The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci
Peter and Alexis
Tchekov—*Rothschild's Fiddle*
Plays
Tolstoy—*Redemption and Other Plays*
Anna Karenina
The Death of Ivan Ilyitch and Other Stories
Turgenev—*Fathers and Sons*
Smoke

Memoirs of General Wrangel. *Duffield & Co.* $6.00. A translation from the Russian of this record of the White Campaign.

Diary of Countess Tolstoy. *Volume 2. Brewer & Warren.* $3.50.

Great Russian Short Stories. *Edited by Stephen Graham. Liveright.* $3.00.

Soviet Russia. *By William Henry Chamberlin. Little, Brown & Co.* $5.00. An estimate of the Soviet State by an American newspaper correspondent.

The Eastern Orthodox Church. *By Stefan Zankov. Translated and edited by Donald A. Lowrie, with foreword by John R. Mott. Morehouse Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $2.25.

Religion in Soviet Russia. *By the Rev. William C. Emhardt. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $4.00. A study of religious conditions in Russia from the Revolution to the present day.

The Eastern Church in the Western World. *By Emhardt, Burgess and Lau. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $1.25. A study of the religious life of the ancient Eastern Churches especially as represented by their adherents in the United States.

The Letters of the Tsar to the Tsaritsa, 1914-1917. *Translated by A. L. Hynes from the official edition of the Romanov Correspondence. Edited by C. E. Vulliamy. Introduction by C. T. Hagberg Wright, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $5.00.

Russian Folk-Songs. *Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford, with an introduction by Boris Brasol. G. Schirmer.* $1.00.
The music with both Russian and English words are given.

The Love of Jeanne Ney. *By Ilya Ehrenbourg. Doubleday Doran.* $2.50. The love story of Jeanne and Andrew against a background of Soviet Russia and Paris.

Tolstoy; The Inconstant Genius. *By Alexander I. Nazaroff. Frederick A. Stokes Company.* $5.00. An entirely satisfactory biography of one of the greatest leaders of the world. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, January 1930.

The Franco-Russian Alliance. *By William Leonard Langer. Harvard.* An academic study.

Humanity Uprooted. *By Maurice Hindus, illustrated by Arthur Hawkins, Jr., with an introduction by John Dewey. New York. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* $3.50.
A study of present day Russia.

Oblomov. *By Ivan Goncharov. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. The Macmillan Co.* $3.00. First published in Russian in 1858, available in English in shortened form, but now published for the first time in English in complete form. A great novel which explains Russian inertia and apathy.

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An interpretation of historic processes and conditions that culminated in the revolution by a former vice-president of the Russian Duma. Given as Colver lectures at Brown University in 1928.

Nearing the End in Imperial Russia. *By George T. Marye. Dorrance.* $4.00
The contemporary notes and impressions of the American ambassador to Russia from 1914 to 1916.

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Georges R. Wiren

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Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 450 men and women, of whom 94 are still studying, have been advanced over $480,000. Former students have repaid $98,458.79, 61 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,300.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

June, 1930

Volume VI **Number 10**

RUSSIAN OPERA—SADKO

ALEXIS P. GAIDASH

AS SOURCES OF MUSICAL LIBRETTOS, Russian folk songs have played a special role in the history of Russian opera. For a long time foreigners have been surprised at their simplicity and originality of melody and could never believe that these songs were purely Russian. The Russian academician Schtelin expressed the opinion that these Russian melodies are, at the basis of their structure, of such character which may be attributed only to Russians. The rhythm and rhyme is sometimes, it seems, too hard for the conventional type of Western European musical traditions. The theory of music of Russian folk songs can be easily learned and composition in the spirit of Russian folk songs may be written in the future.

Russian folk songs differ from others mainly in tempo. Richard Wagner says that specifically German tempo is *andante,* even, and *oomerenoe,* moderate, while Russian folk songs have two tempos—either ductile, *largo,* or frenzy *allegro.*

Spinoza said that the world should neither be cried for nor laughed at; it should be understood. A German, a philosopher by nature, may find that music expresses merely quietness of meditation, while the Russian singer does not want to contemplate. He wants either to cry or to laugh. Russians, in this sense, are nearer to Italians.

Russian melody is not divided into an even number of measures; the symmetry of music is infringed. Russian folk song requires especially complicated rhythm and change of division of measures, although *en grand* certain regularity and symmetry remains. It is confusing once in a while to foreigners, The melodious structure of Russian folk songs does not follow the system which was given to Europe by Sebastian Bach.

A. N. Seroff, in his famous article of 1869 *Russian Folk Song,* proves that Russian folk song as a matter of science has both relation to ancient Greek *tetra-chords,* and identical entity of gamuts, which are at the base of Russian folk melodies. The

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tetra-chords at one time were used as the basis of church rows of sounds (Kirchentonarten) in the Middle Ages and are still in the program of musical study of every serious musician.

Also the Russian theory of *osmoglassya,* (eight major rows of gamuts) which was taken at the time of Prince Vladimir of Kiev, 957-989, from the Greeks, (the period during which Russians were converted to Christianity), is the foundation of Russian sacred and secular music. Russian folk song can not be registered in the narrow traditional disciplines predominant in Europe ever since the Johann Sebastian Bach theory; its melody seeks for its boundaries a wider frame—the *glassov* and *rasspevov* of ancient Greeks and the musical system of the church rows of sounds of the Middle Ages, which was the basis of singing throughout all Europe until Sebastian Bach (*), in the early eighteenth century.

Der Strange Satz calls contrapuntal method that which keeps harmony in many voiced (polyphonic) method in which are used as hold-ups of basic melody (cantus firmus) other independent melodies which often have incidental character. The Russian folk song in its structure has this character also.

In general Russian folk songs have an originality which may be traced in national Russian opera melodies in tempo, rhyme and rhythm, melodious construction and harmony.

In *Sadko* Rimsky-Korsakoff has put in complete harmony the real and the fantastic, the dramatic (as far as denoted by *bylina*) and the folk-wise. The contrapuntal *bylina* melody web runs throughout the whole opera. This is the same web which the composer had worn thin in the two previous operas, *Mlada* and *Christmas Eve*. These two operas with *Sadko* form a musical trilogy. The orchestral compositions that preceded them begin to be restored again. The system of leading motives has been applied in *Sadko*. The comparative simplicity, harmonic and modulating in the realistic portions of the opera, and the over-refinements of harmony and modulation in the fantastic portion form the procedure of the opera.

Sadko is a holiday of sounds, colors, symphonies and ballet. There has probably never been anything similar to it in the inner psychology of music. The play as such could never be surpassed. The production is the best synthesis of theatrical art in its highest expression. It is the triumph of a musical drama. There is no other Rimsky-Korsakoff opera in which his genius and force find expression to such an extent.

---

* See Short Librettos, by Vsevolod Cheschikhin (1911 Riga. Russian) for material regarding the construction of *Der Strange Satz* and old teaching of harmony of accords and contrapuntal qualities of Greek tetra-chorals and Russian folk songs.

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The strange, recitative music of the first tableau interests us. The play and the impressive feast make us forget the outer world. The strange and unearthly celestial voice of Volkhova and the rendezvous of the two lovers, the first meeting, find response in our inner feelings; we react on everything seen and heard and we are in the dynamic whirl of the strange and natal upswing, an attempt to run away from the earth. Lioubava and her soft and alluring, passionate voice, and the jesters with their jokes, try to bring us back to earth.

The mighty inner psychological musical crescendo of Rimsky-Korsakoff holds us, makes us wait for something and listen, listen . . . . In the meantime staccatos, nuances, et cetera, tie us like stitches to the innermost theme of the play. It lasts, with strange work of the contrasts, sets, until we hear the three songs of the Guests; when our feelings are broken, we are conquered; we got more than we wanted. The climax is reached. Sadko's tune, the tune of character and heart of an adventurer, who is afraid of nothing, is lyrical and sorrowful, grieving. It is either the sorrow of parting with his young, beautiful and strong wife, or it is the presentiment of his future mishaps, or it is the reflection of his psychological doubt in conquering his celestial dream. There is duality in his acting and in the tone of his voice, his heart. When he descends to the bottom of the sea, his voice attains strength necessary to make even the sea people obey him, as a result of his contact with the dream of his heart.

We are hypnotized by both the music and the play. Those who understand music are empowered by it, by Sadko's *gussli;* the others are watching the change of colors, movements and phantasmagorical scenery. The refinement and beauty of the ballet scenes of marriage round the "bush" fills our hearts with enchantment needed at the moment.

The music is now a dream. There is everything in it: the jokes of Novgorod's jesters and the waves of anger of the people meeting in Novgorod; there is enchanting continual melody weaving of Kiev's fairy-tale parlando singing; there is heard the anger of the Sea King and the shrieking of a Russian winter storm; there is heard the cry of the ever true Lioubava and the hope giving strings of religious symphony which calmed us before and aroused our sympathy with the suffering wife. Another short wild crescendo and this movement ends with the appearance of the apparition.

Volkhova, his dream, sings to Sadko her sweet lullaby for his charms and for his love to her; she dissolves into a rosy mist of the meadow and finally converts herself into the river to recompense her earthly lover.

At last the happy meeting of the earthly, always discon-

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tented, strong lovers, and strong in feelings, the harmonious religious praising hymn of the townspeople closes the scene.

An especial paper should be devoted to the description of Sergei Soudeikine's scenery and the masterly coloring of costumes. The spectacular scenes of the feast and town meeting are varied and kept merry by moving crowds and by the grotesque combinations of groups. The appearance of jesters dressed in single tones brings in the difference, contrast and play of color. Like squalls in the middle of the still sea, the blue-black figures of the city magistrates are painted in zig-zags on the carpet of a beautiful combination of light colors.

The ballet surprises with rare combinations of light blue, light brown and mixed colors in the rear; the lighting effects and illusions of water are superb. The whole impression of colors is of two main types; the varied beautifully colorful crowd in soft tender tones, and secondly, that color of the sea, always fascinating to the human eye, with its inhabitants also dressed in matching colors. The unreal is too exaggerated, so it has a semblance of reality, due to the extremely careful sculptural effects.

Glinka, the first Russian operatic composer to use folk songs, differs from Rimsky-Korsakoff in one respect—his dramatic plots are of inter-external character, while Rimsky-Korsakoff's operas the inner, highly musical dramatic development attracts. Glinka gives samples of counterpoint and leitmotif methods á la Wagner, as in *Ruslan and Ludmila,* first produced in 1842. *Dobrinya Nikitch,* by Alexandre Gretchaninoff (now in the United States) is an example of this method under the exceedingly refined influence of Rimsky-Korsakoff. Dargomizhsky, in his opera *The Stone Guest,* goes farther in this regard than Wagner, having his own peculiarities (melodious recitative and symphonic thematism). The next step is Tchaikovsky, who developed to unheard of heights rhythm, harmony, melody and romanticism.

Sadko was written during Rimsky-Korsakoff's mature musical years, and it is an example of his delicate, exquisite, deep thought, and refined musical feelings. His accomplishments are of great variety, color and individuality; they are brilliant and inspiring. His music is most alluring, due to his masterly musical coloring. The opera *Sadko,* as pointed out above, has two qualities; a melodious synthesis with the symphony of colors and play, and, secondly, an inner supreme musical psychological and dramatic synthesis; music has its modern quality as a result of broad knowledge of music (arias of three Guests are of rare beauty).

Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounow are founders of the new

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Russian eclectic and synthetic operatic school represented by Vassilenko, Gretchaninoff, and others. The psychology of Rimsky-Korsakoff's heroes is deeper than Wagner's; the feature of Wagner's creations is too abstract, musically and dramatically. Verdi's *Aida* stands nearer to *Sadko* in respect to synthetic qualities and melodious character but its strange (that is, strange to us historically) settings and dramatic actions take away the illusion of reality and most of its charm. Bizet's *Carmen* is close to *Sadko* in its too deep, although seemingly too simple, and active every day psychology. In spirit the plot reminds us of ancient Greek tragedy. The music is and should be in sad and fatal tune; love is represented as an outer force, mystic and unrejectable. Carmen, in contrast with the heroes of *Sadko,* seems to be oppressed by her passions like a man under the hot southern sun. *Carmen* is extremely complicated and difficult of execution though it seems to be so simple. It can easily be turned into melodrama. It is hard to preserve the depth and simplicity of Bizet's dramatic thoughts while maintaining the pellucidness of his musical forms. Nietzsche found the music of *Carmen* deeper than that of Wagner.

Rimsky-Korsakoff, because of his refinement and quietness, stands between Moussorgsky, who is extremely stormy and forceful in choral combinations—*Boris Godounov,* for example—and Tchaikovsky, whose *Evgeni Onegin, La Charmeuse,* and *Yolande,* embrace a lyrical idealism, reveries, and a turmoil of soul.

THE OPERAS OF RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF

LADY VERA SHELOGA—(Boyarynia Sheloga—the wife of a Russian feudal lord).
PSKOVITIANKA—(A Woman of the City of Pskov—time of action, sixteenth century).
THE NIGHT OF MAY—(Nineteenth century).
SNEGOUROTCHKA—(The Snow Maiden—Based on a spring tale by Ostrovsky).
CHRISTMAS EVE—(the text adapted from Gogol's novel *In the Evening on a Farm Near Dikanka*—Little Russian. Composed in 1895).
SADKO—(Bylina of Novgorod Cycle—Eleventh century and earlier).
THE TSAR'S BRIDE—(Sixteenth century).
THE TALE OF TSAR SULTAN and of his mighty and famous knight Prince Gvidon Sultanovich and of the most beautiful princess Lebed (Swan).
KASTCHEY IMMORTAL (Autumn fairy tale).
MLADA—(An opera-ballet—Ninth and tenth centuries).
MOZART AND SALIERY—(Vienna 1791).
SERVILIA—(Rome 67 A. D.).
PAN-VOYEVODA—(Poland 16th-17th centuries).
A TALE OF THE UNSEEN CITY OF KITEZH AND OF LADY PHEUVRONIA—(Thirteenth century).
LE COQ d'OR.

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OUTLINE OF RUSSIAN POETRY

ALEXIS FOVITSKY

IV.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY in the history of Russian poetry was that kind of workshop in which, as we have already noted in the May issue of *The Russian Student*, was generated poetical language; there were created different poetical genres; multiple (especially ancient and French) foreign influences, were transformed;—all that in order to make a conspicuous place for Russian national element, and to forestall the coming of Pushkin and, after him, the advent of all post-Pushkin Russian poetry. The creative force of individual representatives of Russian poetry of the pre-Pushkin period was, nevertheless, so great that it is imperative to pay it special attention in this article.

We will begin with genres. The eighteenth century sees an exceptional development of lyric poetry, religious, moral and didactic, laudatory (odes), satires and intimate-amorous poems.

The upper classes of Russian society, which imbibed more and more culture since the time of Peter the Great, started the new Russian language. The poets of the period that came after Peter the Great, use the new forms for expressing their feelings. It is especially noticeable in religious feelings. The poets of that epoch serve a new aristocratic class, considerably Europeanized —but, following the tradition, continue to cite the Bible enthusiastically and to transpose the Psalms into verses. The "new" movement is seen, however, not only in a more perfect verse (see the May issue) but also in a philosophic element which is intermingled with purely religious motives. During the first part of that century the first place in that movement belongs to M. V. Lomonosov (see May issue, page 8). His "Reflections on the Majesty of God" is a vivid and forceful example of that rejuvenated religious poetry.

"An abyss opened, full of stars . . . .
"Stars are numberless, abyss—bottomless . . . . "

Contemplating the universe as a scientist and naturalist and describing effectively and pompously, with pathos and enthusiasm the fire and thundering of raging elements—this professor and poet from peasant stock always returns to God: "Great Is Our Creator God".

In this respect he is very modern, if we recall the latest works of Whitehead, Eddington and of some other scientists.

Lomonosov has so much of beautiful and majestic picturesqueness that it influenced not only Pushkin, but even Gogol (read the description of Dnieper). Lomonosov is master of

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epithets ("Thirsting Summer", "The Kneeling Moscow"—before Petropolis).

The other eminent poet of this epoch, A. P. Sumarokov, gives a rather different character to religious "odes". His motives reflect the worldly sorrowfulness (Weltshmerz).

The second half of that century, the reign of Catherine II, produced dozens of poets who wrote on religious themes in psalmist's spirit. The most prominent among them was Gabriel Derzhavin (1743-1816), whom Gogol christened "Poet of Majesty", and who was one of the important "teachers" of Pushkin, especially in his vivid and picturesque descriptions of nature ("Ruddy autumn carries already golden sheafs into barns").

"Old Derzhavin has marked us, and ere yet to go to the grave, gave us his blessing," remarks the great poet while remembering his graduation examinations in Lyceum.

The religious ode of Derzhavin, "God", is translated into many languages. It interprets the awe of human consciousness before the omnipotency of God. According to the opinion of some foreign critics, there is no similar forceful ode to God in Western European poetry. The man, however, in that "raging-like-thunderstorms" poetic work is not downtrodden . . . .

"My body comes to dust, to nothing,
Intellect of mine, he rules the thunders
I am the King, the slave, the worm, the God!"

One of the forms of religious lyric poetry of pre-Pushkin period (which, let us say here, came down to plain folk, to the followers of the sect of dissenters) is that represented by *Masons*. That form of lyric poetry influenced the development of sentimental movement in Russian poetry, and it also contains elements which later will grow in the poetry of Russian romanticism (the school which prompted the belief in divine Beauty permeating the upper strata of the universe). Among the poets-masons we will mention M. M. Heraskov (1733-1807), author of tragedies written in the style of French classicism, of fiction, and of religious verses. Here are some of the motives of Heraskov's poetry: Deathless universal soul; it lives in nature, in woods, mountains, in the sea, in every blade of grass. Deeply touched by the idea of the Almighty, man praises and adores God. This our life is nothing but vanity; and man ignoring all vanity, enters the temple of blessedness.

The masonic verses have their own style, which brings them near to oral "spiritual" folk-poetry.

As to the laudatory verses (odes), their chief representatives in the period under consideration are Lomonosov and Derzhavin, both of whom contributed very much towards the refreshening and vitalizing of Russian poetic language. Sumarokov, who

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equally wrote many "odes" in honor of Empress Elizabeth and Catherine II, called Lomonosov "the Russian Pindarus". The Russian laudatory odes have, however, their own technique, character and style.

Usually the person praised is a central figure of a big picture. Stirred by his lyrical pathos, the poet embraces the whole world, and becomes *universal* . . . . Here is fashioned, so to say, the basis to that, which later Dostoyevsky pointed out in Pushkin, calling him "a man comprising all humanity".

The better Russian poets have for their motives not flattery per se, but, as Lomonosov for instance, the interests of science and education. He praises highly Empress Elizabeth as a promoter of cultural ideas initiated by Peter the Great, her father.

"I do not fear maliciousness, I do not insist on good . . . .
I do not sing to favor you—
But to enhance the Truth, the work of Peter."

Omitting the other forms of lyric poetry, let us consider the intimate-amorous form, which contributed largely to the development of future poetry.

One of the first representatives of that form of lyrics in the beginning of the eighteenth century was a certain Mons, chamberlain, who wrote in Russian and in German. The demand for the "little songs" of amorous character was so great among the upper classes, as to create a "craziness" from which were not immune even such personages as Catherine I, the wife of Peter the Great. Mons paid with his life for her infatuation in amorous songs. The Empresses not only delighted in verses of others, but, as Elizabeth, daughter of Peter—were sometimes writers of "amorous" poetry. Here are excerpts from Elizabeth's songs, which—notwithstanding foreign influences—were based on purely oral folk poetry of amorous character, the mother of "book" poetry.

"I have no power to stifle the flame,
My heart is sore, but what can I do?
I would much prefer not to know you
Than to suffer so intensely."

The lyrical poetry of the type just mentioned is full of sentimentalism: for example, the beloved is called "flower which opened inside my heart".

Later, beginning with Sumarokov, this type of lyrical poetry changes into a "light" poetry of French and Anacreontic type. . . . . Even steady Lomonosov is under its influence . . . . The tendency towards the finesse and daintiness in expressing subtle (amorous) feelings is growing. The language is becoming lighter. Sumarokov with his tendency to sincerity ("If you wish

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to write, start by being in love"), creates such easy, exquisite verses, that they are sung by society under the accompaniment of the lute. The dainty epicurism requires musicalness, greater attention to the language . . . . and Lomonosov and Sumarokov—sing hymns to the beauties of Russian language ("Our beautiful language can express everything"—A. Sumarokov).

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, the light French poetry fills the book-racks of aristocracy (in addition to classics of antiquity), and, stimulated by that poetry, dozens of talented Russian poets, including the uncle of Pushkin, create a whole bouquet of pastoral and Anacreontic songs, and of whimsical verses a la Parny.

K. Batiushkov (1787-1855) was the most eminent poet in that genre of poetry partly called "epicurean"*. His influence is largely felt in Pushkin. Batiushkov started his career before Pushkin but died later.

The chief characteristics of epicurism of Batiushkov are elegiac spirit; the motives of "universal sorrow" are interlaced in his verses with bacchic moods:

"Happiness is not eternal. Life cannot be enjoyed forever.
Chase out the phantom of the glory,
To enjoy life, to be happy,
Scatter roses on your way.
And to youth we'll say: 'soar high'."

In his poetical work *Bacchante* which still is regarded as beautiful and full of expression, Batiushkov gives a very life-like and passion breathing picture . . . .

"She ran—lighter than the young gazelle."

Batiushkov, in juxtaposition to his predecessors, highly influenced by French classicism—is a "neo-classic", whose light, easy poetry is very much in the spirit of poets of antiquity. Among the elegies of Batiushkov *The Friend's Shadow* deserves special attention (see Anthology of Russian Literature, by Prof. L. Wiener, Vol. II).

(*This series will be continued in September*)

* Epicurus, a Greek philosopher.

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OBLOMOV *

A Review by WALTER V. BOUQUET

THOSE WHO WANT TO KNOW why Russia is what it is today must read *Oblomov* by Ivan Goncharov. This book written in the middle of the nineteenth century is not only an interesting portrayal of the Russian life and customs of the times, but in its content is prophetic as it shows types of "old" and "new" Russia.

Liberally interpreted *Oblomov* means a fragment, a chip. A chip is of no value unless it is cemented together with other strong chips. Under such conditions an article may be reconstructed and be useful. Oblomov, the hero of this story, was a human chip. Unfortunately, however, he was cemented with bad chips in the form of undesirable associations and in an unhealthy environment.

A splendid character, brainy, educated, well to do, he nevertheless was a pathetic figure. Easy going, simple-minded, a romantic dreamer and philosopher he constantly thought, weighed, reasoned, planned, resolved but never got any further. By nature he was inert. He tackled life's daily problems by putting off their solution "till tomorrow".

He was evicted, robbed, cheated, framed up, coerced into marriage, but—still—he did nothing about this. And this was natural. Since his early childhood he was cared for and worried about. Consequently, he, himself, was not prepared for life. To him it seemed a continuous state of disturbance. Even love was nothing but "anxiety and agitation."

He thought his life "had been created and designed to be such in order to demonstrate the ideally restful aspect of human existence. It was other people's lot to express its tempestuous aspects, to set in motion the creative and destructive forces; everyone had his appointed task!" . . . . "He had been born and brought up not as a gladiator for the arena, but as a peaceful spectator of the battle." . . . . "He was the expression just of one particular aspect of life and it was no use of struggling for something else, changing anything, or repenting." This Russian apathy!

And he was true to his philosophy. It took all the ingenuity and dynamic energy of Oblomov's boyhood friend Stolz—this new type of Russian—to get him out of trouble many times. His love Olga started him on the road to reform, but *Oblomovism* triumphed and the pitiful hero, after a heroic struggle, slumped

* Oblomov. By Ivan Goncharov. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. Macmillan. $3.00.

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back into his original state of lazy inactivity. He wound up by marrying a simple, honest woman whose philosophy was like his; who summed it up well in these words: "We've been born here, we lived here, and here we ought to die." The Russian habit!

Oblomov is the finest psychological study in narrative form your reviewer has seen for some time. In it the types live. They are Russian in name but universally found and are worth knowing. You cannot afford to miss the loyal, lazy servant Zahar, who first curses at his master and immediately thereafter is willing to lay down his head for him. You must know the bully Taranteyev's outlook on life and men; the attitude of Ivan Matveyevitch who complains that "work is not what it used to be because they all want it as simple as possible." . . . . "That's not the way to write, they say, it's unnecessary trouble, a waste of time, it can be done quicker . . . . they spoil things."

Natalie A. Duddington's translation is excellent.

THE VISION

By ALEXANDER POUSHKIN

Translated by Boris Brasol.

OF late I had a dream, I had the sweet sensation,
As though a golden crown had been bestowed on me,
And I was King. I dreamed of thee;
My heart was thrilled with fascination;
In words, so full of love, my passion was revealed . . . .
Oh, dreams, why did you not my happiness extend?
But still the gods were not so cruel in the end:
Naught but a Kingdom did I yield.

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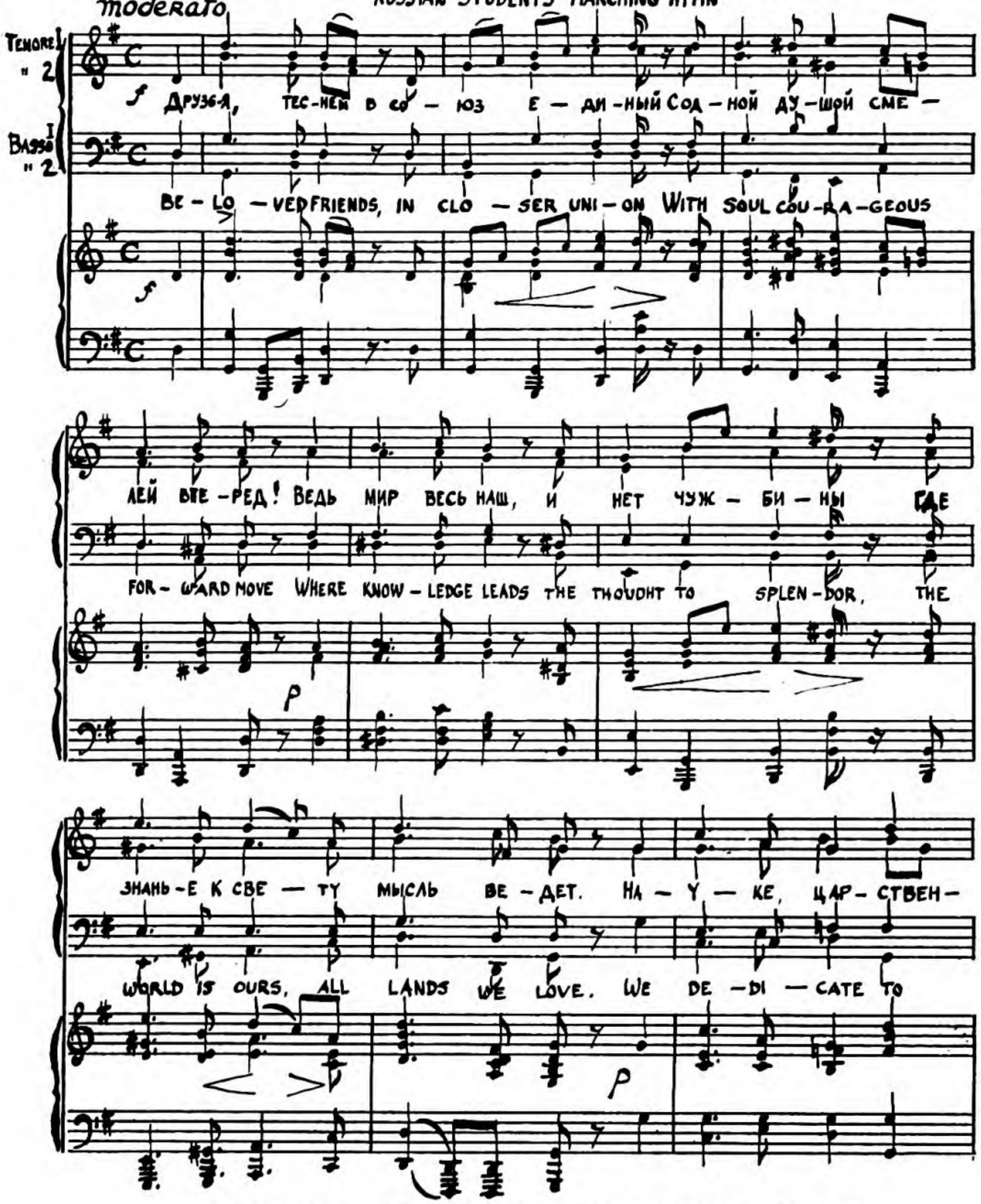
слова Г. В. Голохвастова
Перевод Ф. А. Гэйлорда
WORDS BY G.V. GOLOKHVASTOFF
TRANSLATION BY F.A. GAYLORD

ГИМН-МАРШ РУССКИХ СТУДЕНТОВ

RUSSIAN STUDENTS' MARCHING HYMN

музыка С. Ф. Балдина
MUSIC BY S.F. BALDIN



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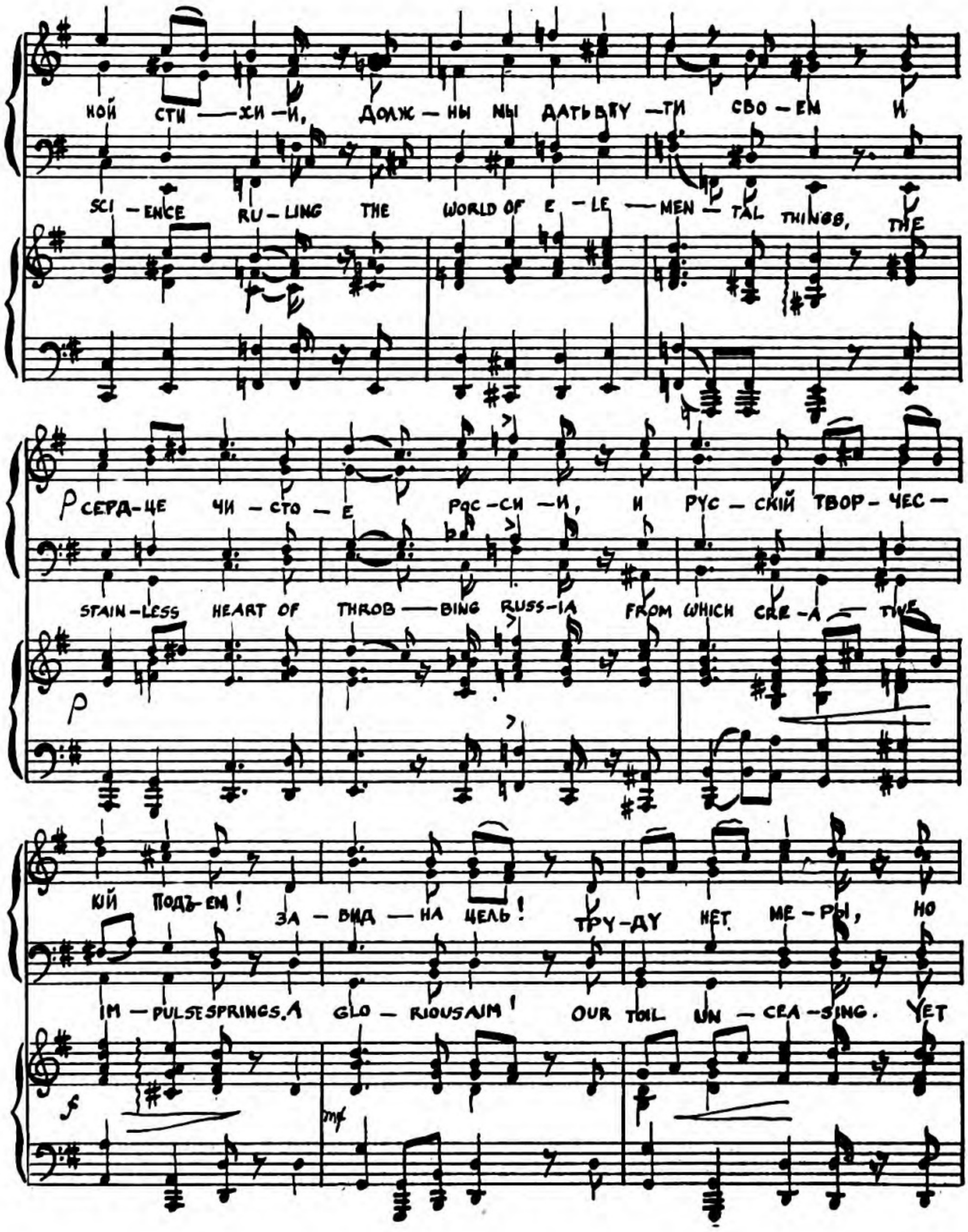
Russian Students' Marching Hymn



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РАТЬ — Ю ШКОЛ РОД — НЫХ ВСЕМ НАМ МЫ С СОЛН — ЦЕМ РА — ЗУ —

WE THROUGH FAITH AND THOUGHTS THAT SHINE WELL TAUGHT IN WAYS TO

p

МА И ВЕ — РЫ И — ДЕМ ЖИЗНЬ СТРО — ИТЬ ВДАР ВЕ — КАМ ЛЮБ — ВИ, ДОБ

US FA — MI — LIAR FOR LOVE AND TRUTH SHALL BUILD A SHRINE TO BLESS THE

grave

РА — И ПРАВ — ДЫ ХРАМ — !

A — GES END — LESS LINE — !

NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER 30, 1929

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THE STUDENT MODEL ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BASIL EFIMCHENKO

ON SATURDAY, APRIL 26th, 1930 magnificent Woolsey Hall of Yale University presented a most wonderful and rare picture. Four hundred young men and women—representatives of thirty-two New England colleges—were gathered here to attend the third annual meeting of the Model Assembly of the League of Nations. The first of these model conferences was held at Amherst College, and last year's conference was held at Mount Holyoke College.

The fifty-three nations were well represented and the seating arrangement was identical with that of the League of Nations in Geneva. Each delegation had its own table which was decorated with a national flag.

The Assembly was called to order by the President of the Council, Julien A. Ripley, Jr., of the Yale class of 1930. He introduced President Angell of Yale University. After welcoming the delegates to Yale, President Angell spoke of the sympathy Yale has for such organizations as this. "I belong to an age, which, like the dodo, is becoming extinct," he said. "I believe the United States should enter the League, entertaining a place among the nations of the world and bearing its proportionate burden. I hope to see the time come. You are getting from a contact of this type a training in international-mindedness which no other training could give you. You are deriving from this contact a direct sense of the character of the problem which no indirect method can give."

Mr. Ripley then spoke, stressing the importance of Assemblies such as this one, and outlining what has been done in the past years by other conferences. "Interest", he said, "in the affairs of their country can perhaps best be aroused among thoughtful students by giving them not only an appreciation of what is going on in the world about them, but a sense of responsibility toward their nation's needs. Let us hope, then, that this Conference may become but another instance of the seriousness of purpose and the depth of insight which is beginning to dominate a large number of the much maligned younger generation."

Herbert L. Elvin of the Yale Graduate School, a delegate from Great Britain was then elected President of the Assembly, in conformity with the rules of procedure at Geneva. He began his presidency with a concise and interesting speech.

"The last ten years," he said, "have been fruitful, and the

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League has assumed a practical position in the world. We cannot go back to international anarchy.

"There is no more interesting subject than the revision of the Covenant of the League of Nations. We are discussing, not theories, but a subject which has been matter for the discussions of statesmen for the last ten years.

"We must have arbitration if war is to be abolished. We have been thrilled by the glamour of the battle field previously. Now we should turn our attention to arbitration, tracing its history from the Middle Ages to the present century."

"The Monroe Doctrine and the Covenant" was, perhaps, the most interesting and the most heatedly debated question on the program. The debate centred around Article XXI of the Covenant which recognizes the validity of international engagements for securing the maintenance of peace. The Assembly was closed with an address by Dr. Charles Edward Winslow, who has been connected with the Public Health Service of the League of Nations in Geneva. He also has outlined the history of the League of Nations and its relations with the United States.

In conclusion I want to say a few words about the excellent organization of the entire conference and the accommodations that Yale University provided for all the delegates. For a small charge, delegates were very well lodged. A splendid lunch and dinner were served. Besides that, Friday evening a dance was held in Woolsey Hall, under the auspices of the New England Conference Committee. "An aperitif for the sessions"—Yale students called this affair which lasted from 9 P. M. to 1 A. M.

Next year at approximately the same time the fourth Model Assembly will be held at Harvard University. In the West there is also a similar Assembly held in Chicago. This is a good opportunity for Russian students who hope to take part in the future reconstruction of the world, to join delegations from the various countries that are admitted into the League of Nations. We have to know what is most important and significant in our student life. Our country will need from us not only a good knowledge of some vocation but also "training in international-mindedness" as President Angell pointed out.

My sincere opinion is that the Model Student Assembly of the League of Nations is absolutely outstanding even today, and we Russian students must take our part in it. It will not require much of us, either in money or in time.

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THE DNIEPER

NIKOLAY VASILEVICH GOGOL (-YANOVSKI) (1809-1852)
From *Anthology of Russian Literature*, Leo Wiener.

WONDERFUL IS THE DNIEPER in quiet weather when softly and smoothly he hurries his full waters by forests and hills. He neither rustles, nor thunders. You look at him, and you do not know whether his majestic breadth is in motion or not, and it looks as if he were all cast of glass and as if his blue, mirrored path, measureless in breadth and endless in length, meandered and wound over the wide green world. The hot sun then joyfully looks down from his height and plunges his beams in the coolness of the glassy waters, and the woods of the shore are brightly reflected therein. Green-locked ones! They crowd together with the field flowers to the brink, and bending over look into the water, and do not get tired looking at their bright image, and smile to it, and greet it, shaking their branches. They dare not look into the middle of the Dnieper; none but the sun and the blue sky look upon it; rarely a bird flies to the middle of the Dnieper. Proud one! There is not a river in the world like him.

Wonderful, too, is the Dnieper in a warm summer night, when all is asleep—man, and beast, and bird—and God alone majestically surveys heaven and earth and majestically waves His garment. From the garment fall stars; stars burn and gleam over the world, and all together are reflected in the Dnieper. The Dnieper holds them all in his murky lap; not one of them will escape him, unless it be dimmed in heaven. The black forest, weighted down by sleeping ravens, and anciently disrupted mountains hang down over him and attempt to cover him with their long shadows. In vain! There is nothing in the world that could cover the Dnieper. Ever blue, he spreads his gentle floods in the night as in the day, and may be seen as far as the human eye can see. Proceeding in his voluptuous course and hugging the shore in the coolness of the night, he leaves behind him a silvery streak which flashes like the blade of a Damascus sabre, but the blue one again falls asleep. Even then the Dnieper is wonderful, and there is no river like him in the whole world!

But when the grey clouds pass like mountains over the sky, the black forest shakes to its roots, the oaks crack, and the lightning, piercing through the clouds, at once illumine the whole world—then the Dnieper is terrible! The mounds of water thunder as they beat against the mountains, and with a splash and groan they rush back, and weep, and lose themselves in the distance.

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SMATTER

IN A FEW DAYS forty-one Russkies will graduate from twenty-two American colleges.

One, and perhaps others, has completed a four year course in three years, although his previous education was hopelessly interrupted. Another—an electrical engineer—finished his first two years of navigation school when Russia was still in the World War. Then, you remember, there was a Civil War in Russia. Since 1920 then, this student has worked on an oil tanker, in a lumber camp, sailed around the world to earn enough to resume his engineering education, *e tak daleye*.

"I had one examination this morning," volunteered a mining engineering student. Through the lines of fatigue one could easily read in his face that he was happy it wouldn't be long now. We wondered how many nights last week he had driven a taxicab in order to earn some extra graduation money.

"When I came here, I couldn't be admitted to college as a regular student. The admissions officer told me if I would pass a course in chemistry during the summer, he would admit me. For a week I couldn't understand anything the professor said and I went, very much disheartened, to an older friend and told him how impossible life was and that I thought I might as well not go on. The friend said, 'You can't get into college if you drop it so you won't lose anything by sticking at it, and you might pass'."

With this ray of hope the student stayed in the class. He passed. He supported himself with a taxicab and then one night three bandits tried to take the car away from him and shot him. It was a long time before he could work again.

And now this graduating student says this: "Knowledge, of itself, gives a deep and lasting satisfaction and to study earnestly with a definite purpose in view—that of one day taking a responsible position in the economic world—gives zest and enthusiasm to the task and spurs one on to greater accomplishments.

"The ability to do things skillfully, to cultivate and develop one's natural inclinations, to be able to face the World with something of value to offer—this is very near the realization of one's dreams."

If time and space permitted we could go on—with the forty-one stories. The details are all different but to men like these, American education means something.

Every once in a while someone sits in the chair opposite this desk and asks so seriously, "Do they really pay back?" On

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the inside front cover of this periodical there is a statement every month of the amount repaid. To date, $98,458.79 has been returned to the Fund and is being used for other students; and sixty-one of the three hundred and sixty-three, who are no longer being aided, have repaid every cent. Some of these have, in addition, given substantial contributions to the Fund, to this magazine, and to the Russian Alumni Association. These are honest men and women who have many tragedies in their lives which could justifiably prevent their repaying, but they don't break faith with those who have confidence in them.

These forty-one graduates have something to offer to the world. That something is more valuable than the average American employer can realize at first glance. Because they were born in Russia, some employers will say, "You will have trouble with English." And of course some of them do, but there have been times when this wasn't even thought of until after the graduate had admitted he was Russian. These Russians know how to stand the vicissitudes of life. Before they were twenty-one the roots of their lives were torn off and cut into tiny threads. They have pieced these fragments together. They have miraculously retained their self-respect and regained their faith in mankind. They have not only kept their souls, but kept them clean.

One session of the National Russian Students' Christian Association Conference, held usually in a camp near New York the third week in June, will prove to any doubting Thomas that these are young men and women of whom one may without the slightest hesitation expect great things and not be disappointed.

So, until next September,*

—deN.

---

* *The Russian Student* is not issued during July and August.

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FROM THE MAIL BAG

From Alaska

You printed in the November 1929 issue a part of my letter in which I mentioned that I have lived among Aleutian people for thirteen years. I forgot to mention also among or with *Kreol* people. Someone living in Seattle, Washington was insulted.

It is the truth that Russians from Russia do not live here. Alaska was sold to America over half a century ago, and since then Russians have not come here. Before the sale of Alaska there were not many women here, mainly men who married Aleutian women. Children of a Russian father and Aleutian mother are called by both Russians and Americans, *Kreolani.* It would be silly if I should criticise the people with whom I live for their lack of knowledge of Russian since there have been no Russian schools here for such a long time. I did not even think of it.

With sorrow, it is necessary to say that the Russian language is disappearing in Alaska. There are only American schools.

The Aleutian people are good and kind people. The Aleut is not yet anxious to earn, to make money, and he is willing to share everything that he has. His stubbornness or tolerance (passiveness we may call it) is surprising. You would never hear a word of complaint from him.

There are no Russians from Russia in my settlement, nor are there any in the nearby villages.

Will you please translate a part of my letter.

Archimandrit Guerassim

A Pleasure

The importance of *The Russian Student* is so great that it is the duty of everyone of us to give our moral and material support. It is a real pleasure for us removed from the centre and from each other to receive at the beginning of the month a very interesting little booklet in a beautiful cover.

A. B.—Baltimore, Md.

Didn't Take It Easy

It was only at the end of my fourth term that I began to grasp the fruits of my two years' training in architecture. The course in any school is designed so as to attain the training gradually of the individual. But a regular student never tries to follow the outlined course strictly, in every possible way he tries to make things easier, and by that he deviates from the experience for which he is in the school. From the beginning I tried to attack every problem from its hardest angle so as to get all possible benefit from it and try to do more in every case than I should. It took me more time and effort and grinding, but in the long run it proved to be a comprehensive way to work. Some students looked upon my attitude with a smile of superiority while others understood and appreciated that spirit. The results of my individual manner of working have begun to show up, and the smile with the advice to "Take it easy" has disappeared and an expression of surprise has taken its place.—N. N. O.—New York City (Columbia)

Compare Ideas

It is most interesting for us to compare our ideas on student life. I look forward to seeing the views of other students. Of one thing I am quite certain that they can not have a more concentrated and effi-

(*Continued on page* 22)

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The masterly pen and brush of Georges R. Wiren (M.I.T. '23) have given us this cover design of the Cathedral of Archangel Michael built in Nizni-Novgorod in 1222—as early as the town itself was founded.

▲

Many will be glad to read Alexis P. Gaidash's interesting analysis of *Sadko*, presented so successfully a number of times this season by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Gaidash is a graduate of Brown University, Class of 1927.

▲

Professor Alexis Fovitsky continues his Outline of Russian Poetry in this number and in the early fall issues.

▲

As intimated previously in these columns it requires an almost superhuman gift to render a perfect translation of the poetry of Alexander Pushkin. Boris Brasol's translation of *The Vision* seems to me to satisfy even our critics' most critical requirements. Mr. Brasol's translation of the *Prologue to Ruslan and Ludmila* appeared in *The Russian Student*, April 1929. Besides being a poet, Mr. Brasol is a criminologist, author and lecturer.

▲

Walter V. Bouquet graduated from the New York University School of Law in 1929.

▲

We asked Professor Silvan F. Baldin for an article on a technical subject which could be understood by an intelligent person who is not a scientist. His reply was the *Russian Students' Marching Hymn.* This hymn was sung in Russian by a male quartette for the first time at the opening of the Russian Clubroom in New York, Saturday evening, May seventeenth. Professor Baldin, at present Consulting Engineer with the O'Connor Transatlantic Airways, Inc., was professor of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering in the Petrograd Polytechnic Institute before 1914, President of the Technical Commission of the Russian Government in the United States 1914-1917, and is the author of about thirty engineering books and articles in Russian. His most recent research has been in energetics.

▲

The words of the hymn were written by G. V. Golokhvastoff, who has written several other Russian songs which we are told have been sung over the radio.

▲

Dr. Franklin A. Gaylord of Englewood, New Jersey, who made the English translation, spent many years in Russia and formed many Russian friendships during the World War through *Mayak* of which he was founder.

▲

Basil Efimchenko, a sophomore at Massachusetts Agricultural College, was a member of the Czechoslovakian Delegation of the Student Assembly of the League of Nations.

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FROM THE MAIL BAG

(*Continued from page* 20)

cient course than we have. We have plenty of work to do, but then what does one go to school for? After all there is nothing like work to make the school hours pass.

P. Z.—(Pratt Institute) New York

Something To Think About

I have always held that professional interests subordinate national differences and are more effective in promoting fellowship and understanding than any artificially imposed social contact. Thus I find that in purely personal relations with the majority of students, my individual and remaining national traits of conduct and thought, the influence of my training and my inheritance, are strongly in evidence and frequently contrast or clash with those of the average American I meet.

On the other hand with my classmates and members of my own or allied professions, the distinction is entirely absent or imperceptible. Besides it is quite easy in such a closely bound community as a college to establish wide friendships and acquaintances even outside the field of one's interest, a policy whose wisdom, however, I would question. Personal inconvenience and a little hypocrisy accompanies all social relations; but the former outweigh their benefits if quantity of acquaintance is classed above quality.

T. P.—Pennsylvania

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A History of Russia. *By S. F. Platonov. Macmillan Company.* $2.00. A translation of a famous Russian history. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, October 1929.

Dostoevsky's Letters to His Wife. *Richard R. Smith, Inc.* $5.00.

Economic Trends in Soviet Russia. *By A. Yugoff. Richard R. Smith, Inc.* $4.25.

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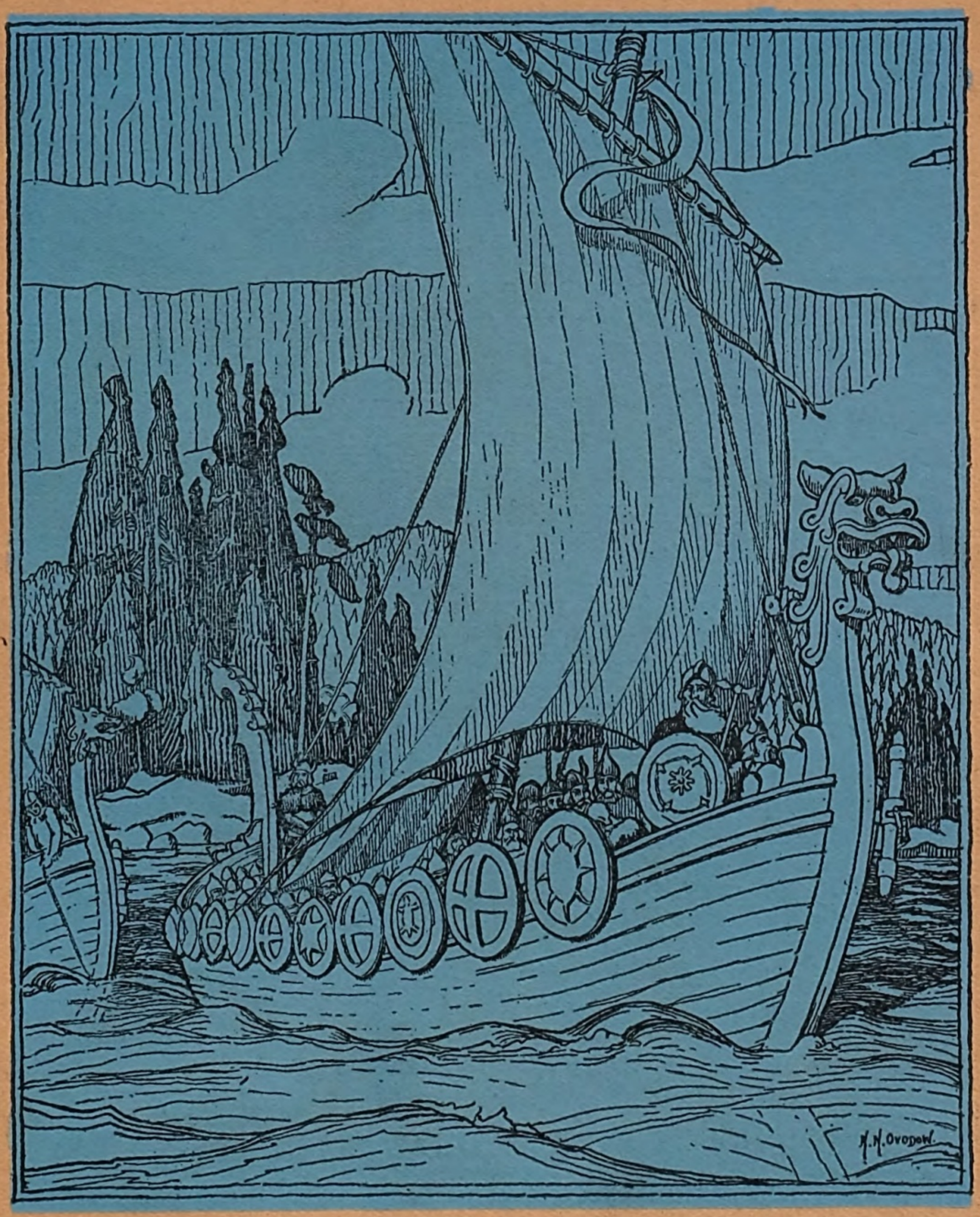

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Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York. This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. A total of 465 men and women, of whom 61 are still studying, have been advanced over $480,000. Former students have repaid $106,713.39; 68 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,100.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

October, 1930

Volume VII **Number 2**

GO SOUTH, YOUNG MAN!

NICHOLAS CHEPELEFF

ONE OF the most important and essential factors to consider in learning the language is pronunciation. This is very true of the English language. There are many people that understand English when it is spoken slowly and distinctly, but one must realize that slow and distinct speech is not to be expected from everyone at all times. Then again, in order to master the language, habits and customs of a people, one must study as well as surround oneself with the best that is to be found in the cultural sphere.

Taking all these things into consideration, the best course of procedure is to cut oneself off from foreign influence, and to go some place where only English is spoken, and English customs predominate. Of all such places, Kentucky is the most ideal.

In Kentucky a person of moderate means may secure the best of American training and culture. Living is comparatively cheap; the climate is such as to enable a person to save no small amount in clothes. There is practically no foreign element in Kentucky. The population is composed chiefly of old American families that have preserved their speech, customs and culture. Furthermore, and what is considered the most important, the language spoken in Kentucky is not affected by the Southern accent that prevails south of the Mason and Dixon line. It has not been marred by the migration of foreigners from the east and northeast. A culture that has produced more statesmen and educators than any other state must have something of the higher cultural life in it. The people are noted for their hospitality and fellowship, especially toward students that enter their institutions of learning.

One hears a great deal of Southern slothfulness and leisure. This is to be expected in a climate that is almost semi-tropical.

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However, in such an atmosphere of intentional leisure one becomes a conscious lover of excellence and feels the reality of the true aristocratic spirit—which can be found only in the South. Some things are worth while and some are not; and those who choose the first group are better companions than those who choose the second. There is a rich, fine way of handling life and there is a shabby, meager way of handling it; the first requires leisure and intelligence, leisure and skill. In the South no one is persistently in a hurry; they are not fatigued to take trouble and, finding the striving for excellence in leisure they do not proclaim an equality which nowhere exists.

In a Southern University a foreign student has an opportunity to meet his professors outside of the class rooms, and to become interested in other things besides his work. Few can deny that the correct sort of outside activity in a University life plays as important a part as do the studies, especially to a foreign student. In these activities he is able to form acquaintances which tend to give him a better view of American ways. He has an opportunity to practice that which he has learned and see for himself whether or not it is practical. He finds in the South a people that are by nature sympathetic and understanding. They are willing to bear his mistakes in speech, his actions and his behavior.

The foreign student will find in the South the sort of people that will help him to understand American manners and ways. He will at the same time bring out all the finer qualities that would lie dormant in some other part of the country.

THE SIREN*

Poem by K. D. BALMONT (1867-)

English translation by Frederick H. Martens

Music by Alexandre Gretchaninoff

THE pulse of your glance is the pulse of the waves;
With treachery sparkling, the bright tears it haunteth.
Deceit in it glowing, its fond passion braves,
With such eyes the Siren the heart e'er enchanteth.
And soft and low soundeth, and tender the voice
That lureth the seaman, o'er the wild waters taken.
'Tis your very own, and it seems to rejoice
With mirth pure and childlike, with love's longing shaken!
And e'er when his bark strikes and staves on the rocks
That magic song, drowning,
The sailor enchanteth,
And laughter seductive lies agony mocks,
The laugh of the Siren your own laughter haunteth
Your own laughter haunteth.

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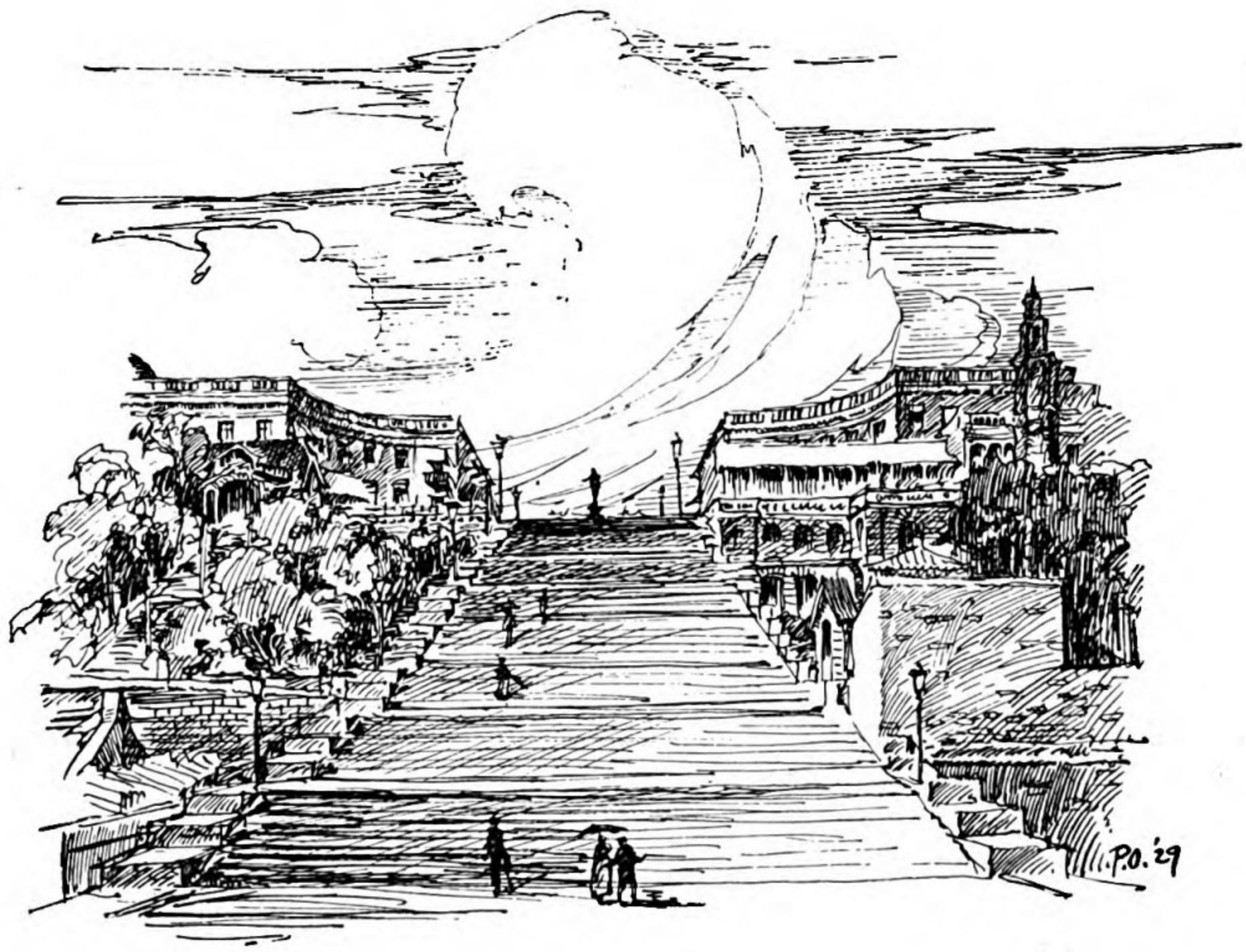

ODESSA

ALEXANDER BEZSMERTNY

AMONG the common Russian population Odessa is always remembered for its rather peculiar and funny characteristics. It had a reputation as a center where the largest number of thieves, cheats and similar types had their permanent residence. To be called an *Odessaite* meant to be slightly insulted. All Russians, no doubt, remember one very popular dialogue between two strangers at their meeting somewhere on the streets of Moscow or Petrograd: "Are you from Odessa?" "Why, has anything disappeared from your pocket?" This was rather typical, for among its cosmopolitan population there could be always found in Odessa numerous adventurers, mostly foreign, who came from the Orient or some other places in search of a better and easier life. The original Russian population looked at them somewhat with suspicion.

But this was not the only characteristic of Odessa. It had another feature which was considered an outstanding one. As a result of the cosmopolitan character of its inhabitants, a great majority of the people used a peculiar kind of dialect that could scarcely be understood elsewhere. It was a mixture of slang with the language, free from any rules or regulations concerning

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style or grammar. On the streets of Moscow or Petrograd an *Odessaite* was immediately recognized by his typical usage of Russian. It should be noted, however, that this was a singularity of the middle and lower classes, people of the higher intellectual classes being free from this defect.

Well Liked By Russians

From the above description the reader may get an impression that Odessa was a disagreeable city, or that it has no redeeming qualities. That is not the case. Odessa is one of the most attractive cities of Russia and even very much liked by a majority of the Russians. Its extremely gay life made it famous all over the country and it was visited by many who were in search of a place of amusement or rest. Odessa was frequently referred to by many Russians as a "little Paris", and though that may have been somewhat of an exaggeration, the comparison of its life with that of Paris can find some justification.

Odessa is a modern city, outstanding for its street life, its numerous cafes and cabarets. There has always been a variety of theatres, ranging from the ordinary movies to the permanent opera, drama and circus houses. The colorful crowd on the streets remind one instantly of the streets of Paris, more than of any other conservative Russian city.

A Picturesque City

Odessa is a little more than a century old. Known as Hadji-Bey, it was captured in 1788 during the Russo-Turkish War. It is picturesquely situated on the shores of an open bay formed by the Black Sea and lies on a plateau forty-seven meters high, which descends rather abruptly toward the sea. In the direction of the sea it is particularly ornamented by a row of splendid houses and palaces. A handsome avenue, planted with trees, occupies a considerable space between this row of houses and the ridge of the hill where it descends somewhat precipitously. This walk, called Nicholaevsky Boulevard, widens in the form of a crescent. In the center of this stands a statue of the Duke of Richelieu who was governor in 1803 and had been of great service to the city. A magnificent flight of approximately two hundred steps leads from the Richelieu monument down to the shore and the harbours. It is about two hundred feet wide and the blocks of stone composing the steps are supported by enormous arches.

The person who selected this site must have had an artistic eye for nothing could be finer than the approach from the sea where the golden domes and white buildings of Odessa are visible from a great distance.

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Generally speaking, Odessa has somewhat the aspect of an Italian city principally due to its flat-roofed houses. Because of the symmetry of its plan, the straightness and regularity of its streets, the rows of trees that border them and the excellent paving, Odessa is one of the most up-to-date cities of Russia.

In regard to population it is a very singular city where every nation is represented. In the variety of its population it resembles Constantinople. Every part of Europe seems to have contributed representatives to Odessa although the Asiatic element can also be found. Externally, in public buildings it resembles a city of the southern part of Europe and has a marked Italian character. The higher types of shops are in direct imitation of the French and they deal chiefly with articles of luxury. The artisans are in great part Germans and the markets are supplied to a great extent with vegetables by the German gardeners from the neighboring colonies. Although in social circles the French have been taken as a model and their language chiefly spoken, there was however a certain tendency to adopt English manners, especially in private society.

During the last quarter century Odessa rose in repute as a summer sea-bathing resort and became popular for its health resorts along the limans. In these limans, or former river mouths, now cut off from the sea by the silting up of the rivers, are waters containing salt solutions with high proportion of magnesium, calcium salts and iodine; the mud is strongly impregnated with sulphurated hydrogen and is highly beneficial to sufferers of rheumatism, nervous disorders and skin diseases.

World Port

Before the war Odessa was of a considerable industrial importance; it had numerous industrial enterprises, among which may be mentioned flour mills, sugar refineries, match factories, tanneries, and soap factories.

But the international significance of Odessa as a chief commercial port is determined by the volume of its foreign trade, which in the years preceding the world war was constantly growing. Situated on the coast of one of the largest grain producing areas of Russia and in close proximity to the estuaries of the rivers Dnieper and Dniester, the city is naturally well equipped for its position as the chief grain exporting center of Russia and is the first Russian port in regard to exports in general. Its port has five harbours supplied by the most modern equipment and sheltered by break-waters. Navigation is interrupted on an average of sixteen days per annum though powerful ice-breakers lessen this time. In the pre-war days Odessa

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exported chiefly grain, wool, cattle, sugar and timber and imported coal, iron, machines, tobacco, manufactured goods, coffee and other colonial goods.

The time will come when the great problem to be faced in Russia—the restoration of her economic life: industrial and agricultural production must be regenerated and trade with other nations restored. Given the necessary credit, Russia will restore its production and transportation which must precede exportation upon a scale large enough to approximate her imports. For some time to come she must receive imports enormously in excess of her exports. Having been in the past a financial and commercial city, Odessa must become in the future a center of Russia's most intensive foreign trade activities and its significance as an international port will naturally be established.

Russian School Children of Ryazan District
Drawn by Nicholas Ovodow from Photograph

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Russian Engineering Colleges

Vladimir L. Maleev

THE peculiarities of a race, differences in industrial trends, political conditions and influences and many incidental factors result in great differences in different countries between colleges of the same type. By travelling in foreign countries we see many interesting things which broaden our mind, so the acquaintance with an educational system of another, very different country might also be not only interesting but useful.

A part of what I shall relate is selected from books, which I happened to bring ten years ago from Russia, but a great part of it will be from my own experience.

Beginnings and Growth

The history of Russian engineering education can be divided into four distinctly different periods: first period—from 1773 to 1830—the creation of the five oldest colleges; second period—from 1830 to 1885—their development and growth without any new colleges being created; third period—from 1885 to 1900—creation of four new colleges modelled in general along the lines of the first five colleges, and finally the fourth and last period—creation of a number of new institutions of a different, polytechnical type and their influence upon the older colleges.

The oldest Russian engineering college, the Mining Institute of St. Petersburg, was created in 1773 by the Empress Catherine the Great. It was originated as an institution for post graduate study—the prerequisite for enrollment was graduation from the University of Moscow. Later on lower grades were added until it comprised a high school and a technical college. In 1804 it was reorganized into a mining high school. At the beginning of what we called above the second period—in 1834—it was again reorganized into a mining college, this time, following the general trend under Emperor Nicholas the First, obtaining a military character. Finally, in 1866 it was again reorganized into a civilian mining college and given a new charter which it retained with slight changes until the Revolution of 1917.

The second college, created in 1810, was the Institute of Ways of Communication. It also underwent several changes—in 1832 it received a military organization, but in 1860 it was reverted to the civilian state.

The Imperial Technical College of Moscow was created on paper in 1826, actually organized in 1832; at first as a manual

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school; gradually high school grades were added, then the lower grades were discontinued and instead college courses added until in 1868 it was again reorganized and given a new charter of a college of engineering with two departments—mechanical and chemical.

The Institute of Technology of St. Petersburg was founded in 1828 also as a manual school and gradually transformed into a combined college of mechanical and chemical engineering.

The last of this first group of colleges is the Institute of Civil Engineering which was formed from two separate colleges —of Architecture and of Civil Engineering founded in 1830 and 1832. It too had a military organization from 1832 until 1865.

The second period, or growth and development of the five oldest colleges is noteworthy for the attainments—beginning with very moderate means the colleges succeeded to obtain and produce as professors internationally known scientists, and to prepare a sufficient number of broadly educated engineers of all specialties required in the practical life of Russia of those days.

When the Imperial Technical College of Moscow in competition with colleges from other countries participated with its exhibits in the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 it received the gold medal for "Achievements in Technical Education" and its yearly programs were recommended by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to its students as examples of well balanced curricula.

During the third period four new colleges were created: the Institute of Technology of Kharkoff, organized as a duplicate of the Institute of Technology of St. Petersburg, the Electro-Technical Institute, the College of Engineering of Moscow and the College of Mining of Ekaterinaslav.

The fourth period sees within the brief space of four years —from 1898 to 1901 inclusive, the foundation of five new large Polytechnical Institutes, each composed of four or more colleges —the Polytechnical Institutes of Warsaw, Kiev, Don, St. Petersburg, and the Institute of Technology of Tomsk followed later by the foundation of the Institute of Mining of Ekaterinburg. About the same time the Polytechnical Institute of Riga was included in the system of Russian colleges.

Whereas the nine older colleges were devoted to not more than two branches of engineering, these new institutes were technical universities, organized along the same lines as the German Technische Hochschulen.

The advantages of such a system were so great that many of the older colleges began to develop more or less independent

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departments, thus approaching the polytechnical type of college.

It may be appropriate to mention here that the first Polytechnical Institute of Riga with six independent colleges functioned since 1862. Until 1896, however, when it was reorganized with the introduction of the Russian language, it was a purely German institution shaped after German patterns, with German customs and traditions, including "students' corporations" and excessive beer drinking.

The first thirty-four years of its existence it did not participate in the life of other Russian colleges and hardly contributed anything to Russia's industries, except in the Baltic provinces.

Summing up we may state that Russia entered the Twentieth Century with sixteen engineering institutions, comprising actually thirty-six engineering colleges and two colleges of political economy and commerce. The total number of students in 1904 was about 9,000 and grew to about 14,000 before the World War. The total number of professors, lecturers and instructors was slightly under one thousand.

One of the peculiarities of the Russian engineering educational system was that although all colleges and institutes were subordinated to the Central Government in St. Petersburg, at the same time only five institutes—the three Institutes of Technology, the Imperial Technical College of Moscow and the Polytechnical Institute of Riga were in the Department of Education, the rest were: seven in the Department of Commerce and Industries, two in the Department of Ways of Communication and two in the Department of Interior.

This situation in certain respects was to the advantage of the common cause: it created competition between the colleges and particularly assisted them to obtain new appropriations of money for expansion, erecting of new laboratories, et cetera.

Phases of Development

Russian Engineering Colleges went through the same phases as colleges of other countries and even as engineering sciences themselves. The first phase, up to about 1890, is characterized by the prevailing use of lectures and books; exercises consisted of making drawings, designing, shop practice—manual training for students in mechanical engineering work and work in chemical laboratories for students in chemical engineering.

The second phase is marked by the erection of engineering laboratories—for testing materials, heat engineering, hydraulics, geology, minerology, et cetera, and by shifting of the attention of teachers and students from dogmatic to experimental education.

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The third and last phase, which started in the beginning of the present century, after the colleges obtained a number of laboratories, is marked by the increased interest in experimental and scientific research work; laboratories were used very extensively for graduation theses and for post graduate studies.

Length of Course

With the exception of the four Polytechnical Institutes of the Department of Commerce and Industries which had a four year course, all other Russian engineering colleges had a five year course. The Imperial Technical College of Moscow had formerly even a six year course in the department of mechanical engineering on account of a considerably greater number of hours devoted to machine shop practice; however, in 1896, machine shop work was cut down and the course was reduced to five years in accordance with other colleges of mechanical engineering.

Two colleges—the Mining College of Ekaterinoslav and the College of Engineering of Moscow—were originally organized with the intention to cut down the number of years spent by the young men in college and to allow them to start earlier their practical life. The theoretical courses were crowded into three year programs, after completion of which the aspirant to a degree in engineering had to go into practice, be employed at least two years as assistant engineer, work out certain problems, after that he could go back to college, present the results of his experience, pass some examinations and only then he was awarded the degree of mining, or civil engineer. This system did not work out very well and soon both colleges adopted the normal five year curricula.

Comparing the system in respect to the students of Russia and the United States we may mention that the Russian students were given more freedom in regard to attending classes and working in the drawing rooms and laboratories. They had to prove that they knew the subject to pass an examination, but whether they attended the lectures or studied at home, this was not essential. They had to produce certain drawings and designs but whether they worked during the hours designated by the normal schedule or during morning hours when the time tables called for attendance of lectures or on Sundays—that was unimportant, provided the teacher or instructor had sufficient proof that the student made the drawings himself. The same thing applied to work in laboratories.

Another important difference from American colleges was the absence of sports and athletics. There was no time left for

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athletics and although some students liked to play football, they did it on Sundays, and only very few at that.

Requirements for enrollment were higher than in the United States—graduation from a seven grade "real" or eight grade "classical" gymnasium equivalent to one or even two years of college, at least in mathematics and physics. In addition to that there were competitive examinations. The number of aspirants was often four to five, even ten times bigger than the number of vacancies, which was usually dictated by the capacity of drawing rooms and laboratories.

There were no special requirements in regard to preliminary practical knowledge of the engineering branch as chosen by the candidate. Instead of that each student had to complete two or even three practices during summer vacations along the lines of his specialty.

The tuition fees were very low, almost nominal—from thirty to fifty dollars a year, no special fees for laboratories. Therefore many boys entered college who were forced to learn and earn at the same time. Obligatory paid summer practice in industrial enterprises often procured by the Dean of the college, was particularly welcome to such students.

Professors

The main qualification necessary to become a professor was his scientific work, especially as evidenced by the number and character of his publications.

A professor could be not a brilliant lecturer, but he had to be an authority in his line of work. There were exceptions to this rule but they were rather rare.

Many colleges required advanced degrees from their professors as early as 1860, and from about 1900 all colleges included this requirement in their charter.

A man not having the advanced degree could be appointed to a professorship if he otherwise had the necessary qualifications, but only as an acting associate professor or sometimes even acting full professor.

When many polytechnical institutes were created at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, the shortage of men qualified to become professors became particularly acute and the colleges started to give scholarships to young engineers who intended to become connected with the colleges.

Vacancies of professorship were filled by a competitive method. When a vacancy occurred, the head of the department advertised in several magazines and newspapers stating the date, at least three months from the date of the first advertisement,

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for filing applications. When the applications were received they were referred either to a committee or to individual specialists in the same line or close to it. They made reports about the qualifications of the candidates and the best man was elected by ballot by the faculty of the college, then confirmed by the Council of the Institute and with the recommendation of the President referred to the Secretary of the Department in St. Petersburg. Such a method, called in Russian "self replenishment" of the faculties, had many advantages as compared with the administrative appointment: there is more guarantee of the selection of a better qualified man, and there is less chance of getting a man who would not be sufficiently congenial to the rest of the faculty members.

Furthermore the method of competitive selection of professors acted as a good incentive for the ambition of the younger men who wanted to become professors in the future. They knew that if they would attain the necessary qualifications, they would sooner or later, and usually very soon, become professors, without having any "pull" among people who were appointing the professors.

Organization and Management of Colleges

The management of all Russian colleges, engineering and others, can be called self government. Since 1905 all officers, as the president, deans, secretaries, et cetera, were elected either by the College Faculty or by the Council. These elections were subject to confirmation by a government representative, but a negative answer was very rare.

The head of the institution carried the name of director and later rector. His duties and privileges were identical with those of the president of a university or college in the United States, the main difference being that he was elected for a four year term by the Council from the full professors of the college. If the president happened to be a good executive and had health strong enough to stand the strain of the many duties, not being relieved of the normal teaching duties of professor either, then he was usually re-elected to a second term.

The heads of the different departments or colleges within a polytechnical institute carried the name of deans, and were elected by the faculty, also for a four year period, from the professors of the department.

The chief governing body was the Council, composed of all professors, presided by the President and having a secretary elected from the professors.

The Council had both legislative and executive functions. All questions pertaining to teaching were first discussed

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and settled in faculty meetings composed of all professors and teachers connected with the corresponding department. These meetings were presided over by the dean and the minutes of the meetings kept by the secretary elected from the professors.

The finances of the institutions were entrusted to a board of managers, with the President as chairman. Members of the board were the deans or professors elected by the Council.

Finally there was a fourth governing body—the "Committee for Student's Business", consisting of the president, the deans and secretaries of the faculties.

If we add to this the library committee we shall see that about one-half of the professors had some administrative or executive duties, but even professors not holding at a certain time any executive duties participated in the management of the college as members of Faculty and Council meetings.

Development of Engineering Colleges

The number of students enrolled increased very steadily regardless of the fact that more and more new colleges were created. In like proportion, although slightly slower, the number of professors, teachers, lecturers and instructors increased.

The number and size of laboratories was also steadily increasing; new buildings were added and new equipment for existing engineering laboratories ordered.

The intellectual growth and influence upon the related industries was also very noticeable—the majority of professors conducted research work in their line and kept in touch with the industrial development of the country and participated in it indirectly through publishing the results of their research works and directly—by acting as consulting engineers and technical experts.

It cannot be denied that in many branches of engineering science there was a certain influence from other countries as for instance of Germany along scientific and educational lines, United States along the lines of industrial development, including railroads and bridges.

That Russian colleges had prominent scientists among their faculty members can be confirmed by a considerable number of them being now professors in American universities and colleges. Another proof is the fact that a great majority of Russian engineers who came to the United States after the Revolution of 1917 made good. Handicapped at first by insufficient knowledge of English, and by entirely new industrial conditions and requirements they finally succeeded and many hold responsible positions or they have their own consulting offices.

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Outline of Russian Poetry

Alexis Fovitsky

V

IN ORDER to give a complete precis of Russian poetry of the pre-Pushkin period and of the period embracing the youth of the great poet, it is necessary to mention a few more aspects of that poetry.

To such belongs a certain genre represented by light, frolicsome poems which ignore to a noticeable degree the great traditions of French classicism which dominated Russian literature and poetry in the eighteenth century.

The most conspicuous representative of this genre was Hippolite Bogdanovich (1743-1802) whose poem *Dushenka** ancient novel in free verse was quite a literary success at that time. According to N. Karamzin, (1766-1826) noted historian, writer and poet, *Dushenka* is a vivacious "play of imagination, based exclusively on the rules of a tender taste and free of principles of Aristotle" and as a matter of fact *Dushenka* is a frivolous dainty literary work somewhat coarse in its waggishness, where god Saturnus is "toothless, bald and gray" and where Russian *couleur locale* and motives and forms of the ancient world are artistically blended. Dushenka is the daughter of a Greek king, but a truly Russian girl in type. She is an impersonation of youth, vivaciousness, frivolity and coquetry and surpasses by far in that respect her famous predecessors (the subject is taken from Apulius and from La Fontaine, *Les amours de Psyche et du Cupidon*) who attain their moral perfection through love. And truly the love in Dushenka triumphs; her good heart is above her indiscretions.

"Dushenka, you are lovely in all and every vestment," says the author, and being interpreted it means that Dushenka is a symbol of "synthetic" eternal love.

This poem-burlesque of Bogdanovich influenced, among others, Pushkin, who tells us in his novel *Eugene Onegin* that he was enticed in his youth by *Dushenka;* it was one of those enticements which culminated in his creating Ludmila, the heroine of *Ruslan and Ludmila,* a dainty and farcical poem-fairy tale (1818-1820). The subject of that poem prompted Glinka to compose an opera of the same name; the overture to that opera is very often heard at concerts in New York and over the radio.

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* Diminutive and form of endearment for *dusha,* soul.

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The famous poet B. Joukovsky (1783-1852) predecessor, contemporary and inspirer of Pushkin, was so much delighted by this "innovation" of young Pushkin which was met inimically by the "elders" that he presented to him his portrait with the following dedication: "To the victorious pupil from his conquered teacher."*

Influence of Poem-Parodies

The poem of Bogdanovich is one in a chain of many poetical works of many authors (V. Maikov, Ossipov, et cetera) who deride openly and sharply, in the form of poem-parodies, obsolete rules of the old "French classical" school of literature. They sound a call to simplicity to return "home" to exchange antiquity for contemporary Russian life.

The Olympians in those poems (for instance, in Ossipov's ("*Aeneid Inside Out*") are laughable as in Offenbach's operettas. Zeus, for example, is compelled to deal with a tipsy Russian teamster and to enlist him for military service. This is the period of that literary tendency of the end of the eighteenth century and of the beginning of the nineteenth century, which can be termed "popularization or Russification of Russian poetry". Later, the same tendency appears more or less vividly in the works of various groups of Russian poets, and will be dealt with separately.

The end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth century witnesses not only the appearance of sentimental lyrics imitating the Russian folk-songs (*The Dark Blue Little Pigeon Moans*, by Dmitriev, *In the Smooth Valley*, by Mersliakoff, etc.) but also the creation of fairy tale-*bylinas* (*Ilia Murometz* by Karamzin, *Fairy Tales* by Joukovsky, *Bova* by Radishchev and many others) written in the Russian folk spirit. It brings an element of realism into poetry (the prose writing was already permeated by it) infusing sometimes even images of coarse reality (*The Drunkard and the Judge*, fable by A. Izmailov, and many others.)

In order to transfuse all those literary tendencies into the poetry of Pushkin, in other words into a perfect work of art, into a purely artistic and national realism, the appearance of another poet-predecessor was fundamentally necessary. Such a poet was Ivan Andreyevich Krylov (1768-1844) of whom V. Bielinsky (1810-1848) Russian critic, the first one to analyze the greatness of Pushkin, remarks "that Pushkin would not be complete" without Krylov. True, he was a fabulist, a Russian La

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* This portrait recently was sold by Bolsheviki at auction.

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Fontaine, who followed in the beginning other genres of literature, but finally appears as a first class poet—artist *sui generis*—with his own "peculiarities and innovations" which could neither be repeated nor replaced. Krylov had some very noted predecessors (Ivan Hemnitzer, 1745-1784, and also contemporaries A. Ismailov, I. Dmitriev) some of whose works are still living, but Krylov not only surpassed them all, but he cut short the appearance of future Russian fabulists, by the quality of his fables. His pre-eminence lies not in the subject of his fables but in their wonderful form. Maurice Baring* speaks of Krylov in the following terms:

"Krylov, though a satirist, succeeded in remaining a poet. When he speaks of a zephyr you feel it is a zephyr blowing. In the fable of the Ass and the Nightingale the verse echoes the very trills of the nightingale, and renders the stillness and the delighted awe of the listeners. Krylov has the gift of summoning up a situation, of scoring a sharp dramatic effect by the sudden evocation of a whole picture in a terse phrase; as, for instance, in the fable of the Peasants and the River: the peasants go to complain to the river of the conduct of the streams which are continually overflowing and destroying their goods but when they reach the river they see half their goods floating on it. 'They looked at each other and shaking their heads' says Krylov, 'went home'. The two words 'went home' in Russian (*poshli domoi*) express their hopelessness more than pages of rhetoric."

The Great Krylov

And truly, Krylov is a master in artistic "laconism"; without the slightest effort he puts a complete idea into one verse ("and thus an ass became a beast") very often into one single word, and now and then into a part of a word. Krylov introduced into a book-poetical language many of such "part-words" taken from "folk" language; besides that he created some of them after the folk pattern and notwithstanding the presence in his fables of ancient gods (relics of classicism) his fables are full of Russian national spirit and of realistic traits of Russian life. The above mentioned "part-words" of Krylov represent certain transformation of verbs. The verb loses its regular grammatical form and there remains only its kernel or rather a formless lump. But that lump can be compared with a bomb in view of vitality, pressure and suddeness contained therein. For instance, the third person of the past tense in the verb "push" *tolknul* (pushed) is compressed into a sound *tolk*, which is nevertheless

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* An Outline of Russian Literature. London, N. Y. Henry Holt & Co. 1914.

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very eloquent owing to the shortness of its structure and quickness of its sound which reduce the velocity of action to a short moment.

Generally speaking, Krylov is noted by the ease with which he handles rhythms (transition from bisyllabic verse to a multisyllabic, and vice versa) and is a miracle maker with the Russian verb. He is able to make the utmost use of its special qualities; expression of different forms and types of action by the same verb. Unfortunately, all this can be noted by foreigners only partially; Krylov is too much of a nationalist, he could easily say: "I know Russia and Russia knows me." He studied his country in his younger days, wandering from one provincial fair to another, mingling always with plain people. Many of his expressions (as well as Griboyedov's (1795-1829) author of immortal comedy *Woe From Wit*) became proverbs (*"The *well meaning friend* is worse than an enemy;" "with the strong man a weakling is always in fault;" "woe to us when a shoemaker starts to cook bread" and others. In the present day Russia where there is a modern revolutionary "fabulist" Demian Bedny, the fables of Krylov ("grandfather Krylov" as he is called by youth) are memorized in schools just as before.

The majority of Krylov's fables are pictures of Russian life, possessing outside their subject, an independent esthetical importance. Everything that is borrowed in some of them (from La Fontaine and others) underwent a complete inner and outer transformation. The personages of his fables, men and animals, are always "personalities", types. The bear, for instance, is a typical Russian fellow-countryman; the nightingale is a fine, modest artist. Krylov is not anxious that his morale, deductions should be accepted; he penetrates into all spheres of life (from political and civic questions, status of lower classes, questions of instruction and education, human frailties—to everyday errors and small human sins) and with his good humored and witty smile of a Russian lazy sage (Krylov was fat and lazy) who "philosophizes when being half awake", he judges human *vanitas vanitatum* from the point of view of common sense, practical mind, and golden average. Sometimes forgetting the individuality of Krylov, his critics berate him for his moderateness.

The fables of Krylov, according to data gathered by K. Walishewski*, are translated into twenty-one European lan-

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* An obliging fool is often more dangerous than an enemy.
* K. Walishewski, A History of Russian Literature. D. Appleton & Co. London, N. Y. 1927.

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guages and some Oriental languages. There are twelve translations in English;** those of Sir Bernard Pares (London) and of Mrs. N. Jarintzov are considered the best. Here are the first very characteristic verses of Krylov's fable Demianova Uha (Fish-Soup of Demian)*** in Mrs. Jarintzov's translation:

"Dear neighbor! Pray you, eat *Uha* galore!"
"Well, neighbor, I am bursting as it is".
"Never mind that; have more!"

** Tryshky's Coat, Translated from the Russian of Krylov by Ferdinanda W. Reed, was published in *The Russian Student*, June 1929.

*** Sir Bernard Pares' version of this fable appeared in *The Russian Student*, April 1930.

SVETLANA*

An Extract from the Ballad by V. A. Jukovski (1783-1852)

From Russian Poets and Poems by Mme. N. Jarintzov

ONCE upon a Hallowe'en
Girls were fortune reading:
Throwing shoes outside the gates
And the snowflakes weeding;
Went to overhear the talk,
Lurking at the windows,
Fed the fowls with counted corn,
Melted wax on cinders;

In a bowl of water clear
Put their emeralds dear,
Pretty trinkets golden;
Spread with care white linen cloth,
Stately chanting glees, in troth
With the custom olden.

Dim and doleful looks the moon
Through the mist of winters;
Our Svetlana finds no fun
In the games to tempt her.
"Why so sad and silent, girl?
Speak, and join our laughter!
Hark to glees, find by thy ring
What betides hereafter!
"Sing, fair beauty, do not frown:
'Blacksmith, forge a golden crown,
Forge a ring untainted.
With that crown I shall be wed,
By that ring I shall be led
Round the table sainted.'"

* *Svetlana* (from *svet*, meaning light) is an ancient Russian name, corresponding to Lucy. In this ballad light is shed on the superstitions connected with fortune telling.—EDITOR.

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MUSIC AND THE STAGE

RADIO—NEW YORK STATIONS

Kremlin Art Quintette—Ivan Ivanovich, tenor; Nicholas Wasilevsky, tenor; Stefan Kozakevich, baritone; Ivan Mashihin, bass baritone; and Alexander Kurochkin, basso profundo—Russian classical, church and folk music. WOR 9:30 p.m. Thursday.

Miss Tamara, contralto—WPCH, Sunday 10:30 p.m., Tuesday, 4:45 p.m. Friday, 6:45 p.m.; WMCA Tuesday, 2:15 p.m., Wednesday, 1:30 p.m., Saturday, 3:45 p.m., Sunday, 2:45 p.m.

Russian Cathedral Choir—WEAF—11:30 p.m. Sunday.

Balalaika Orchestra—WABC—10:30 p.m. Sunday. WRNY 7:30 p.m., Monday; WEAF 8 p.m. Tuesday.

Moscow Inn Orchestra—WMCA—Tuesday, Thursday 11:05 p.m.

Russian Bear Orchestra—WRNY—Wednesday, Friday 8:30 p.m.

Moscow Gypsies—WMCA—10:30 p.m. Wednesday.

CONCERTS

(In New York City unless another city is mentioned)

Boston Symphony Orchestra—Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor—10 concerts at Carnegie Hall, beginning Thursday, November 20; concerts in Brooklyn Academy of Music begin November 21.

Cleveland Symphony Orchestra—Nikolai Sokoloff, Conductor—opens in Cleveland, October 16. Tour of ten states and Canada from November to April includes concert in Carnegie Hall in December.

Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra—Ossip Gabrilowitsch (conductor of Detroit Symphony and pianist) will conduct 12 concerts in Philadelphia during January, February, March, and will appear as soloist, Leopold Stokowski conducting, October, 24, 25, 27.

Sergei Rachmaninoff's work *Toteninsel* (*The Isle of the Dead*) has been recorded on three records, Mr. Rachmaninoff conducting.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch—piano recital, Carnegie Hall—October 28.

Kedroff Quartette—Returns to U. S. A. in October for fourth and last season.

Don Cossack Male Chorus (37 voices)—Debut Carnegie Hall—November 4.

Nina Koshetz—Town Hall—November 7. Other recitals during season.

Vera Mirova—Student Dance Recital—32 Union Square—November 7.

Russian Symphonic Choir (20 voices)—Washington Irving High School—December 26.

Cherniavsky Trio—Town Hall—February 7, 1931.

NEW YORK THEATRE

Tchekov's *Three Sisters*—Civic Repertory Theatre, October 13, October 15, October 17.

Uncle Vanya—Limited re-engagement at Cort Theatre.

(*Continued on page* 23)

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SMATTER

"THE TROUBLE with us Russians is," volunteered a happy looking graduate who was wearing a sweetheart rose in his coat lapel, "that we expect too much of life. We are not satisfied with what life has to offer and we want more than we can possibly have."

We stared at him rather helplessly which he probably interpreted as hopelessly for he went on, "I feel dreadfully sorry for you. You're getting yourself into all kinds of difficulties with us Russians! Aren't you? You know how terrible we are," he smiled.

We began to laugh and flung at him as pleasantly as possible, "Why they're not all as bad as you are! There are some graduates who have made untold sacrifices to pay their obligations to the Fund; they have sent large repayments when they needed to buy clothes; there is a young woman who has paid her entire debt of $1,184.50 in two years; we told her once that she was paying too much at a time and she replied that she preferred to do it that way; then there is a chemist who repaid in full—$1,217.83 in three years; there are three men who send $60.00 every month as regular as clock work; you wouldn't do without the luxuries they do without to make repayments which average over $2,200. a month. You just intimated you demanded too much of life, didn't you?"

He hadn't expected this boomerang. We didn't pay any attention to his look of discomfort. He started the whole thing by saying he was sorry for us so we decided to make him take a bitter dose. While the spell was on, we read him this letter:

I am enclosing twelve dollars as my payment to the Fund for the month of August.

I cannot complain that financially I have not made any improvement since last March, but it is still far from saying that my condition is satisfactory. I still cannot afford to buy a new pair of shoes, or a new shirt, or to buy anything else at more than one dollar, without endangering certain of my obligations.

Some time ago a fortune seemed to smile at me. I found over four thousand dollars in the Fisk Building, while I was cleaning the corridors. I immediately returned the money to the owner who was a member of a company which has an office in our building. Upon receiving his money back, the man threw at me two dollars—a reward for my finding the lost money. A few days later somebody wanted to go through my pockets in a search for money. He was lucky enough to find nearly forty-three dollars, all my savings during many weeks—the money I was planning that day to send to my creditors.

No other change has happened since.

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"What price", I began looking at the slightly recalcitrant graduate on the other side of the desk. The extent of his agony is indescribable. Even the rose seemed to wither. Half lifting his eyelids, he muttered "I *feel* terrible . . . . about the Fund. I . . . ."

"*Feel!*", I interrupted impatiently. "Why *feel?* Always, you *feel!* Why don't you *act! Do* something! If you'd pay a definite amount every month, you wouldn't *feel* so miserable. Why, you haven't paid as much as $12.00 at once for a whole year. You say you have taken a cut in salary and you're supporting someone else; even with the cut your pay check's a fortune compared with this man's. It's not just paying your own debt, it's helping somebody else. We have to depend on repayments of graduates to aid the students; that's a fact!"

"Yes, that's what worries me. I'm depriving another Russion—but I'll send ————————" he named a sum, "every month, really, I . . . ."

"I've heard you say that before." He was hurt at our attitude. He hadn't expected us to doubt him, but our dander was up. "Just think back! Haven't you made me that same promise three or four times? Haven't you?" We eked out a smile.

"Yes, I have, but this time . . . .," smiling also.

"And haven't I had to call you on the phone repeatedly? Don't you know I loathe bothering you with 'Please send that payment?' I'm getting sick of reminding you."

"But I really do mean it this time! I'll pay regularly, honest I will!" There was a true sound about his words.

And so it came to pass that on the first day of the month his ten dollars united with ones, fives, tens, twenties, yes even fifties, and a total of $818.00 was collected that day alone for the support of 61 students in 28 colleges. The rose and his mood must have helped.

Yours for perpetual moods for keeping your word,

—deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

Nicholas Ovodow, a senior in the School of Architecture, Columbia University, has enhanced the cover with this original drawing of the Vikings and their ship, presumably of the time of Oleg the Wise. Mr. Ovodow's design of this early Russian ruler appeared on the May cover.

▼

Few Russian engineering students have gone to the South for their technical training, so Nicholas Chepeleff may be considered a pioneer in this respect. This is his second year at the University of Kentucky.

▼

The article by Vladimir L. Maleev gives information regarding Russian engineering colleges not generally known to Americans; for instance, how many of us have believed that *any* Russians before the World War "were forced to earn and learn at the same time" or that the Russian engineering courses gave practical training as well as theoretical. Prof. Maleev was connected with four Russian engineering colleges; he graduated from the Imperial Technical College of Moscow in 1902; was instructor of Mechanical Engineering at the St. Petersburg Polytechnical Institute 1903-1906 and Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the Technological Institute of Tomsk, 1906-17. From 1917-1919 he was President of the State Polytechnical Institute of Omsk. Prof. Maleev, who is chief engineer of Western-Enterprise Engine Company, Los Angeles, California, is the author of over fifty manuals, books, papers on themodynamics, theory, design, and testing of internal combustion engines and steam turbines and also on technical education. These works have been published in Russia and recently in this country. For further data regarding the achievements of Prof. Maleev the reader is referred to *Who's Who in Engineering*.

▼

When we say that Alexander Bezsmertny is an Odessaite, we simply mean that he came originally from Odessa. Mr. Bezsmertny, who is at present with the Silk Association of America, is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University.

▼

This month we present the fifth instalment of Prof. Alexis Fovitzky's valuable notes on Russian poetry. For information regarding Prof. Fovitzky the reader is referred to *The Russian Student*, March 1930 and December 1928. The other instalments of his Outline have appeared periodically since February and will continue.

▼

The drawing at the beginning of the article on Odessa is by Peter Obninsky, an architectural graduate of Columbia University and connected with Charles Platt. The decorative insert at the beginning of Prof. Fovitzky's article on poetry is from the imaginative pen of Georges R. Wiren, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, now with the architectural firm Stone & Webster, Boston. The miniature adorning the article on engineering colleges is taken from the book *Corners of Old Moscow* by Ivan Pavlov.

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MUSIC AND THE STAGE (*Continued from page* 19)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera Co.—*Fair at Sorochinsk*, Modest Moussorgsky, Composer—American premiere early this season. Stage settings by Sergei Soudeikine. *Sadko* and other Russian operas in Metropolitan repertoire throughout the season.

Philadelphia Grand Opera Co.—*Boris Godunoff*—in Russian, November 13, Ivan Steschenko in title role; Maurice Janovski and Alexandre Michajlowski, tenors from Warsaw Opera, American debut; also first appearance of Maria Koshetz (contralto).

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

Russian Schools and Universities in the World War. *By Count Paul N. Ignatiev, Dimitri M. Odinetz and Paul J. Novgorostev. Yale University Press.* $2.75 A description of the old Russian school organization and the legislation for universal education and elimination of illiteracy and how these plans were not achieved because of the War.

Russian Agriculture During the War. *By A. N. Antsiferov and A. D. Bilimovich. Yale University Press.* For the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, $4.00. An explanation of the radical changes which took place in the agricultural system and the difficulties imposed on the program by the War.

Food Supply in Russia During the War. *By P. B. Struve and others. Yale University Press.* $4.75. One of the series on economic and social history of the World War.

Russian Local Government During the War and the Union of the Zemstvos. *By Vladimir A. Obolensky, Tikhon J. Polner, and Sergius P. Turin. With an introduction by Prince George E. Lvov. Yale University Press.* $3.25. One of the final volumes in the Economic and Social History of the World War, published for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

A History of Russia (Revised Edition). *By George Vernadsky.* $4.00. *Yale University Press.* The development of the Russian people in terms of the effect of geography and climate on their life; the social, cultural and religious influences which sprang from their relations with nations of the East and West; expansion of the Russian Empire, the World War, the Russian Revolution. Present edition brings the record to January 1930.

Medieval Slavdom and the Rise of Russia. *By Frank Nowak. Henry Holt & Co.* $1.00. The rise of the Slavs to European power.

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Dostoevsky's Letters to His Wife. *Richard R. Smith, Inc.* $5.00. Intimate details of the novelist's experiences and emotions. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, September, 1930.

The White Army. *By General A. Denikine. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.* The story of General Kornilov's rising in August 1917 and the manoeuvres by the Whites.

Twice Born in Russia. *By Natalia Petrova. William Morrow & Co.* An autobiographical account of the experiences of a Russian woman of noble birth.

The Ochrana: The Russian Secret Police. *By A. T. Vassilyev. J. B. Lippincott Co.* Secrets of the Czar's secret police by its last chief.

A Ford Crosses Soviet Russia. *By George S. Counts. The Stratford Co.* An account of a trip to Russia.

The Flames of Moscow. *By Ivan Lukash. Translated by Natalie Duddington and Constance Garnett. Macmillan.* $2.50. A novel of Russian life of the early nineteenth century.

Skazki: Tales and Legents of Old Russia. *By Ida Zeitlin. Illustrations by Theodore Nadejen. Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.50.

The Soviets in World Affairs. *By Louis Fischer. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* 2 *vols.* A history of Soviet foreign affairs from the beginning of the Bolshevik revolution to the present day.

Bystander. *By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* $3.00. The first volume of a three volume novel which will embrace a period of forty years from the assassination of Emperor Alexander II in 1881 to the Revolution.

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Religion in Soviet Russia. *By the Rev. William C. Emhardt. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $4.00. A study of religious conditions in Russia from the Revolution to the present day.

The Eastern Church in the Western World. *By Emhardt, Burgess and Lau. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $1.25. A study of the religious life of the ancient Eastern Churches, especially as represented by their adherents in the United States.

Oblomov. *By Ivan Goncharov. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. The Macmillan Co.* $3.00. First published in Russian in 1858, available in English in shortened form, but now published for the first time in English in complete form. A great novel which explains Russian inertia and apathy. Reviewed in *The Russian Student, June* 1930.

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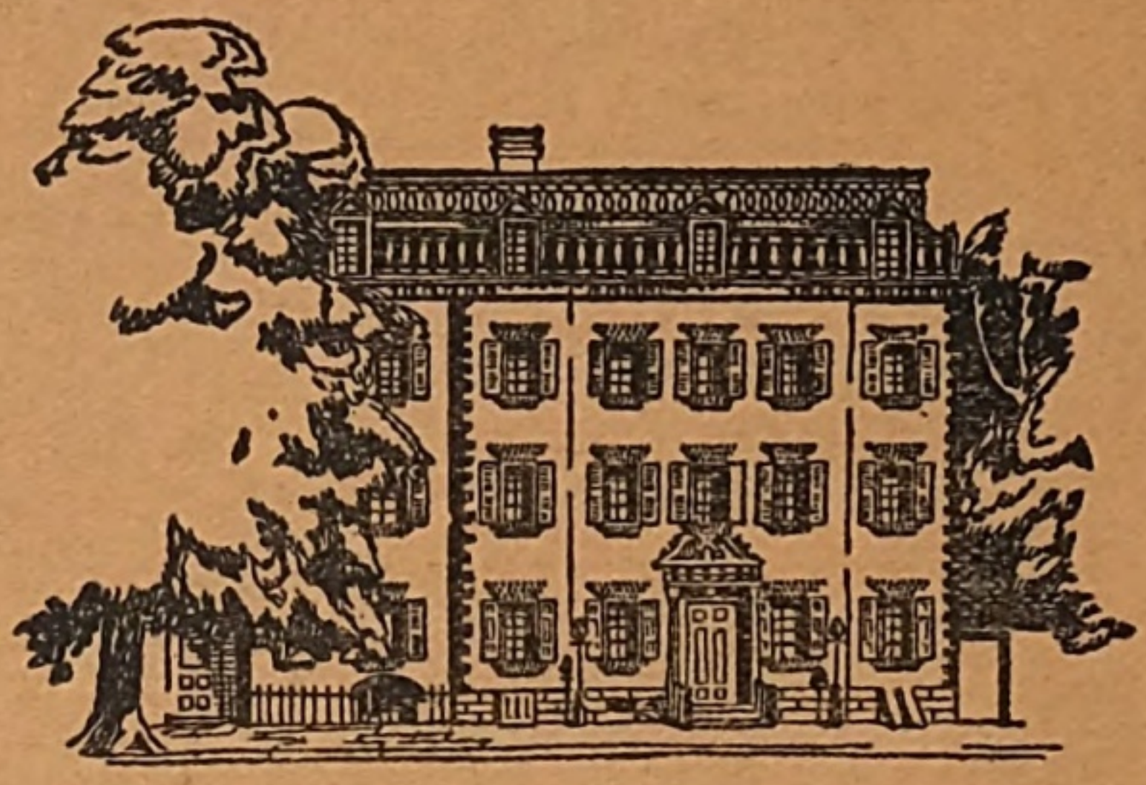

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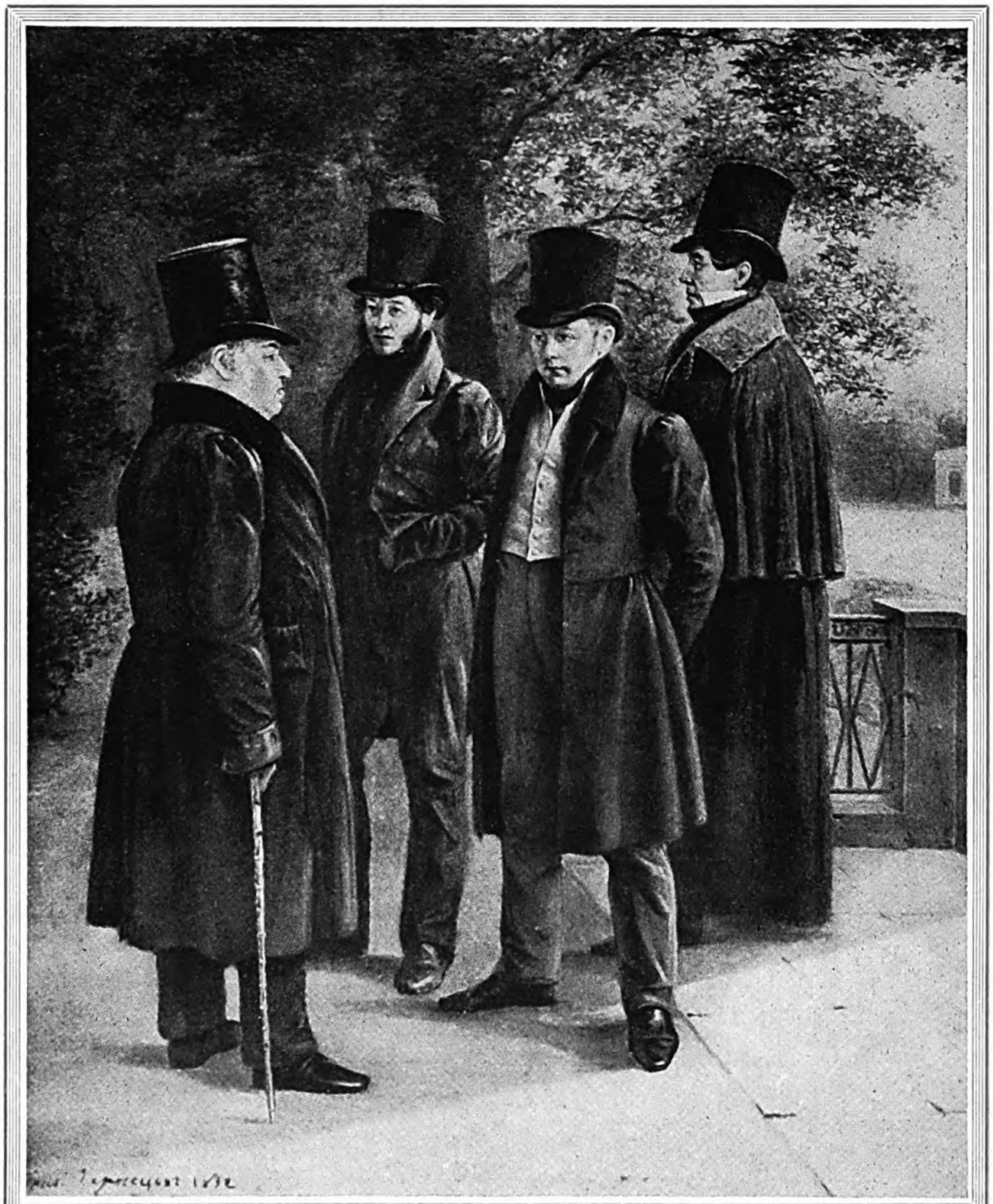

Portrait: Krylov, Pushkin, Joukovsky, Gnedich

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Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York. This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. A total of 465 men and women, of whom 61 are still studying, have been advanced over $480,000. Former students have repaid $108,313.39; 70 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,100.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

November, 1930

Volume VII **Number 3**

A VOICE FROM THE CITY

VLADIMIR B. GRINIOFF

"REALLY, it puzzles me why a metallurgist, in order to be considered broadminded, should know all the things about Karl Marx, or who was Spinoza, or which one of the Roman emperors snored the loudest, while the broadminded dilettante can't even tell the difference between reverbatory and blast furnaces."—"It is true that nothing can be more devastating to one's mind than too narrow specialization in a certain line of thought or activities, but to avoid that, I would rather go in search of new thoughts and inspiration in branches of knowledge that are more related to my interest—say chemistry or physics—than to current literature or to what the modernists are trying to make of art."

These statements are made by Mr. Niconoff in an article entitled "A Voice from the Backwoods" which appeared in the October, 1929 issue of *The Russian Student.*

It is not the first time that I have read statements like Mr. Niconoff's, often they are not as thorough, but aim to express the same idea. Everywhere the scientists are denouncing the so called "humanitarian disciplines." In fact one of my co-students once asked me, "Why the d——— do we study English? I *ain't agonna* need it in engineering." Frankly, I cannot agree with such reasoning, maybe because I am just eighteen and very Russian. Possibly some sympathetic readers will take up my side of the argument.

It seems that the answer to Mr. Niconoff's challenge lies in human nature itself. "Man," says Merezhkovsky "is a religious animal," meaning "religious" not only in the narrow sense as applied to deity, but also as interested in all the metaphysical, the transcendental, the yet undefined and unknown. It is this very thirst for "the sweet mystery of life" that distinguishes

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us from animals. We want to know that big is big, that little is little. Turgenev writes that Pushkin on his deathbed while struggling in agony cried out, "My God! what is it all about?" Most of us go through life with this question unanswered.

But do we need to limit ourselves to the study of man's yearnings? Plato points out that we live in a society and are forced to have definite standards, a criterion for all needs. Have not Marx and Spinoza already cited by Mr. Niconoff as well as Louis XIV, Jefferson, Adam Smith and Kropotkin offered us solutions for our problems? How can you ignore these, Mr. Niconoff, when on their theories depends your mode of life?

Have I gone too far and "o'er shot myself to tell you of it?" Have I called out the artillery to fire upon sparrows? Are all these considerations aimed against Mr. Niconoff's glorification of the boiler-shop foreman who prefers the discussion of boilers to anything in the world? No! They propose to show that the categories of the intensely human element, the vital human interests such as morals, justice, social state—all these are higher than the categories of the purely materialistic life, the already defined and standardized forms. The first categories are of the heart and soul; the second of the stomach. No doubt reading chemistry and physics will make a better metallurgist of Mr. Niconoff but it will not develop the *man* within him, nor give a broader view on the workings of society or keep him in touch with the ever changing social standards.

Possibly Mr. Niconoff is a victim of the common delusion that science can solve the present social problems. Science can change only the form but not the character of human relations.

At present more than ever must we be broad-minded and the young Russians, most of whom have been favored with a broad background of experience, must seek to interpret it in a way which will be most beneficial both to them and to the society in which they live.

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LETTERS OF A RUSSIAN TRAVELER*

NICHOLAS M. KARAMZIN (1766-1826)

THIS selection should be read in connection with this month's instalment of Professor Fovitsky's "Outline of Russian Poetry" as characteristic of the sentimental school which gave the eminent poet Joukovsky from whom the great Pushkin may be said to have learned "musicality of language." Incidentally, Joukovsky is one of the figures on the cover with Pushkin.—Editor.

Tver, May 18, 1789.

I HAVE departed from you, my dear ones, I have departed! My heart is attached to you with all its tenderest feelings; and here I am getting farther and farther away from you!

O heart, heart! Who knows what you want? For how many years travel has been the fondest dream of my imagination! Did I not in rapture say to myself: "At last you will start!" Did I not awaken joyfully in the morning, did I not fall asleep with pleasure, thinking: "You are going to travel"? How long I could think of nothing else, busy myself with nothing else except the journey! And did I not count the days and hours? But when the desired hour arrived, I grew sorrowful, for I came to the first vivid realization that I was about to part from the dearest people in the world, and from all that, so to say, entered into the composition of my moral existence.

Whatever I looked at, whether at the table upon which I had for years committed my unripe thoughts and feelings to paper; at the window under which I used to sit dolefully in my fits of melancholy, and where the rising sun found me so often; at the Gothic house, the favorite object of my eyes in the nocturnal hours—in short, everything that came within my vision was for me a precious monument of the bygone years of my life, rich not in deeds, but in thoughts and feelings. I bade farewell to inanimate things as to friends; and while I was overcome and dispirited, my servants came, and began to weep and entreat me not to forget them and to take them back upon my return. Tears are contagious, my dear ones, especially in such circumstances.

But you are the dearest to me, and I had to part from you. My heart was so full that I forgot to speak. But why should I tell you that? The moment when we bade each other good-bye was such that a thousand agreeable minutes of the future will scarcely repay me for it.

Dear Petrov accompanied me to the toll-gate. There we

---

* From Leo Wiener's *Anthology of Russian Literature.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. Printed here by special permission of the author and publisher.

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embraced each other, and for the first time I observed his tears; there I seated myself in the kibitka* glanced at Moscow, where I left behind so much that was dear to me, and said: "Good-bye!" The bells jingled, the horses galloped away—and your friend was orphaned in the world, and his soul was orphaned!

The whole past is a dream and a shadow! Oh! where are the hours when my heart was so at ease among you, my dear ones? If the future were suddenly revealed to the most fortunate man, his heart would congeal with terror, and his tongue would grow dumb the very moment in which he deemed himself the happiest of mortals.

Upon my whole journey not one cheering thought entered my mind. At the last station in Tver, my melancholy had so increased that, standing in the village tavern, before the caricatures of the French Queen and the Roman Emperor, I felt, as Shakespeare says, "my blood weeping from my heart." All that I had left behind appeared to me in such a touching aspect. But enough, enough! I am again growing very sad. Good-bye! May God console you! Remember your friend, but without any grievous feeling!

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* Native vehicle.

Scene in Moscow

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Outline of Russian Poetry

Alexis Fovitsky

VI

BEFORE concluding our outline of pre-Pushkin poetry we should mention a new phase of sentimental and romantic kind of poetry which attained its greatest and most brilliant stage toward the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Here the leading names are those of N. Karamzin (1766-1826) and V. Joukovsky (1783-1852).

The Western-European influence particularly English and German is quite noticeable in their works, but largely in a "digested way"; thus, for instance, were "digested" both sentimentalism and romanticism, which are peculiar to the Russian spirit especially if considered in its *simplicity and heartiness*, and second, in its *sentimental and mystical* aspect. Realism, which has a place of its own in the works of the foremost Russian writers is always as a matter of fact, permeated by the above mentioned elements (chiefly in Dostoevsky and Gogol). On the other side, literary sentimentalism was followed by realism, in descriptions of nature, or of humble village life.

It is easy to conceive that the two mentioned tendencies were historically necessary and unescapable, considering the ever increasing development of Russian life along the path of civilization, on the one side, and on the other the psychological growth of the nation, above all in the higher strata of society.

The School of Karamzin

We have already mentioned the book form of sentimental "folk" song (a precious creation of a large group of poets; Bogdanovitch, Chulkov, Dmitrie, Prince Neledinsky-Meletzky, Delvig, Radishchev, Merzliakov, and others); in these lyrics there is a combination of "primitive-folk" element with a "cultural" one. These songs, as one critic remarked, have acquainted us with the "softness and sweetness of our own Russian language."

N. Karamzin, better known as historian-journalist, reformer of the language, author of sentimental novels (principally of *Poor Liza* where it is shown that even peasant women can have "feelings") as well as historical novels: author of sentimental, stern-like, *Letters of a Russian Traveler* was the chief inspirer and originator of the whole "school" of sentimental writers and poets which gave the famous V. Joukovsky.

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This school contrasts feelings against "cool reasoning". ("Woe to the unfeeling people," writes one of the disciples of Karamzin). There are the lyrics of a beautiful soul, of soft tender feelings, of friendship ("Loyal friendship! thou art the only blessing on earth") and of love ("He loved: he has been the fondest friend of a nice woman," versifies Karamzin). The poet handles a reed-organ, and not a lyre. Everything that is sentimental, beautiful and good is combined into one. Hence comes a sui generis sentimental and democratic genre, where a peaceful village and a virtuous naive husbandman are eulogized; Karamzin writes laudatory hymns to peasants. Idylls, pastorals, bucolics are his most cherished forms. A sentimentalist adores earthly paradise, if there are flowers, birds and springs, as well as friendship and love; but at the same time he is melancholy, sad because he knows that spring happiness (Karamzin in "spring feelings") is beclouded by the sad thought that "everything passes." The sadness of a sentimentalist is not limitless; he is a religious man. Karamzin writes a *Song to God* ("There is God: the Universe is His Temple.")

Joukovsky—the Prime Pupil

The universe we perceive is a reflection of an ideal universe (very similar to the philosophy of Plato). A poet is permitted to use a "sanctified lie"; idealization, in order to bring reality closer to the ideal. There is something approaching the transmutation of Oscar Wilde. All these new feelings and ideas required for their expression a new, perfected poetical language, new melodies, new music; and they are found in the works of the great Joukovsky, prime pupil of Karamzin. Joukovsky's poetry was matchless at that time for its perfection and ideal "musicality". That is why Pushkin described Joukovsky, one of his chief teachers, in the following terms:

> "His verses, sounding with bewitching sweetness
> Will live through many ever-jealous years."

In short the chief elements, aside from formal accomplishments, of that school which was headed by Karamzin and which gave us Joukovsky, can be grouped as follows: description of peaceful nature ("Whitish fog penetrates into a peaceful valley"); simple, unaffected expression of religious meekness and tender and loving feelings; peaceful life accentuated by cosiness and beauty and slightly veiled by melancholic tendency. As Joukovsky expressed it, "Poetry is God expressed in sacred dreams of earth." "Poetry is an earthly sister of heavenly religion."

Joukovsky especially stresses the point that earthly happi-

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ness, nature, friendship, tender and deep love is only a phantom as compared with heavenly happiness. The life and personality of Joukovsky—a poet, a man of exclusive heart and tenderness, son of a wealthy landowner and of a Turkish lady prisoner, were instrumental in deepening his sentimentalism. Though he became a gentleman of the Court and tutor of Tsarevich (Alexander II, the most human of Russian Tsars), his personal life was nevertheless a "calm tragedy"; Joukovsky's romantic love and friendship for his niece and pupil Masha Protasova dispelled his joyous hopes. Masha was married against her wish to Prof. Moyer and died after seven years of married life. As Joukovsky believed that "to a loving heart the past exists forever", his wounded heart healed very, very slowly; his memories became a "temple for him."

Consequently, Joukovsky expressed his deep personal feelings tainted with religious vision (Joukovsky went through Masonic influence) in form of verse, greatly improved by him. His rhetoric referring to God is not perfect, but the *music of words* is very deep and intimate by its origin. As one of his contemporary critics truly said: "There was no Russian poet before Joukovsky who could write in so many diversified metrics;" this was the result of his perfect knowledge of the language which even Derjavin did not possess in full. Joukovsky writes verses like music preconceiving the idea of later "modernists." He is as mindful of his *sound* as of his *word*. Absence of conjunctions, pause, interrogatory, turns, omissions . . . are his beloved methods. The *harmony* in the Russian language will come with Pushkin, but songlike qualities, melodiousness and *musicality* were introduced by Joukovsky.

Translator and Father of Symbolism

By the spirit of his poetry, Joukovsky is a sentimentalist and a romantic, not a violent one, but contemplative and calm. He prefers to roam away from actual life, in the Orient, in classical Greece, in medieval Europe, or in the domain of Russian fairy tales. Many of his fairy tales in verses are considered enchanting up to the present time—*Ivan Tsarevich* and others; likewise his translation of the *Tale of Armament of Igor* (See the May number of *The Russian Student*) is considered an immortal work.

Generally speaking, Joukovsky is almost a genius as a translator. He enriched Russian poetry with many works in the true national spirit, as well as perfection of form, translations from many poets (Schiller, Goethe, Uhland and others). Supremely famous are his translations of *Greek Ballads* from Schiller; his equally famous translation of Homer's *Odyssey* is considered up

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to the present time unsurpassed in lightness of verse and in exactness with the text. The unexcelled translation of *Iliad* was done in less modern style by the Russian poet and writer, N. Gnedich (1784-1833).

Joukovsky is considered today the father of Russian symbolism (D. Merezhkovski, Z. Gippius, K. Balmont, V. Brussov, A. Blok, and others) because he expounded the poetical philosophy of "inexpressible"; in his works nature is spiritualized, "O sea, thou art alive, thou breathe!" Its beauties make our soul partake of "spiritual grace", and the language is unable to depict the essence of the divine beauty of the universe—"The silence only speaks meaningly" these words were repeated by many major poets, beginning with Tutchev*. His belief in nature's beauty makes Joukovsky an optimist, notwithstanding his melancholy. ("All in nature is a means to attain beauty"; "man is not an insignificant grain of dust"; "whenever I give a thought that I am a man, my soul rises within me.")

Musicality of Language

Alongside the works which express the softest, the quietest feelings ("Thine *tomb* is calm as *heaven*" . . . "It is full of earthly memories" . . . "The stars of heaven . . . "The calm night" . . .) There are others in which Joukovsky depicts horrors and fears under the influence of German romanticism, which put a stamp not on his philosophy, but on his forms of expression. The poet remarks jokingly: "I am the forefather here in Russia of German devils and witches." His *own* romanticism is to live awake in soft revery "with confidence in the Creator." "When on earth it is best to dream;" "the intellect is the execution of all joys," says Joukovsky. His romantic ballads (he was the first to implant that form of poetry in Russia, after the imperfect efforts of Karamzin and others) as, for instance, his semi-Russian *Svetlana*** contain many beautiful moments of Russian life in the past with its naive and picturesque rituals.

Joukovsky was very diverse in the forms of his literary and poetical works. His critical articles, articles on art (for instance *Sistine Madonna*) have not up to the present lost their importance. Sometimes Joukovsky responded to heroic moments of actual life; his *Bard In the Camp of Russian Fighters* is a sincere, beautiful and forceful example of patriotic lyric poetry, free of high-sounding words; there are toasted in encouraging phrases the heroes of the "national" war of 1812, from plain

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* See translation of Tutchev's "Silentium" in *The Russian Student*, October, 1929.

** See *The Russian Student*, October, 1930.

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soldiers to Supreme Commander; and his words are wrapped in a religious sentiment ("Trust in God").

If Derjavin was Pushkin's spiritual teacher in imagery so was Batushkov* (1787-1855) and *especially Joukovsky*, in musicality of language. One of the most perfect expressions of Pushkin, "a genius of pure beauty", which with his other most beautiful verses form a glorious poetical crown, came to the poet from Joukovsky.

It is only natural that our next essay will be consecrated to Alexander Pushkin (1797-1837) and to his peer, though to a quite different great poet, Michael Lermontov (1814-1841), a true Russian romanticist of passionate and at the same time of sad feelings.

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* See *The Russian Student*, May, 1930.

OVER THE STEPPE*

Styepyu idoo ya oomuiloyu

Poem by A. Pleshtcheieff—(1825-1894)

English version by Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler.

Music by Alexandre Gretchaninoff.

SAD lies the Steppe in its solitude;
Night comes on shadowy wings;
Never a tree nor a flowerlet,
Never a nightingale sings.

Darkly the night knits her sombre brow,
Nowhere a star in the skies.
Hardly I know why so suddenly
Visions of thee now arise;
Visions of thee, my beloved one,
Limpid and fair as the day;
Smiling upon me thine image brings
Brightness that pierces the gray
Comes now the song of the nightingale,
Melting away like a sigh;
Flowers are nodding caressingly,
Studded with stars is the sky.

* Published by G. Schirmer & Co.

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Why Disown Our Heritage?

Tatiana W. Boldyreff

WE Russians, a sturdy race, should be proud of our spiritual and physical inheritance, perhaps more than any other nation. The Great Calamity which still afflicts that Great Country is the only mar on the glorious crown of the Russian temperament and talent, but it does not carry a curse on those who are bold enough to confront it!

We emigrés, the fortunate ones in America, are the *revenants* from a world which is no more and to us is intrusted the sacred duty of keeping alive the spark of Russian culture amid ourselves, the newly-made Americans.

For we stand at the midway of the two great worlds, the old and the new, and two great civilizations, that of idealistic Russia with her great power for endurance and her striking vein of originality and that of scientific and industrial America with her earnestness of purpose and tireless energy; we are like none else in the position to further the happy soldiering of the two great influences of these two great countries whose children we are.

Unique Influence

In the chapter on Russian and Baltic peoples, in *Essays on Immigrant Backgrounds**, we read the American viewpoint on the "Russian emigrés who have come to America since the Bolshevik Revolution"—"their numbers are too small to make their influence apparent, but so far as it is exerted, their qualities of artistic sensitiveness, spiritual enthusiasm, and instinctive resistance to some of the standardizing influences of our civilization, ought to make them interesting and valuable."

Yet, we are weak. We are shamefaced, we disown the great Russia in her Golgotha. We lack courage. And the greatest of civilizations, with its literature, art, science, which is an open possession to us, slowly losing ground in our intelligence. And

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* Essays, edited by H. P. Fairchild. Wiley and Sons, Inc., N. Y. 1927.

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so many dare to repeat what Susan V. Karpova* expressed thus: "The old Russia is no more. In one generation or two our very memory will be obliterated and distorted." Can you feel the bitterness of these words? It is to us Russian students and educators to see that no such shameful calamity will ever occur!

It is Karpova again who says, in a more optimistic vein: in spite of the fact that we Russians without a country "had to live and fight against . . . tremendous odds . . . still we survive. We survive not only as waitresses, chauffeurs and concoctors of monarchist plots. There are court chamberlains that are curators of American museums, army and guard officers who do research work in laboratories, some are professors at big universities and still others fill the theatre and the concert stage. There are engineers, artists, and litterati. And in other less conspicuous but charming walks of life some produce beautiful dolls, artistic embroideries, exquisite miniatures." And then she concludes,—and there is a great deal of truth in her words—that "much of what we are, reasons why we were so accomplished in some things . . . can probably be explained by our education." Our education has given us a sense of adaptability. For educated Russians are the most thorough cosmopolitan intelligentzia.

Sometimes, however, a false shame drives us to imitate foreigners and makes us extremely self-conscious and uneasy even in a Russian group when thrown into contact with the natives. At times we are so conceited, we have so much *amour propre,* that we often would avoid speaking Russian among ourselves in the street and other public places in order not to attract attention by our queer speech.

Preserve Racial Peculiarities

False shame is a manifestation of cowardice, weak character, an indication of a lack of confidence, inability to "face the world," failure. People ashamed of their country, their countrymen, their mother tongue, national customs, and so forth, are but cowards and weaklings and do not make good citizens. For, it is most unnatural to try to curb national characteristics, and one cannot be naturalized to develop traits foreign to one's whole constitution and inheritance—but the true spirit of naturalization is in the respect for the new country to which one vows allegiance without condemnation of the "old" country to which one owes life and whatever talents one may possess.

False shame is the shallow-minded ungratefulness of the

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* My School Days in Old Russia. Article in Poet Lore, Winter 1927. pp. 551-570.

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mediocre. Struthers Burt* puts it thus: "Expatriation is usually a sign of a middle-class mind and invariably of an unthinking mind, which does not mean that a man may not live all his life in Europe or America, and even change his citizenship, and still be unexpatriated, nor, on the other hand, that many expatriates may never have seen Europe save for a week or two. New York is full of the latter. By an expatriate I mean a man or a woman who, living out of, or in, his or her country, hates it, despises it, makes no effort to understand it, and sees only its vices, never its virtues. If that is not a description of a middle-class mind, I don't know what is."

Most of great foreign born Americans preserved their racial peculiarities: we find testimonies of this fact in the lives of these people; for instance, Annie E. S. Beard, in her book *Our Foreign Born Citizens*, says about John Muir (naturalist and explorer, 1838-1914) that he was "Scotch to the backbone, yet America claims him as her own." It is a certain grandeur of character to show reverence for your forebears and possess patient appreciation and grateful respect for whatever the fatherland has been able to do for you, instead of idle scoffing.

Race plays perhaps a greater role in the intellectual and moral adjustment than we realize; the national traits then should not be curbed but cultivated, for they often are as much individual assets as they are racial characteristics.

A Challenge

I saw two children dance *Kazachek* at the May Day Festival at the International Institute, Y.W.C.A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, last spring. The program included a dance from most of the European countries, in costumes, besides some vocal selections. The *Kazachek* dance was the only dance which was encored. It was not because of the costumes, which were not elaborate; it was not because of the age of the boy and girl who danced it; the Swedish group was younger, "cuter," more endearing; it was plainly because of the dancing, for they danced a real dance, a *Russian* dance, scintillating with emotion, dramatic, presenting a variety of moods, tempos, rhythms and melodic patterns in colorful interpretation of vivid gestures, a crescendo embodiment of a very diversified life, which involuntarily makes vibrate the chord of dance spirit in other nations' hearts,—a Dance, the real thing, contagious, captivating, alluring, entrancing, an incorporated, live, irresistible spirit of the dance, in short a *Russian* dance!

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* The Other Side: The European Complex, by Struthers Burt. Scribner's. 1928.

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This is but a humble instance. Think of the Russian song! Think of the Russian vernacular! Think of the treasury of Russian literature and folklore! These are but a few suggestions which can be infinitely elaborated.

This paper is not a studied essay but a short fraternal message or rather a good-natured challenge: Russia is a great country and richly and generously has she endowed her people in natural abilities; should they shamefacedly turn away from their heritage and wantonly bury their talents?

Monument Russe á St. Stefano,
Constantinople
Drawn by Peter Obninsky

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CIVIL AERONAUTICS IN THE U. S. A.

B. V. KORVIN-KROUKOVSKY

IN the September issue Mr. Korvin-Kroukovsky gave statistical data on the development of aeronautics in the United States. This article deals with the slump in the aeronautical industry and compares American with foreign development of aviation, showing the predominating position of the United States. —Editor.

ONE may ask how can there be any overproduction in the aeronautical industry when the use of airplanes is increasing at the rate of 103 per cent per year, while production is increasing at the rate of only 80 per cent per year. This strange phenomenon can be partially explained by the fact that owners get more use of their airplanes, as the airplanes and engines are made more reliable, and as the increasing number of flying fields makes air travel more practical.

It is difficult to imagine, however, how this can be responsible not only for the difference of 23 per cent between the rates of increase of the use and of the production of airplanes, but for causing overproduction as well. The study of advertisements offering used airplanes for sale sheds some light on this subject. The recent advertisement of a well established distributing organization offers for sale 54 used airplanes in good condition. Of this number 29 airplanes are found to be of recent production, but are equipped with war time engines of low power; and 12 airplanes are of the make which received poor reputation because of several structural failures leading to fatal accidents during the last year.

Old Types and Equipment

It appears that possibly there was not so much overproduction, as production of the types which the flying public did not want. One well known manufacturer produced in 1929 a large number of airplanes of essentially the same design. A certain number of these were equipped with powerful up to date engines, but the larger portion had low powered war time engines. The airplanes with low powered war time engines were much lower in price, and probably were expected to sell better. As a matter of fact the more powerful and expensive machines were sold, while a large number of the cheaper and low powered ones are still in storage.

The requirements of safety, performance, and above all reliability are rapidly changing, and are becoming more exacting from year to year. Many manufacturers did not take sufficient notice of this, and feverishly produced the airplanes according

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to the previous year's standards. Is it any wonder that these did not sell?

Were it possible to scrap all unsatisfactory airplanes, and to offer the flying public what it wants, no doubt that crisis would have been liquidated instantly. This, however, is not possible because the large number of manufacturers are not strong enough financially to take such a drastic measure. Even if they were strong enough they could not produce immediately what the public wants because they do not know what it is. This lack of knowledge probably was the primary cause of all the trouble. It will take some time to study the market and to get clear ideas on this subject. The tendency towards such a study was already conspicuous at the aircraft show in St. Louis. It will take some time either to convert the equipment left on hand and make it acceptable, or to build new equipment. But after this will be accomplished we probably will find the airplane industry growing with renewed vigor.

Slump Had Good Side

The slump had also its good side. It stopped the careless building of airplanes, and called attention to the necessity of closer coordination of production and sales. It showed that mere pouring in of money and mass production are not sufficient for success, but that investigation of the market, and the engineering efforts directed towards accomplishment of the requirements of this market are absolutely essential. In the prosperous years 1928 and 1929 many small firms and speculative firms were established. Many of these lacked a stable business policy, built an excessive number of models, and were not in position to give good service on these models after they were built. Thus they were to a large extent responsible for the public dissatisfaction which finally caused cessation of the demand. A number of these firms, being unsound financially, were put out of business by the slump.

On the other hand many sound manufacturers consolidated in 1929 into more powerful groups with sound management and sound financial foundations. These groups will certainly survive the slump, will remain in business for many years, and will be able to service their products to the satisfaction of the customer.

With the use of airplanes increasing at the rate of 103 per cent per year, with the more sound management of airplane production, and with the better product and better service offered to the customer, there can be no doubt that the production will pick up, will make up for the time lost in readjustment, and will show its usual gain of some 80 per cent over the previous year.

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Most of you have heard something about excellent development of air lines in Europe, and many are probably under the impression that the United States is backward in this respect. The impartial study of statistics may be quite illuminating.

In studying figures* showing the mileage covered by airplanes in different countries during the three years, 1926, 1927, 1928, and considering scheduled traffic only, one observes that the United States held first place, with Germany as close second; France is third place and other countries have comparatively little flying. The German and French airways, however, appear to be operated on a more intensive basis, and if the number of passengers and the amount of mail are considered, Germany would hold first place, with France second and the United States third. The number of miles, passengers and pounds of mail do not show the whole development in its true light.

Comparison of American and Foreign Aeronautical Development

The nature of the development of air lines is entirely different in these three countries. In Germany the income from airways is not sufficient to meet the expenses, and the airways can exist only because of the subsidies received from the government and municipalities. In France they exist on large government subsidies. In the United States there are no subsidies of any kind. The government gives the business of carrying the mail at a contracted rate in the same way as it gives this business to the railroads and steamships. The establishment of municipal flying fields and installation of lighting equipment for night flying can be no more considered as subsidies to the aeronautical industry, than the building of highways can be considered as subsidy to the automobile industry, or building of lighthouses to shipbuilding.

More important than scheduled flying is the development of miscellaneous flying, and building of airplanes for it, which places the United States in a distinctly predominating position. In Germany in 1928 only 345 airplanes were built for miscellaneous uses exclusive of the scheduled service. In France in 1927, 620 airplanes were built for similar use. In the United States the number of airplanes built for miscellaneous uses was 1,250 in 1927 and 3,220 in 1928, that is, twice as many as in France and ten times as many as in Germany in corresponding years.

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* Statistical data given in this article are based on information published by the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce.

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SUGGESTED READING

(A number of Russian students and graduates, who have not studied English and American Literature in college, have asked us to recommend good modern American and English writers. The following list is an attempt to answer this request. Jack London and Mark Twain as well as Oscar Wilde and many other noted English writers, are not included because it is understood that most Russians are acquainted with the works of these writers either in translation or in the original.—Editor.)

ENGLISH	
AUTHOR	
William Blake	*Poems*
G. K. Chesterton	*The Man Who Was Thursday*
Joseph Conrad	*The Arrow of Gold*
John Galsworthy	*The Forsyte Saga*
Thomas Hardy	*The Return of the Native*
Aldous Huxley	*Antic Hay*
A. E. Housman	*A Shropshire Lad, Poetry*
A. S. M. Hutchinson	*If Winter Comes*
Rudyard Kipling	*Stalky & Co.*
John Masefield	*Reynard the Fox and Other Poems*
William McFee	*Casuals of the Sea*
George Meredith	*The Egoist*
George Moore	*Evelyn Innes*
Walter Pater	*Marius the Epicurean*
John Cowper Powys	*Wolf Solent*
George Bernard Shaw	*Back to Methuselah* (Drama)
May Sinclair	*The Tree of Life*
Sheila Kaye-Smith	*The End of the House of Alard*
Robert Louis Stevenson	*Virginibus Puerisque*
H. M. Tomlinson	*Gallion's Reach*
Hugh Walpole	*Fortitude*
Rebecca West	*Joanna Godden*
Virginia Woolf	*Mrs. Dalloway*

AMERICAN	
AUTHOR	
Conrad Aiken	*Anthology of American Verse*
Sherwood Anderson	*Winesburg, Ohio*
Ambrose Bierce	*In the Midst of Life*
James Branch Cabell	*Jurgen*
Willa Cather	*My Antonia*
Theodore Dreiser	*The Genius*
Ralph Waldo Emerson	*Essays—especially Compensation, Self-Reliance, Manners*
Ellen Glasgow	*Barren Ground*
Bret Harte	*Luck of Roaring Camp*
Nathaniel Hawthorne	*The Scarlet Letter*
Lafcadio Hearn	*Out of the East*
William Dean Howells	*The Rise of Silas Lapham*
James Gibbons Huneker	*Promenades of an Impressionist*
Henry James	*The Portrait of a Lady*
Herman Melville	*Moby Dick*
Christopher Morley	*Parnassus on Wheels*
Eugene O'Neill	*The Emperor Jones* (Drama)
Edgar Allan Poe	*The Gold Bug and other stories*
Edwin Arlington Robinson	*Tristram and Isolde* (Poetry)
Henry David Thoreau	*Walden*
Edith Wharton	*The Age of Innocence*
Walt Whitman	*Leaves of Grass* (Poetry)

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FROM THE MAIL BAG

He Knows The Wrong Kind

The American friends I have, seem to me not enough interested in studying or I'd rather say in obtaining results; besides that it seems very strange to me that they have no ideas whatsoever as to what the Russians have accomplished. To some of them, Russians are just Asiatics. Americans don't seem to read very much; if they do, they seem to be quite modest about it, for I very seldom hear of any such thing.

I. K.—Pittsburgh, Pa.

Russian-American Friends

There are many young people of different nationalities who, after being for four, five or more years in America and after being in touch with American life for so long, do not understand the best features of American character (like tolerance or regard for opinions of others), which together with the democratic spirit made America a great nation.

They do not realize that were they devils instead of foreigners but knew something good, Americans would be glad to learn that good from them. Poor fellows, as they are, often do not know how to account for their troubles in American life, forgetting that those who want to belong to one nation today, to another tomorrow, and maybe to be Indians after tomorrow, were never respected by anybody. They seem to be in the same position as that man of suspicious nationality whom American cowboys caught somewhere in the fields of Texas during the World War and whom they asked if he hated Germans and thus was a hundred per cent American. The man replied that he was two hundred per cent American, because he hated everybody. In a similar way some people want to be two hundred per cent Americans by changing their nationality like an old pair of gloves. They simply do not know that even if they get second papers nobody in America wants them to be Americans in the way they understand the meaning of this word.

There should be very little fear on the part of Russian young men that they would throw themselves into such miserable existence in America, because Russians are too rich in their arts, literature, music, language, finally in the way of worshipping God, that they cannot forget all their cultural heredity too soon, but as far as the Russian character is concerned it is absolutely lacking certain features which could be found in American character; and it is in this respect that it may be interesting to know to what extent Russian students realize the importance of association with American people.

It is a significant fact that many Russian students have their best friends among Americans. Americans willingly invite Russians to their homes and in many ways show that the doors of business-like America may be just as hospitable as those of old Russia. Notwithstanding the fact that America is a busy nation which in constructive work has done more in 150 years than Russia did in one thousand years, it still has plenty of room for hospitality. But there are more important features of the American character which should be probably left to the individual thoughts of those who are willing to make exchange for their cultural richness with other people.

M. V. S.—Pittsburgh, Pa.

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MUSIC AND THE STAGE

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera Co.—*The Fair at Sorochintzy* (*Sorochinskaya Yarmarka*), in Italian; libretto, after Gogol, music by Modeste Moussorgsky—American premiere early in December. Stage settings by Sergei Soudeikine. *Sadko* and other Russian operas in Metropolitan repertoire throughout the season.

Philadelphia Grand Opera Co.—*Boris Godunoff*—in Russian, November 13, Ivan Steschenko in title role; Maurice Janovski and Alexandre Michajlowski, tenors from Warsaw Opera, American debut; also first appearance of Maria Koshetz (contralto).

Grand Opera for Children. Aleta Dore Ballet. Town Hall. Mornings at 11. December 26, Coq d'Or; April 11, Snow Maiden.

CONCERTS

(*In New York City unless another city is mentioned*)

Boston Symphony Orchestra—Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor—10 concerts at Carnegie Hall, beginning Thursday, November 20; concerts in Brooklyn Academy of Music begin November 21.

Cleveland Symphony Orchestra—Nikolai Sokoloff, Conductor—opened in Cleveland, October 16. Tour of ten states and Canada from November to April includes concert in Carnegie Hall in December.

Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra—Ossip Gabrilowitsch (conductor of Detroit Symphony and pianist) will conduct 12 concerts in Philadelphia during January, February, March.

Sergei Rachmaninoff's work *Toteninsel* (*The Isle of the Dead*) has been recorded on three records, Mr. Rachmaninoff conducting.

Nina Koshetz—Recitals with the assistance of Dr. Walter Damrosch, Samuel Chotzinoff and others—Sunday Afternoons, Town Hall, November 2, 9, 16 and January 4, 1931.

Kedroff Quartette—McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, January 10, 1931.

Don Cossack Male Chorus (37 voices)—Debut Carnegie Hall—November 4.

Vera Mirova—Student Dance Recital—Washington Irving H. S.—November 7.

Victor Chenkin—Twenty recitals beginning in Brooklyn November 13; New York recital, November 16th at Guild Theatre.

Russian Symphonic Choir (20 voices)—Washington Irving High School—December 26.

Maria Kurenko and Barrere Little Symphony—January 23, 1931, Carnegie Hall.

Cherniavsky Trio—Town Hall—February 7, 1931.

RADIO

Kremlin Art Quintette—Ivan Ivanovich, tenor; Nicholas Wasilevsky, tenor; Stefan Kozakevich, baritone; Ivan Mashihin, bass baritone; and Alexander Kurochkin, basso profundo—Russian classical, church and folk music. WOR. Miss Tamara, contralto. Balalaika Orchestras.

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(*See New York papers for stations and time.*)

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SMATTER

WE are in the state of convalescing from one holiday in preparation for another. What we are trying to do is to think—on the day after Columbus Day — of something appropriate to write about Thanksgiving. The stress and strain on the limited areas of our brain are unfathomable. Turkeys aren't yet in the market and the windows are still full of black cats and goblins. There is nothing visible to remind us of the Pilgrim Fathers.

* * * * *

A recent engineering graduate writes: "The most important result of my engineering education is that it enables me to regain my self-respect. Most Russians lost their self-respect after the Revolution and they had a perfectly good reason for doing so. This self-respect that came back so hard is the greatest benefit derived and when I think that the Russian Student Fund helped me to get it, I feel that I owe this organization something more than money."

* * * * *

It is very difficult for an American to understand the depth of the Russian student's gratitude and to realize that the dollars he has given really do more than help Russians obtain degrees from American colleges. We are quite willing to admit that we don't always understand this business of losing one's self-respect and gaining it again by borrowing enough money to put one through school, but we have it on good authority that devitalizing of self-regard is always the result of belonging to a class against which there is a prejudice. The Russians in this student group were, say, from fourteen to twenty-one when their world was, to put it mildly, turned upside down. Highly sensitized personalities, disorganized by the blows of fate; exhausted by war, revolution, hunger; compelled, unaided, to make as much of themselves as they could! Imagine the courage! Paradoxically enough, human beings are courageous only when rested. And these men and women were tired!

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To study successfully, or even to study at all, with the thoughts of the past continually creeping in, is a real achievement. Only six per cent fall below the average of the American student, while at least 28 per cent make superior records and 46 per cent good.

An American reminded us the other day that it has been twelve years since the war. He thought these people ought to be able to take care of themselves. They are! May we ask the American to pause long enough to think that *there are many things that can't be done in a hurry*. Not the least of those that could be enumerated, is complete adjustment to a new world at an age in one's personal development which, even in a normal environment for which he has been trained by the traditions and experiences of his ancestors, is full of devastating conflicts. These are people steadfast in spirit, not permanently weakened by misfortune, but miraculously strengthened by it.

Americans may have to look a long time to find anything more beautiful and more inspiring than the example these Russians are setting us.

Yours for being thankful,

—deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

While in the midst of one of our more or less frequent browsings, we found a portrait made by G. G. Chernetsov in 1832 of Ivan Krylov (1768-1844), one of the world's three great fabulists; the great Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837); Vasili Joukovsky (1783-1852), famous poet, father of Russian symbolism; and another contemporary, N. Gnedich (1784-1833). The reproduction on the cover is through the courtesy of the Central Book Trading Company.

Recent copies of *The Russian Student* have given material regarding Professor Alexis Fovitsky.

Vladimir Grinioff is a student of engineering and science at the University of Pennsylvania. In this number he takes odds with a metallurgical graduate of the South Dakota School of Mines.

This is the second article by Miss Tatiana W. Boldyreff of Battle Creek, Michigan, the first one dealing with food and appearing in April. For information regarding Miss Boldyreff the reader is referred to that number.

This column is resplendent with references—see the September issue regarding B. V. Korvin-Kroukovsky.

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

Quiet Street. *By Michael Ossorgin.* Translated by *Nadia Helstein. Dial Press.* $2.50. A picture of the Russian Revolution by a writer banished by the Soviet Government.

Economic Trends in Soviet Russia. *By A. Yugoff. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Richard R. Smith.* $4.25. Considered a reliable work on Russia, giving a complete picture to the fall of 1929 of Soviet economics, using figures that have been completely verified.

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The Unknown Tolstoi. *By Rene Fulop-Miller. Dial Press.* This volume includes a play which has never before been published.

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The Builder of Communism. *By Samuel* N. Harper. *University of Chicago Press.* A study of the results of the five year plan.

Kostia the Cossack. *By General P. N. Krassnoff. Duffield & Co.* A novel of Russian life in the seventeenth century.

Gog and Magog. *By Vincent Sheean. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $2.00. A novel of Soviet Russia. Most of the characters seem to be American who serve as mouthpieces for groups having opposite beliefs.

Shambhala. *By Nicholas Roerich. Frederick A. Stokes Co.* $2.50. An account of the experiences of this artist and philosopher in Asia, principally in Tibet, together with explanation of some legends of the land.

Medieval Slavdom and the Rise of Russia. *By Frank Nowak. Henry Holt & Co.* $1.00. The rise of the Slavs to European power.

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The Extraordinary Adventures of Julio Jurenito. *By Ilya Ehrenbourg. Translated by Usick Vanzler. Covici-Friede.* $2.00. The maddest, gayest novel of adventure to come out of modern Russia.

Dostoevsky's Letters to His Wife. *Richard R. Smith, Inc.* $5.00. Intimate details of the novelist's experiences and emotions. Reviewed in *The Russian Student,* September, 1930.

The White Army. *By General A. Denikine. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.* The story of General Kornilov's rising in August 1917 and the manoeuvres by the Whites.

Twice Born in Russia. *By Natalia Petrova. William Morrow & Co.* $2.00 an autobiographical account of the experiences of a Russian woman of noble birth.

The Ochrana: The Russian Secret Police. *By A. T. Vassilyev. J. B. Lippincott Co.* Secrets of the Czar's secret police by its last chief.

A Ford Crosses Soviet Russia. *By George S. Counts. The Stratford Co.* An account of a trip to Russia.

The Flames of Moscow. *By Ivan Lukash. Translated by Natalie Duddington and Constance Garnett. Macmillan.* $2.50. A novel of Russian life of the early nineteenth century.

Skazki: Tales and Legents of Old Russia. *By Ida Zeitlin. Illustrations by Theodore Nadejen. Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.50.

The Soviets in World Affairs. *By Louis Fischer. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* 2 *vols.* A history of Soviet foreign affairs from the beginning of the Bolshevik revolution to the present day.

Bystander. *By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* $3.00. The first volume of a three volume novel which will embrace a period of forty years from the assassination of Emperor Alexander II in 1881 to the Revolution.

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Religion in Soviet Russia. *By the Rev. William C. Emhardt. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $4.00. A study of religious conditions in Russia from the Revolution to the present day.

The Eastern Church in the Western World. *By Emhardt, Burgess and Lau. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $1.25. A study of the religious life of the ancient Eastern Churches, especially as represented by their adherents in the United States.

Oblomov. *By Ivan Goncharov. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. The Macmillan Co.* $3.00. First published in Russian in 1858, available in English in shortened form, but now published for the first time in English in complete form. A great novel which explains Russian inertia and apathy. Reviewed in *The Russian Student, June* 1930.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Volume VII March, 1931 Number 7

MOUSSORGSKY

XENIA NASAREVITCH

THE day of March 16th, 1931 will mark fifty years since the death of the great Russian composer Modeste Moussorgsky. To the memory of this day I should dedicate my article.

Moussorgsky's compositions won the admiration of the whole world. German, French, English critics and historians devoted themselves to studies of his works, published large volumes about his art. The famous American critic, Olin Downes, undertook a voyage to Russia to see the surroundings which inspired Moussorgsky to compose his opera *Boris Godunov*. To give a full idea of the significance of his genius is too wide a subject to treat in my article. I will try to outline the most important.

Moussorgsky's School and General Characteristics

The history and character of the Russian School of Music resembles no other. We can hardly trace its development from the middle of the nineteenth century, when it suddenly blossomed forth, and before it was fifty years old constituted a quite independent, rich and homogeneous art. The period of its growth coincided with a strong nationalistic movement, which resulted in opposition to the Western influence in general and the Roman influence in music.

The first to introduce Russian national music was Glinka, who showed the possibility of putting folk-songs and popular themes into artistic forms; then—Dargomyjsky, with his new idea: "I wish sounds always to express the word in the direct way. I aim at truth"; and finally—the daring group of Russian nationalists, which consisted of five young composers (the eldest of them 22), well known under the name of "The Mighty Five".

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Moussorgsky belonged to this group with Balakireff as their leader, the rest being Rimsky-Korsakoff, Cui and Borodin.

The members of the group, besides being strong nationalists, proclaimed with the enthusiasm and faith of youth, that real talent does not need any learning, but may rely on direct inspiration rather than fundamental knowledge. Owing to this risky theory Moussorgsky's technical outfit remained very elementary and he suffered from lack of theoretical knowledge; but on the other hand his example is proof that supreme beauty may be achieved even under such conditions. And perhaps owing to that, his immortal pages created only by the power of his genius could preserve such convincing truth, and give him a unique place among musicians.

Moussorgsky is called a realist of musical art. This term, however, is hardly satisfactory, since it always brings up the question, what is realism? His motto may be expressed in the words: "Art for life's sake; art is a means of conversing with men and not an end in itself." In the following words of his letter to Stassoff: "Instead of making their fugues and the conventional three obligatory acts in opera, why do not people open some good books and talk about them with clever men? For is it not the best road to art for the modern man and the only justification of his duty as an artist? Life, especially when it is made manifest; Truth, however bitter it may be; Fearlessness —free speech. To be in touch with Life at close quarters: that is my heaven."

Early Interest in Music

Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgsky was born at his father's country house at Karevo in the government of Pskoff (about 400 miles to the south of St. Petersburg) and passed there his first ten years. Extremely sensitive, the boy carried throughout his life the impressions made on him by nature and the peasantry folk, with whom he was in close touch and whom he learned to understand and love sincerely. The songs he heard from them and the fairy-tales told by his nurse made a deep impression on his mind. He tried to reproduce them on the piano long before he had any technical knowledge of this instrument. His parents observed his love for music and his mother began to give him lessons on the piano; later a German lady was invited to instruct him. He showed remarkable talent and at the age of seven was able to play lesser compositions by Liszt.

His father encouraged his studies, though he never had any notion of a musical career for his son. Modeste was sent to the Military Cadet School intended for the army. But he continued his piano lessons with a well known piano teacher, Herke, and made rapid progress. At the age of twelve he created

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a sensation at a private concert given by his teacher. At the same time he acquired a very useful knowledge of Greek liturgical chants from his instructor of religion, a priest by the name of Kroupsky. Then he entered the school for Ensigns of the Guard and the Preobrajensky Regiment, but continued taking his piano lessons all the time.

In the autumn of 1856 Borodin first met Moussorgsky, who was then seventeen years old. He describes him as an elegant officer, distinguished in carriage and choice in conversation. In the following winter Moussorgsky met Dargomyjsky, whose ideals won his great sympathy; and later Cui, and through the latter—Balakireff, who was gathering around him the young artists "like a hen her chickens" as Borodin was saying. Moussorgsky was first to come for lessons from Balakireff, though it was evident that his artistic feelings and his conscious personality were even then mature. The lessons were rather a mutual analysis of the masterpieces.

Financial Difficulties

At this period Moussorgsky decided to devote himself to music and resigned from the army. Immediately following he was unable, however, to do any musical work because he was overtaken by a serious nervous disturbance. From this time on Moussorgsky's financial difficulties and troubles of all kinds darkened his life, which became a road of continuous hardships. His family circle, to which he was so devoted, was broken up. A few years after his father's death his brother married and his mother retired to the country. He spent his time between the city and the country, and coming again in contact with the surroundings of his infancy, he approached the moment of revealing his great creative force as an artist.

From his boyhood he retained a peculiarly strong sympathy for his people and for the peasantry. Living very simply himself, and later in poverty, he was in that frame of mind, which made him understand the deepest emotions of the innocent, poor, suffering and desperate. He was able to think it out in music with striking truth and beauty. About one of his songs he writes himself: "I have turned up a little poem by Goethe and was so charmed with it, that I have set it to music. It's subject is *The Beggar*. The beggar himself can sing my music without any trouble; so it seems to me." From this, his creative period commenced and continued until his very last moments.

On return to Petrograd, Moussorgsky lived for three years with five friends—intelligent, educated young men, forming a "community". He was charmed with this life, but soon he was badly pressed for money and had to give up part of his time to some translation work, and later to take a post in a Government

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office. He then started composing his opera *Salambo*, which was not completed, but the material was used for his later compositions.

Retired to the Country

At the end of the summer of 1865 Moussorgsky again had a serious attack of a nervous illness, influenced by his mother's death, the decline of his financial resources and the burden of his official duties. He had to retire for three years to the country. Little by little he recovered his health, and during his stay there composed some of his extraordinary realistic songs. One of them especially characteristic of his art is *"O, My Savishna"*. (Moussorgsky saw from the window a *Yourodivy** making fervent love to a village beauty, trying to touch her pity, yet conscious of his own ugliness. Moussorgsky reproduced his words in music with striking effect.

Again he divided his time between the capital and the country, composing his symphonic poem—*The Night on the Bare Mountain* and many of his famous songs.

Boris Godunov

In the autumn of 1868, on his return to Petrograd he was once again in the enjoyment of the society of his friends, where he met Nikolsky who suggested the subject of Pushkin's drama *Boris Godunov* for his opera. Moussorgsky was so enchanted with the idea, that he devoted himself to this work, and the first version of *Boris Godunov* was ready in a year. The opera had to undergo many changes, as it was refused by the opera directorate. It was revised and produced at the Maryinsky Theatre in 1874 and won great admiration from the public and the usual objections of the critics. The opera *Boris Godunov* has been produced many times in America with great success with Chaliapin in the role of Boris.

This opera is the most daring production of the Russian school, a truly national drama and distinctly Russian work. (Calvocoressi says: "If there could be anything compared with Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, it would be *Boris Godunov*".)

There is no doubt that the success of the opera was complete. Twenty performances were given to full houses. This was the greatest triumph in Moussorgsky's life.

In the meantime he completed his masterpiece song-cycle *In the Nursery*. The criticism of this work might be put as follows: "In the whole domain of child-art these songs would hardly find a parallel in significance and power. Many things must have gone to the changing of this sunny-natured love of little children, who was himself still a child in many ways, into

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* *Yourodivy*—an innocent with troubled mind.

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the embittered misanthrope that Moussorgsky became toward the end of his career." (O. Rieseman.) On publication of this song-cycle Moussorgsky received a warm appreciation from Liszt, which made him very happy. At this period also he began composing his other famous opera *Khovanstchina,* which has for its subject the history of Old Believers.

Music—Pictures

In the spring of 1874 there was held a posthumus exhibition of designs and water-colors by the artist-architect V. Hartmann, who was one of Moussorgsky's best friends. Moussorgsky was deeply moved by his death and wished to reproduce in music the best of his drawings as in memory of his friend. He composed a suite for piano called *Pictures from an Exhibition,* representing ten music-pictures with unusual Intermezzi, called Promenade and picturing the composer himself walking to and fro, pausing in front of some drawings.

During 1874-1875 Moussorgsky shared rooms with a young friend, poet Count Golenistcheff-Kutusoff, who made a great impression on Moussorgsky and at this period he composed his two other masterpieces; a suite of six songs called *Sunless* and *Songs and Dances of Death.* At the same time he undertook a new opera *Fair of Sorochintzy* which was not completed. From 1876 Moussorgsky lived a very miserable life. His *Boris Godunov* was withdrawn from the repertoire. No one knows why. He tried to earn something as an accompanist but found great difficulty in obtaining that work. Also he was tired and lonely after the marriage of his friend, Golenistcheff-Kutusoff which separated them.

He undertook, however, a concert tour to South Russia with a singer, Mme. Lesnova. It was a happier experience. He felt better for some time. Both artists were rewarded by triumphs at concerts. During this tour Moussorgsky composed his famous *Song of the Flea* and some others.

During the summer he worked for the last time at *Khovanstchina,* but his health was steadily failing, and soon he was obliged to enter the military hospital. The famous painter Repin made a portrait of him a few days before his death—a picture in striking contrast with Borodin's description of the polished young officer of 1856.

Moussorgsky died on the morning of his forty-second birthday. He went through life a lonely man in spite of many more or less lasting friendships. His artistic aims were not understood. Only after his death his friends and enemies understood what a great loss was the early departure of "one of the greatest musicians of Russia, nay of all mankind."

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MOUSSORGSKY MEMORIAL CONCERT

AT 8:30 on Sunday evening March 29th, the day of the fiftieth anniversary of Moussorgsky's death, at the Assembly Hall of International House, 500 Riverside Drive (Entrance on the Drive), the New York Chapter of the National Russian Students' Christian Association will give a concert dedicated exclusively to the composer's works.

In this concert the following artists are kind enough to participate:

Ina Boursakaya - - -	Metropolitan Opera House
George Cehanovsky - -	Metropolitan Opera House
Olin Downes - - - -	Music Critic of the New York Times
Nikolai Melnikoff - - -	Reale Opera, Rome and Colon Opera, Buenos Aires
Xenia Nasarevich - - -	Curtis Institute of Music
Thalia Sabaneeva - - -	Metropolitan Opera House

The program will include—

Address on Moussorgsky - - -	Olin Downes
Pictures at an Exhibition (piano) -	Xenia Nasarevich
Children's Songs - - - - -	Thalia Sabaneeva
Aria from *Fair at Sorochintzy* - -	Ina Bourskaya
Gopak - - - - - - - -	George Cehanovsky
Aria from *Khovantchina* - - -	
Excerpts from *Boris Godunov*	
Aria of Boris from Coronation Scene	Nikolai Melnikoff
Monologue - - - - - - -	
Farewell and the scene of death - -	

Admission by subscription 75c to $2.00. Reservations may be made with the following: Mrs. Vsevolod Fedoroff, 341 East 17th Street; Miss Lucile de Nevers Jones, Room 1009, 347 Madison Avenue; Mr. Peter Routsky, 109 West 54th Street; Mr. Andrew Salamatov, Room 607, 347 Madison Avenue.

The February issue has been exhausted. Readers who do not keep their copies will render a great service by returning this special number to THE RUSSIAN STUDENT, 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

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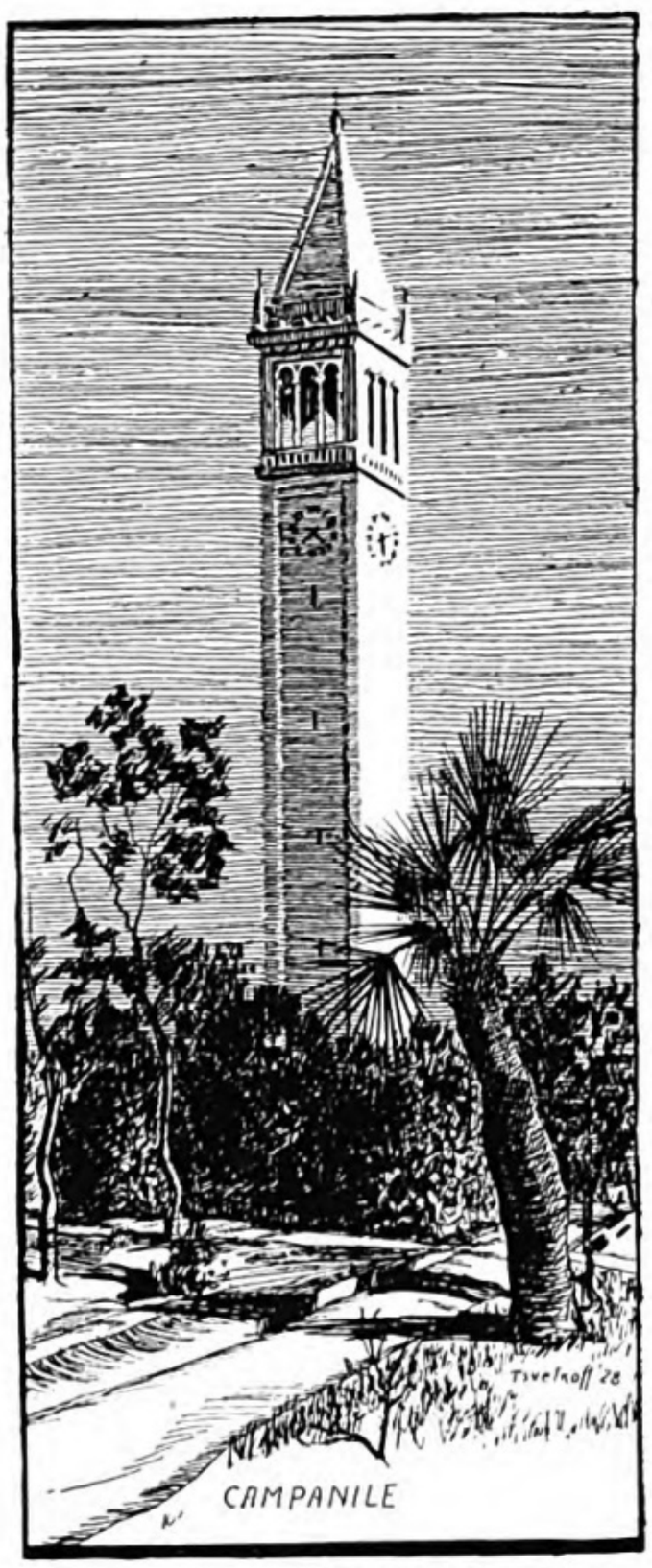
Russian Students in California



University of California

PERHAPS the largest group of Russians in an American college has been at the University of California. At one time 100 Russian emigré students were enrolled there. The Russian Student Fund has aided 47 at that university of whom 11 are still being aided. Nine of the 36 who graduated have repaid in full.

Annually on St. Tatiana's Day the Russian group publishes a newspaper in Russian—*Russky Medved,* Russian Bear—to commemorate the foundation of the University of Moscow.

Dr. Michael Demiashkevich of George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee, comments as follows: "I think the paper is well worth while and I feel certain the friends of *The Russian Student,* both Russian and American (the latter on condition that they know the Russian language) would immensely enjoy the issue of the *Russky Medved,* dedicated to the anniversary of the foundation of the University of Moscow which, as you know, has been the day of spiritual communion for all patriotic and cultured Russians without distinction of political preferences.

"The content side of the issue is one of sound patriotism and humanitarianism of a high order. The contributions to the copy are penetrated with the best traditional aspirations of the best Russian youth and reflect charmingly their love for the Russian soil, nature, and the language, and the loyalty to the Russian religious, moral, and cultural traditions. The literary side also deserves favorable comment."

The price of the paper is ten cents and it may be obtained by writing to Russian National Students' Association, University of California, 2272 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley, California.

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How To Learn Russian

Michael Jerlitzyn

HERE are some more useful words and phrases.

Я иду, я пойду yah eehdooh yah paihdooh	*I go (on foot)* *I shall go (on foot)*
Я еду, я поеду yah yehdooh yah pahyehdooh	*I go (ride, travel)* *I shall go (ride, travel)*
Идет дождь eehdyoht dohjdj	*Goes rain (it rains)*
Идет снег eehdyoht snyehg	*Goes snow (it snows)*
Отлично, прекрасно ahtleehtchnah prehkrahsnah	*Splendid fine*
Великолепно vehleehkahlyehpnah	*Magnificent*
Один, два, три ahdeen dvah tree	*One two three*
Четыре, пять, шесть tchehtyreh pyatj shestj	*Four five six*
Семь, восем syem vohsyem	*Seven eight*
Девять, десять dyehvyahtj dyehsyatj	*Nine ten*
Одинадцать, двенадцать ahdeenahtzahtj dvehnahtzahtj	*Eleven Twelve*
Время, когда? vryehmyah kahgdah?	*Time when?*
Час, минута tchahs meenootah	*Hour minute*
День, днем dyehnj dnyohm	*Day by day*
Ночь, ночью nohtch nohtchyooh	*Night by night*

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Носильщик, извозчик, вещи nahseelshtchik eezvohztchik vyehshtchee	*Porter cabman things (baggage)*
Вот гостиница voht gahsteehneehtzah	*Here is the hotel*
Где почта? gdyeh pohtchtah?	*Where is the post office?*
Комната, номер kohmnahtah nohmyehrr	*Room number (room at the hotel)*
Прошу вас говорить медленно prahshooh vahs gahvahreetj myehdlyehnah	*Beg you to speak slowly*
Завтрак, обед ужин zahvtrahk ahbyed oohjin (*"j" sounds like "s" in "pleasure"*)	*Breakfast (lunch) dinner supper*
Что это? tchtoh ehtah?	*What is this?*
Сегодня, вчера, завтра syehvohdnyah vtchehrah zahvtrah	*Today yesterday tomorrow*
Так, верно, правда tahk vyehrrnah prahvdah	*So (righto) true truth*
Это дорого, это дешево ehtah dohrahgah ehtah dyohshehvah	*It's dear (expensive), it's cheap*
Я вижу, вы видите yah veehjoo vyi veehdeetyeh	*I see you see*
Делать, я делаю, вы делаете dyehlahtj yah dyehlahyoo vyi dyehlahyehtyeh	*To do I do you do*
Думать, я думаю, вы думаете doohmahtji jah doohmahyooh vyi doohmahyehtyeh	*To think I think you think*

In later instalments I shall try to give you some expressions used in profusion by intellectuals. So far as the knowledge of these idioms goes, you will be in a position to get to the very core of the Russian language.

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ANDRE DASHKOV

First Russian Envoy to the United States

THE failure of Francis Dana's mission to Russia did not stop further overtures on both sides tending to closer relations between the two countries. Though naturally disappointed over Russia's delay in recognizing the independence of the United States, the American Government nevertheless seemed to believe firmly in Russia's friendship.

This belief was based on the following facts:

Shortly after the secession of the American colonies, King George of England requested Empress Catherine II of Russia for 20,000 troops to serve for two years in America. Catherine II refused his request as she thoroughly sympathized with Americans and because she held the then British Cabinet as weak and utterly incapable of governing in emergencies. England continued to insist, eventually pleading for 15,000 men and finally even for 10,000; this plea was supported by autograph letter from George III. Such unwarranted insistence displeased Catherine II and she directed her secretary to pen an unequivocal and final refusal.

These facts were taken into consideration by the American Government in its decision to cultivate friendly relations between the two countries.

Unfortunately, the European scenery staged by the Napoleonic wars changed so rapidly and oftentimes so radically that it was hardly possible to expect any continuous action in that direction.

Rufus King, Special Minister to Russia

Heeding Russia's advances to effect complete isolation of France, President Adams in 1799 appointed Rufus King special Minister to Russia to negotiate a ten year treaty of amity and commerce and to agree as to the appointment of envoys in St. Petersburg and Philadelphia, respectively.

Following his instructions King left for England and started there preliminary negotiations with Vorontzov, Russian Minister in London. These negotiations, however, came to a sudden end in view of the determination of the United States to conclude peace with France.

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On the other side Alexander I, involved as he was in the maelstrom of events created by the French campaigns, could not devote as much of his time as he wished to the cultivation of friendly relations with the United States. Fortunately he was given an opportunity to show his good will for America in 1803, when U. S. Frigate *Philadelphia* ran aground in the harbor of Tripoli while fighting the Barbary pirates and was forced to surrender to the enemy. Upon learning of this plight of American citizens, Alexander I did his utmost to assist the United States in obtaining the release of the crew of the Frigate, totaling 300 men, and of her Commander, William Bainbridge; this was finally accomplished for a ransom of $60,000 paid by the American Government.

Alexander I and Thomas Jefferson

The good will shown by Alexander I was deeply appreciated by the United States, and President Jefferson sent to the Emperor a letter expressing the thanks of the American Nation.

This incident gave a new impulse to the old idea of establishing closer relations with Russia. Still another occurrence of similar character which enhanced American belief in Russia's friendship happened shortly after John Quincy Adams' arrival in St. Petersburg as United States Envoy. Stopping in Denmark on his way to Russia, Adams witnessed in a Danish harbor 38 American merchantmen under embargo; he mentioned this to Alexander I during his first audience with the Emperor and enlisted the sympathy and assistance of the latter. In response to Alexander's vigorous protest, Denmark released the American vessels, and simultaneously the Tsar issued a decree favoring American commerce to Baltic ports.

President Jefferson who was highly impressed by the character of the correspondence exchanged with the Russian Monarch was chief champion of the American movement for rapprochement with Russia; he greatly popularized this cause by his many public assertions that Russia was the one and only European power friendly disposed to the United States; and further, true to his belief, in 1808 he nominated William Short, Minister to Russia to inaugurate permanent diplomatic intercourse and especially to obtain the aid of Alexander I against England and France.

While awaiting his final instructions in Paris, Short was informed that the Senate rejected his nomination and confirmed in his stead the appointment of John Quincy Adams.

As soon as Alexander I heard of Short's appointment he named André Dashkov Charge d'Affaires to the Congress of the United States and Consul General in Philadelphia; later, when apprised that Adams held the rank of Minister, Alexander named

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Count Pahlen as Minister to the United States; the latter, however, did not stay long in America, and after his departure for Brazil, Dashkov was elevated to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary.

Dashkov's Background and Duties

André Dashkov belonged to an old family, of Tartar origin, which emigrated to Russia from Khanate *Zolotaya Orda* in the sixteenth century during the reign of Vassily, father of Ivan the Terrible. He spent a few years in traveling and studying abroad and then entered the military service as was customary among the Russian nobility. After serving in Semionovsky Guard Regiment from 1786 to 1799, he retired from the army and in 1802 was appointed, first, to the Department of Commerce, where he worked assiduously for three years, and then transferred to the Foreign Office.

In 1805 Dashkov was appointed Envoy to the United States where he remained until 1817. He was a thoroughly educated man, a great humanitarian, and took an active part in the Prison Reform movement in Russia. As a matter of fact, penology was his major interest in life; he was greatly influenced by Blackstone* and tried to effect radical changes in Prison Organization and Administration in Russia. His efforts in that direction were appreciated by the Government and he was appointed Permanent Member of the Prison Reform Commission. Upon his return from the United States, Dashkov was nominated Special Counselor to the Russian Embassy in Constantinople where he concluded an arrangement for the return of war prisoners to Russia. Then followed his appointment to the Board of Censorship, and later he was nominated Justice of the Higher Commercial Tribunal; he died in 1831.

Governmental Relations

Dashkov's duties in America were not many, nor onerous. He followed mostly instructions from St. Petersburg, which left him practically no room for personal initiative. The only instance—the Kozlov affair—where he took upon himself to obtain the redress of a wrong, as he viewed it, terminated Dashkov's sojourn in America and did not help in cementing the feelings of friendship between the two countries.

The sale by American citizens of arms and ammunition directly (and not through Russian agents) to Indians in Russian possessions on the North West Coast of America was the first case which brought Dashkov in contact with the United States Government.

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* Sir William Blackstone (1723-1780), eminent English jurist.

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Desirous of demarcating the spheres of Russian and American commercial influence in the North West Coast of America, the Tzar's Government used the above mentioned case as a preliminary move towards the settling of the major question of demarcation; however, the pourparlers to that effect with the State Department initiated by Dashkov did not bring any results in view of the disagreement over the degree of geographical latitude to serve as a line of demarcation for American ships.

Later in 1811, Dashkov was instrumental in bringing to Russia the French General Moreau, then living in the United States as an emigré. Moreau joined eventually the Russian army but did not have the opportunity to help Russians in their fight against Napoleon as he was killed near Dresden while on the staff of Alexander I.

The year 1812, when the war between the United States and England was declared, brought Dashkov in closer and more intimate relations with the American Government.

Commissioners Appointed by President Madison

Fearing the consequences of that war for Russian commerce, Alexander I chose to act as mediator in order to stop the conflict in its incipiency. He approached this subject in an informal way and decided to make a direct offer of mediation to the American Government without sounding the views of the British Cabinet. Count Roumiantzev, Russian Chancellor, did not approve of such a dilettant treatment of a serious matter, but his observations were not heeded by the Emperor.

Consequently Dashkov was instructed to inform the American Government officially of Alexander's offer of mediation. After some delay the offer was accepted, and President Madison appointed three Commissioners to proceed to St. Petersburg to meet there the British Delegates.

His choice fell upon Albert Gallatin, Secretary of Treasury and Chief Delegate, James A. Bayard, ex Senator from Delaware, and John Quincy Adams, Minister to Russia. The same three persons, with Adams as Chief Delegate, were also empowered to conclude a treaty of amity and commerce with Russia; L. Harris, American Consul in St. Petersburg, was appointed Secretary to the Delegation.

Gallatin and Bayard joined Adams in July 1813 and left Russia in January 1814 without accomplishing any of their tasks.

The original mistake of Alexander I in not consulting England as to the desirability of his mediation, and his irritation at being ignored by the British Government in this matter, was the source of all mishaps of the Commissioners. After waiting in vain for any responsive act from England, and seeing no help

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coming from Russian quarters, they left St. Petersburg and concluded the much heralded peace in Ghent later in 1814.

This was an example of Alexander's inconsistency in acts; easily affected by misfortunes of individuals, as of nations, he was quite sincere in his altruistic impulses; but the first obstacle on the road to their accomplishment disappointed him and he immediately turned his thoughts elsewhere.

The paragraph on Alexander's offer of mediation cannot be closed without mentioning the untiring efforts in behalf of his country of L. Harris, American Consul in St. Petersburg. He belongs to that army of workers who are not fully appreciated either by their contemporaries or by history.

L. Harris was a man of great intelligence, of suave manners, a good listener, and possessed of rare tact; he spoke fluently Russian and French. Nothing that went on in Court or in diplomatic circles escaped his attention; he was *persona grata* with the Emperor and enjoyed the favor of high Government officials. His foreign colleagues were keenly aware of his diplomatic abilities and valued his friendshp. If Alexander I ever needed a prompting in his friendly overtures towards the United States, Harris was on hand to make the necessary move.

Acting as American Chargé des Affaires before the arrival of Adams and after his departure from Russia, Harris rendered to his Government many services which helped greatly to smooth the path of the first two American Envoys to Russia, who being new to the country and to the environment could not have accomplished their task successfully without his unobtrusive but very real assistance.

The Kozlov Affair

Harris' crowning achievement was the final settlement of the Kozlov affair which caused the recall of Dashkov from America.

S. Kozlov, Russian Consul General in Philadelphia, was accused of rape committed on a servant girl of minor age. In view of an oath made by the complainant, he could not be freed on bail and consequently was arrested and put into prison. As this happened at night, Kozlov was brought before the Chief Magistrate only the next morning. According to the Justice's finding, the evidence against him was not sufficient, but the fact of an oath made by the girl necessitated his standing the jury trial.

Dashkov seemed to be very much incited over the arrest of Kozlov and protested vehemently against this breach of international usage. His protest was speedily considered, and the President of the United States instructed the District Attorney of Philadelphia to see that all the privileges enjoyed by Kozlov as

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Consul General should be strictly observed during his trial.

The attorney for the defense construed his case of dismissal on two motions: 1—on the privilege of immunity of Consuls from criminal prosecution, and 2—on the principle that jurisdiction over the cases affecting Consuls is vested with the Federal Courts exclusively. The second motion was granted by the Court, and Kozlov's case was dismissed and simultaneously his prosecution stopped in view of the law that rape being an offence of common law, the Federal Courts have no jurisdiction over it.

As it appeared, Dashkov was not satisfied with this decision and insisted on carrying the case to the Federal Court. When this was refused, Dashkov took the stand that Kozlov was unjustly arrested and imprisoned, that the American Government was responsible for this breach of International Law, and that, therefore, the United States was under obligation to make due reparation for the wrong committed on the person of the Russian Consul General. He ended his note by stating that in case his just demands were not acted upon, he would break diplomatic relations with the United States.

His note being couched in offensive terms, the American Government decided to have no direct dealings with Dashkov on that subject, and Monroe, Secretary of State, sent him a letter addressed to Count Nesselrode, Russian Foreign Secretary, requesting Dashkov to dispatch it to the addressee.

Laboring under the delusion that the United States Government was slighting him, Dashkov read the letter and sent an alarming report on the whole incident to St. Petersburg.

Meanwhile, considering the Kozlov case of minor importance, the American Government nominated Charles Cotesworth Pinkney, Minister to Russia, without informing him of the Kozlov incident in detail.

Dashkov's report on the injustice done to the Russian Consul General made a great impression on the Russian Government and on the Emperor, and it was decided then and there to visit the displeasure of Alexander I on Harris who was not posted on this matter by his Government. He received the first intimation of this displeasure in a letter from Nesselrode to the effect that his *droit d'entree* to the Court was discontinued. Upon visiting the Foreign Office Harris learned of the report of Dashkov, and also that the Imperial Government considered the case very serious.

As Pinkney, who was then in Europe on his way to Russia, could not supply him with the necessary data, Harris applied to and obtained from the State Department all the particulars, and after many visits to the Foreign Office, coupled with innu-

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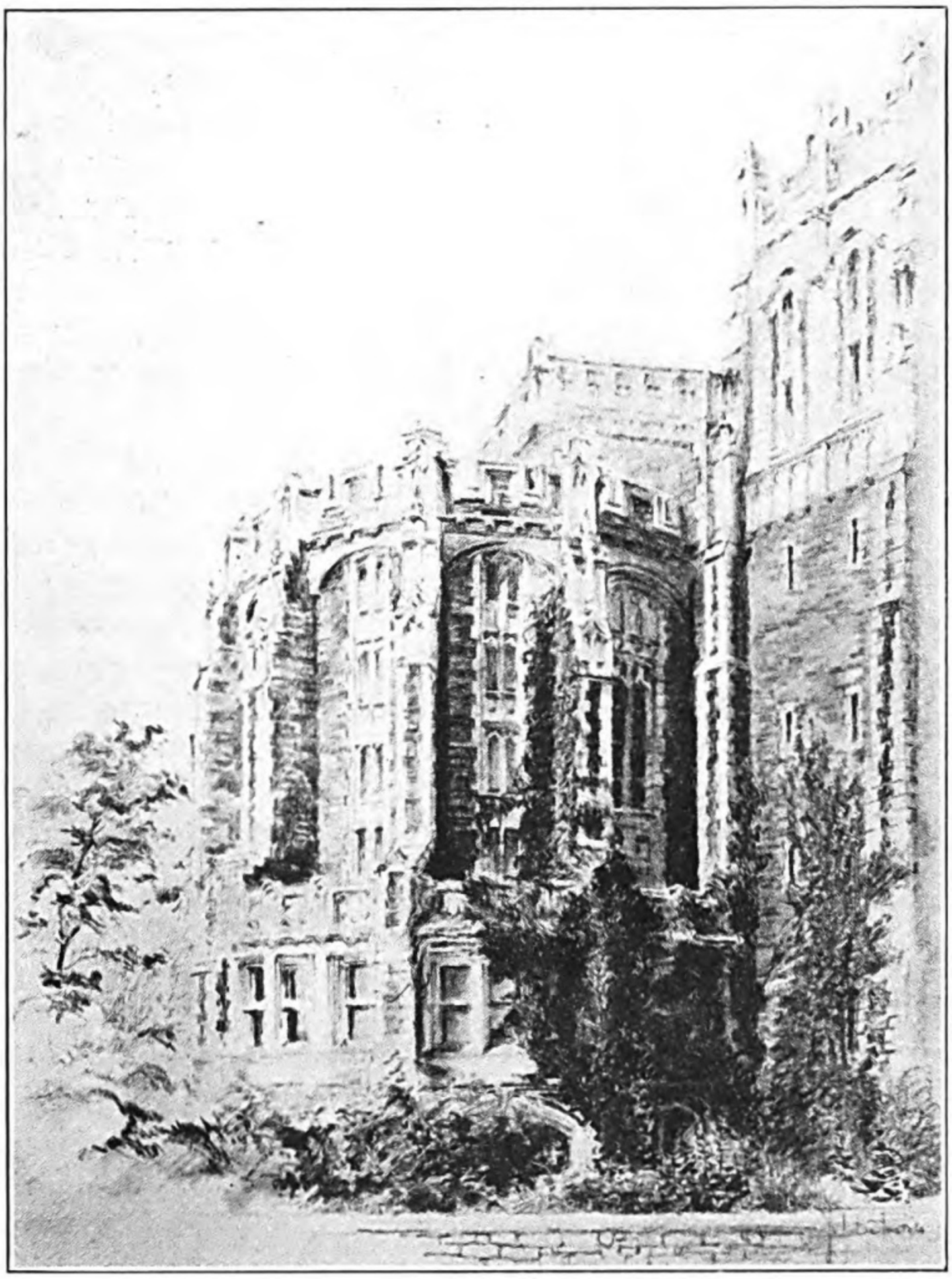
merable apologies, elucidations and explanations, verbal and written, he was able to appease the displeasure of Alexander I and the ruffled feelings of the Foreign Office.

Thus Harris was once more instrumental in staging a hearty Russian welcome to Pinkney, and indirectly in bringing to an end Dashkov's mission to the United States.



Apse of College of City of New York
By Theodore de Postels

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Music and the Stage

Xenia Nasarevich

XENIA NASAREVICH of the Curtis Institute of Music will give a piano recital, Saturday afternoon, March 21st at Town Hall, New York.

* * *

Nicolai Berezowsky, violinist and composer, who appeared in January as guest conductor of Cincinnati Symphony, has been invited by Dr. Serge Koussevitsky to conduct one of the March concerts of the Boston Symphony.

* * *

Alexander Brailowsky is on tour of Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, the Rhineland, Holland (where he is soloist under Mengelberg), the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, Italy, France and Spain. He will appear as soloist in an all-Russian program with the Philharmonic Society in May.

* * *

The Kedroff Quartet will give its farewell concert at Town Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 22nd, for the benefit of the United Russian Relief.

Ilia Murometz

Old Bardic Song (Bylina) from the Collection of Liadov*
Province of Nizhni-Novgorod
English version by Emma Ponafidine

What do we behold on the blue, blue sea?
Hi! from the Don to the Danube!
Upon the blue, blue sea!
See! they are floating, drifting, thirty-seven ships.
Hi! from the Don to the Danube!
Upon the blue, blue sea!
Thirty-seven they are, but 'tis the thirty-eighth
That carries the hero, Ilia Murometz!
Hi! from the Don to the Danube!

* Prof. N. N. Kedroff has arranged the music for this song which is in the repertoire of the Kedroff Quartet.

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Some Recent Books

EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS

A Memoir by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia.
The Viking Press. $3.50.

BECAUSE of its psychological value, if for no other reason, anyone interested in Russians should read the *Education of a Princess*. Americans by reading it will have a better understanding of the ideals implanted in the Russian soul and will sympathize with the struggle of this soul to adjust to a different kind of environment. Russians reading it may more easily be able to approach that detachment and objectivity regarding historical events that Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia, has achieved with such courage and sincerity.

For generations Russia had been reared to believe, to use the words of the Grand Duchess herself, that "Russia was the bearer of some special ideals, the purity and loftiness of which the West could never understand, and certainly never attain. Russia thus was permitted, in our eyes, to be centuries behind the times in terms of progress, yet eternally superior." Thus, "In spite of the revolution, in spite of the insults which we encountered at every step, we still believed in the traditional Russian ideal, believed in the Russian soul." And yet through all her repressed childhood, the unhappiness of her forced marriage, her war experience, this once-called the "mad-cap Grand Duchess" came to the realization that "in our inadequate training and education lay the principal explanation of our downfall, and I saw now that this applied to all ranks in Russia, high and low. That same lack of a conscious attitude towards life, that same light-mindedness and superficiality with which we had faced the disintegration of the old, we now displayed even more markedly in trying to adjust ourselves to the new. We gave, as do children, a tremendous attention to trifles. For instance, an infantile lack of all sense of proportion was responsible for the hysterical decision of officious clergy to delete from the Psalms of David all lines containing the word 'king'."

This education and training, which gave an inferiority feeling which she and many of her compatriots in Amerca have had to fight against, gave also "an outward appearance of poise and balance" to which one must render admiration. That the Grand Duchess and other Russians are adapting themselves to the more practical lessons as taught them in the United States need not be taken as too high praise for this country but as tribute to the traditions inculcated in the Russian soul which can not be broken, no matter how great the catastrophe and which may even be of some value to the United States.

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Because so many Russians in America are succeeding in their attempts to overcome some of the inadequacies in their background, we feel that we may be forgiven for quoting the following characterization:

> Russians, in their very nature, it seems, pass quickly from the highest enthusiasm to complete dejection and distrust. They yield to their moods quite sincerely and go the whole way, entirely forgetting all moods preceding and opposite. They do not see any contradiction in such behaviour; or if they do, they readily find excuses for it.
>
> Incurable pessimists, they actually dislike to look forward with hope, and prefer to expect of the future nothing but misfortune. To rise, to fight, to ward off such misfortune, seems so hard as to make such effort futile; and, thus, reduced by their own reasoning to inaction, they complainingly await the realization of all their forebodings.
>
> Strenuous action, resistance to fate, would permit them, moreover, hardly time enough for their favorite pastime—talk, analysis, criticism—tearing situations, characters, movements, mercilessly to tatters.

In relating historical incidents no new things are brought to light in this book. The attitude of the Empress towards Rasputin has been explained in English before, we believe, in *The Tragic Bride*, yet there is a special interest and devotion in telling her brother's part in the Rasputin affair that will keep one up all night to finish it.

This Memoir was written in French and Russian and translated under the editorial supervision of Russell Lord.

QUIET STREET

By Michael Ossorgin.
The Dial Press. $2.50.

EVERY word of *Quiet Street* is written with artistry and charm. It is a story that will stand several readings with increasing advantage. All the horror and nightmare of the revolution is implied. While the reader feels the emotions of the characters, one also feels that it is not a one-sided ultra-emotional picture, but one painted by an eye witness who through it all never lost his balance.

The story is written around the lives of the family of an old ornithologist, his wife and their granddaughter Tanyusha, and holds the reader's interest to the very end. There is something about this book to make the revolutionary experience thoroughly understandable to those who have been untouched personally by the revolution.

Quiet Street has a rare fine quality which gives it permanent value. It can not be recommended too highly.

—L. J.

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SMATTER

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, we have an inherent loathing for figures, but we defy anyone who has been connected with a loan fund as long as we have not to cultivate an interest in those figures which appear each month on the inside front cover. We get quite a kick out of watching those total repayments grow. We found ourselves this month delaying the copy in order to have a Monday's 10:30 mail to add to the total.

It was worth it, too. We've gone around all day walking on air and the elevator man said, "What's happened to you? You look happy today!" We kept on smiling because he wouldn't understand—22 per cent of all loans repaid, or would he?

Some of the best people in New York have many times remarked in our presence that college loan funds can not show such an estimable record.

When people don't get back what they've given out, it seems to us it means one or both of two things—it was given to the wrong person or too much was expected of human nature. If one expects the impossible, one is doomed to disappointment.

Considering the amount of dollars-and-cents capital possessed by the college graduate (who has borrowed money) and what he needs even if he has a position to walk into after getting his diploma, it is rather preposterous to insist on payments of several hundred dollars at a time even if that date is many months in advance. There have been Russian graduates who insisted that if we'd let them alone, they'd pay a much larger amount eventually than if they sent $5.00 every month and increased it as they went along. We are still waiting to be convinced that we're wrong in thinking that, as a rule, it's not one of the qualities of human nature in these United States to pay education debts that way. And we'd love to see a check for $300.00 from an unexpected source.

But—not one of the Russians who promised big amounts in the more or less distant future and for that reason made no regular payments, had any money to pay when the time came. But if they get the habit of paying a regular amount each month, however small, their balance diminishes and before so very long is nothing at all.

So, the people who thought out this idea ten years ago set down this scheme for repaying.

Amount of Monthly Income	**Monthly Repayments in % of Income**
Less than $100	**5%**
Between $100 and $200	**10%**
More than $200	**15%**

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And it works 97-99 per cent of the time. When a person doesn't pay the Fund, it's an error in selection. We can prove that the number of errors is decidedly insignificant.

As an American, we do not wish to belittle the financial difficulties that some American college students have. We've experienced most of them ourselves. Therefore, we know that the American who borrows has more of every kind of reserve in case of emergency than these Russians. There are few, if any, American students who have had to rehabilitate themselves to any similar extent. Rehabilitation requires time. The Fund has taken that into consideration. There are some who have never been asked to stick firmly to the agreement as long as they paid something and as long as we knew what the extenuating circumstances were. Even in a country with standardized ideas one can not deal with human equations in a standardized manner. Individuals still differ.

With a total of $116,486.67 repaid since January 1, 1921, and loaned to other students who will repay it, those who started this Fund can be justifiably proud of the results. The graduates on whom depends the responsibility for the future success of such an undertaking can hold their heads high for being connected with such a remarkable achievement.

And more—through the Alumni Association and individual gifts these same graduates (in addition to refunding their debts) have given outright to the Fund over $3,000 since 1926. More power to them!

As hinted in the first paragraph, it's difficult for us as a *Smatterer* to convey any feeling of mirth on the subject of figures. There are some who read this column because it amuses them. For them we venture to close with these remarks—we hope the alumni who read this will not find it necessary to buy new hats immediately.

Yours for a pat on the back,

—deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

Thousands of bylinas mention the bogatyr Ilia Murometz, depicted on this cover by Vsevolod Fedoroff (Yale, M.S. '25). This design serves as a companion piece to Alyosha Popovich of the September number. Ilia Murometz was defender of the land against internal and external enemies and was representative of Russian knighthood.

◆

The opening article is dedicated to the memory of the composer Moussorgsky who died March 16, 1881. Miss Xenia Nasarevich, pianist, is a teacher in the Curtis Institute of Music. Readers will recall her article in the December issue on the composer's *Fair of Sorochintzy*.

Michael Jerlitzyn, who is giving a series of lessons through the pages of *The Russian Student* is a teacher of Russian at the Berlitz School and also conducts private classes.

◆

In February 1930 Peter Routsky gave us an article on *The First American Mission to Russia*. We now have an account of the first Russian envoy to the United States. Much of this material has never before appeared in English and is of historical value. Mr. Routsky, formerly Russian Consul for New York City, is Director of the Service Bureau for Russians, 109 West 54th Street.

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

Quiet Street. *By Michael Ossorgin.* Translated by *Nadia Helstein. Dial Press.* $2.50. A picture of the Russian Revolution by a writer banished by the Soviet Government.

Economic Trends in Soviet Russia. *By A. Yugoff. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Richard R. Smith.* $4.25. Considered a reliable work on Russia, giving a complete picture to the fall of 1929 of Soviet economics, using figures that have been completely verified.

From Double Eagle to Red Flag. *By Peter Krassnoff. Duffield & Co.* $3.50. A popular edition of this tremendous epic of Russia.

The Unknown Tolstoi. *By Rene Fulop-Miller. Dial Press.* This volume includes a play which has never before been published.

The Russian Paradox. *By Bernhard Edelhers. Walton Book Company.* An account of conditions under Soviet rule.

The Builder of Communism. *By Samuel* N. Harper. *University of Chicago Press.* A study of the results of the five year plan.

Kostia the Cossack. *By General P. N. Krassnoff. Duffield & Co.* A novel of Russian life in the seventeenth century.

Gog and Magog. *By Vincent Sheean. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $2.00. A novel of Soviet Russia. Most of the characters seem to be American who serve as mouthpieces for groups having opposite beliefs.

Shambhala. *By Nicholas Roerich. Frederick A. Stokes Co.* $2.50. An account of the experiences of this artist and philosopher in Asia, principally in Tibet, together with explanation of some legends of the land.

Medieval Slavdom and the Rise of Russia. *By Frank Nowak. Henry Holt & Co.* $1.00. The rise of the Slavs to European power.

Uncle Vanya. *By Anton Chekhov, Translated, Adapted and With an Introduction by Rose Caylor. Covici-Friede.* $2.00. A new translation of the play which ran so successfully last season at the Cort Theatre, New York.

The Extraordinary Adventures of Julio Jurenito. *By Ilya Ehrenbourg. Translated by Usick Vanzler. Covici-Friede.* $2.00. The maddest, gayest novel of adventure to come out of modern Russia.

Dostoevsky's Letters to His Wife. *Richard R. Smith, Inc.* $5.00. Intimate details of the novelist's experiences and emotions. Reviewed in *The Russian Student,* September, 1930.

The White Army. *By General A. Denikine. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.* The story of General Kornilov's rising in August 1917 and the manoeuvres by the Whites.

Twice Born in Russia. *By Natalia Petrova. William Morrow & Co.* $2.00 an autobiographical account of the experiences of a Russian woman of noble birth.

The Ochrana: The Russian Secret Police. *By A. T. Vassilyev. J. B. Lippincott Co.* Secrets of the Czar's secret police by its last chief.

Elements of Crime. *By Boris Brasol. Published by Oxford University Press.* $5.00.

Borzoi Pocket Classics, *published by Knopf.* $1.00 a volume.

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Tchekov—*Rothschild's Fiddle*
Plays
Tolstoy—*Redemption and Other Plays*
Anna Karenina
The Death of Ivan Ilyitch and Other Stories
Turgenev—*Fathers and Sons*
Smoke

The Economic Policy of Soviet Russia. *By Paul Haensel. London: King.*

The Russian Experiment. *By Arthur Feiler. Harcourt Brace & Co.* $2.00. The editor of the liberal German daily Frankfurter Zeitung studies Russia.

The Red Trade Menace. *By H. R. Knickerbocker. Dodd, Mead & Co.* $2.50. A reprint of a newspaper correspondent's articles originally appearing in the *New York Evening Post.*

Black Bread and Red Coffins. *By Negley Farson. The Century Co.* $4.00. A reporter on the wing sets down his impressions of life in Soviet Russia.

History of Russia. *By N. Brian Chaninov. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50. Biographies from the ninth century to the assassination of the Imperial family in 1918.

The Challenge of Russia. *By Sherwood Eddy. Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.50.

Women and Monks. *By Joseph Kallinikov. Harcourt Brace & Co.* $3.50. A novel of monastic life in pre-revolutionary Russia.

Theatre Street. *By Tamara Karsavina.* E. *P. Dutton & Co.* $5.00.

The Russian Theatre. *By Réne Fülöp-Miller & Joseph Gregor. Translated by Paul England. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $25.00.

Education of a Princess. *A Memoir by Marie, Grand Dutchess of Russia. Translated from the French and Russian under the editorial supervision of Russell Lord. Viking Press.* $3.50.

My Russian Memoirs. *By Sir Bernard Pares. Jonathan Cape. London.*

Agricultural Russia on the Eve of the Revolution. *By George Pavlovsky. London: Routledge.*

Oblomov. *By Ivan Goncharov. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. The Macmillan Co.* $3.00. First published in Russian in 1858, available in English in shortened form, but now published for the first time in English in complete form. A great novel which explains Russian inertia and apathy. Reviewed in *The Russian Student, June* 1930.

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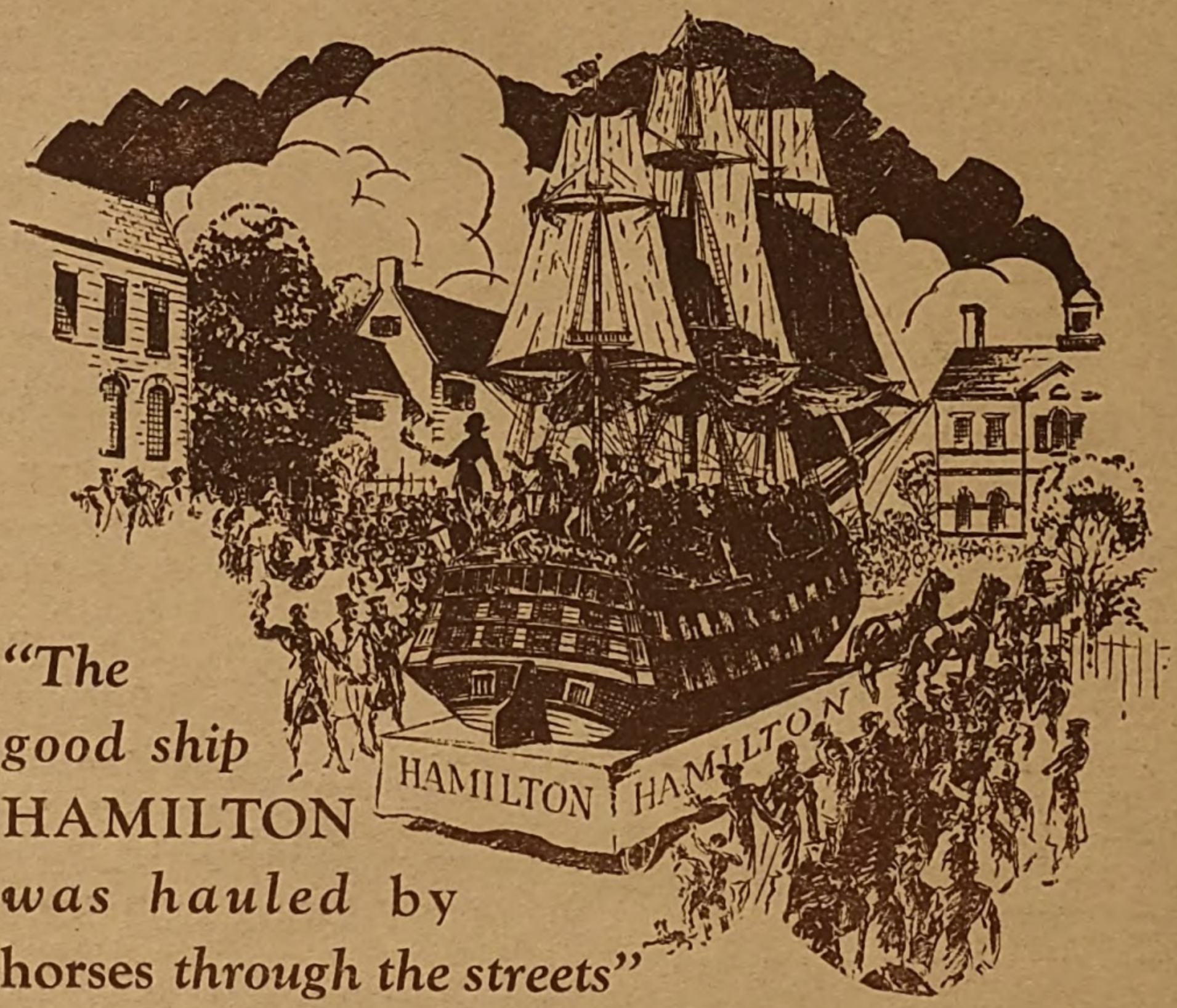

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The Russian Student

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

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Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. A total of 489 men and women, of whom 88 are still studying, have been advanced over $480,000. Former students have repaid $117,815.53; 74 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,100.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Volume VII April, 1931 Number 8

EASTER BELLS
A POEM IN PROSE

TATIANA W. BOLDYREFF

EASTER MORNING—

Fragrance of first blossoms in the balmy air, and the joy of spring!

Easter—the greatest day of the year, the gladdest and the holiest!

The bliss, the joy of it, is repeated over and over, in endless variations, by the glorious symphony of the church bells, intimately tender and striking the deepest chords of the responsive heart where it re-echoes.

You may be poor and overtrodden by cruel fate and overworn by dull worry, but, child or adult, you cannot help joining in the harmonious singing of the merry Easter bells, making yourself one with it until this joyous ringing will resound in your humble lonely heart all day.

In the deep resonant notes of the church bells, now there comes out clearly the sonorous leading solo, the bass peals of the giant Cathedral bells, and then the rich ringing overtones of the little "silver" bells higher up in the towers—in perfect harmony.

Memories surge back of many a past Easter, happy and carefree. Singing of church bells in every soul, mirthful smile on every face.

Easter is come again! The joy of it!

And the spring—

The clear May air is full of the ringing sounds carried up into the azure and re-echoing in unreserved merriment over the

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whole provincial town—and all Russia—drowned in the apple blossoms and the fragrant dainty lilacs overhanging every hedge in graceful clusters. Not long ago the rivers broke their ice shackles, the first larks announced the coming of the spring while frail snow-drops defied the last snow.

Easter brings a promise of happiness—

You may be poor and unhappy, but you cannot withstand this enchantment. And you cannot help joining wholeheartedly in the triumphant choir of Easter church bells and their joyous ringing will resound in your little humble soul all day long.

EASTER CHIMES*

English Version by EMMA PONAFIDINE

ON EASTER SUNDAY and throughout the week all the church bells in Russia are rung. There is no lack of volunteers, both old and young, to pull the ropes and so keep the chimes ringing the glad tidings: "Christ is Risen."

FROM Heaven above the Holy night descends!
From Churches comes the boom of bells!
With mighty sounds of joy and victory
Loudly they ring their song triumphant:
That Evil by Truth is vanquished
That Christ is risen, indeed!

* Prof. N. N. Kedroff has arranged the music for this song which is in the repertoire of the Kedroff Quartet.

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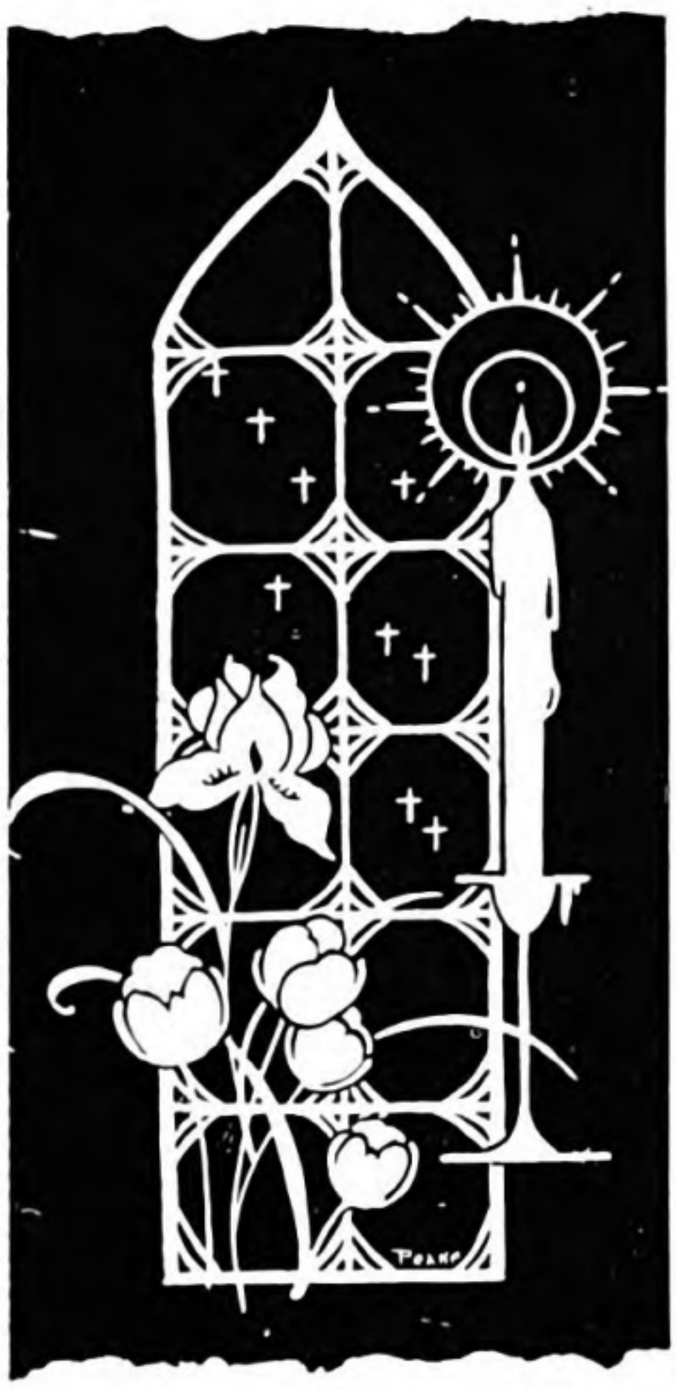
Eastertide In My Country

Xenia Nazarevitch



AGES AGO, when Russians were pagans, they worshipped Sun as their most powerful God. In their innocent wonder they watched the Sun doing miracles with nature, giving life to every little thing. They celebrated the return of their God after a long absence in winter with feasts and rites. They composed poems, prayers and songs, leaving us a striking beautiful folklore of the ancient days. The days have changed, but every springtime you cannot help giving your tribute, your wonder and admiration to the great Sun and its beauty. You share this beauty with the pussy-willow and the tiny green stems of new grass and the streams. The Sun is smiling to all, ever so much brighter. And the streams are running until the snow is all gone —everything is green—the first violets show up—the cherry trees are covered with white blossoms, and you are comparing unconsciously this warm living snow with another one that is gone.

Day of Annunciation

There is a custom on March 25th of opening all cages with birds kept prisoners during the winter. Did you ever hear their glorious singing when they are leaving the cage to disappear into the sky? And our double windows are removed by this time, open wide-like eyes . . . The 25th of March is the Day of Annunciation . . . . While the spring is marching on and the people are noisy on the streets and market places, the church devotes these days to the remembrance of the great event—Resurrection. Seven weeks of Lent precede the Easter Sunday. On Thursday night of the seventh week the people bring home from the churches lighted candles. The night is usually soft and warm and the moving lights seem to be alive. They keep those lights until Sunday. Everything is so quiet in every home. All week the children don't go to school. The people go to churches every day. The clergymen are dressed in black. The wax candles

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are melting in the soft air filled up with chants of singing choirs. At the same time preparations are made for the holiday-week. The cooks and housewives are busy working in the kitchen all day long, worrying how the things will come out of the big stove where they are supposed to turn into wonders. We children paint the eggs. We cover them with designs. It takes a long time to paint one egg; but we are patient; we pick up colours carefully and sit quietly trying not to pay any attention to the chirping of birds and noises outside.

Christos Voskrese!

On Saturday night the big change comes. Everyone is at the church. While everything is still in the darkness the doors of the altars open and clergymen appear in white robes embroidered with gold and silver. They announce the Resurrection and the choirs answer with Easter hymns. Thousands of candles are lighted in the churches. The bells are singing in the sky. After the long fasting and mourning the people are greeting each other and joining the happy choirs of Easter. They come home tired and late, but soon comes the radiant morning, wearing its golden clothes. All are dressed mostly in white. In the big dining room the long table seems endless against the snowy whiteness of the tablecloth, beautiful flowers are looking so joyful. There are hyacinths—pink, purple and blue.

The Easter bread is high on the table and looks bright with its top decorated with white varnish made out of sugar and covered with all colored poppy seeds. And there are whole roasted porks and turkeys and rings of brown sausages. And the painted eggs—our pride. And the paschal dish made of curds and looking like a white pyramid with a cross designed with raisins. And there are so many things that I can hardly name them all. All are happy. The windows are open—ajar—and the youthful triumphant air comes in freely bringing the sunshine.

To a Russian the picture would not be complete if I don't say here these words: *Christos voskrese* (Christ is risen), because the sound of these words is everywhere. Everything repeats them, the people, the walls, the hyachinths, the snowy whiteness of the tablecloth, the branch of a cherry tree, looking in the window, the sunshine, the deep and singing voices of the bells.

And you join this chorus. The beating of your heart seems to be the echo of the bells, or maybe the bells are the echo of your heart. Your soul is everywhere and nowhere. You want to outstretch your arms toward something glorious nearing you and sing your song of prayer to the eternal Sun, the risen Christ and the real invincible joy of living.

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MICHAEL LERMONTOV
1814-1841
ALEXIS FOVITSKY

IF Pushkin is one of the most perfect representatives of the "sense of harmony" in world poetry, then Michael Lermontov is a colorful and noted representative of "world sorrow" in its Russian aspect.

"The world is woeful"; this is one of main motives which sound alarmingly and mournfully through the poetry of Lermontov.

"Life is an eternal chain of mutual treachery". ("*Ismail-Bey*".)

The originality of the poetic personality of Lermontov during the mature period of his creativeness (approximately 1832-1841) is undoubtedly very marked. Even admitting that he was more under the influence of Byron than Pushkin—owing to his tempestuous nature—nevertheless the poet is right when he says of himself: "No, I am not Byron, I am another unknown chosen, a pilgrim persecuted by the world but with a Russian soul." This Russian peculiarity of Lermontov (outside his remarkable technical innovations in poetry) is seen in the description of the spirit of picturesque Russian life of old in his poetry (as for instance, *The Song of Merchant Kalashnikov*); in truthful images of Russian villagers' life and their hidden charm (*Fatherland*); and, finally in the general gamut of a silent Russian sorrow ("grust", a word which cannot be translated and which is used by Prof. Kluchevsky to characterize the hidden sorrow of Lermontov.)

Soul of Lermontov

As to Lermontov's poetical outlook—which is not explicitly expressed in his poems—it can be depicted concretely as follows:

Our soul is born before its time; its cradle is "a different world and a birthplace of different images" . . . The poem *Angel* wherein is described a soul transferred to earth; a soul which could not be inured to lifeless earthly songs in lieu of "Edenlike melodies"—is one of the best illustrations of the above referred poetical outlook which, by the way, takes its roots from the ancient works of the East . . .

And the soul of Lermontov—the greatest Russian romanticist—searched from its infancy for "marvels" as if trying to discover the path which it covered from stars to earth, and which

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it had to recross on its return journey after earthly existence.

"It seems that between the stars and the earth there is a path long ago measured by the soul", so says Lermontov in one of his poems.

Shortly before his death, he writes: "It is time to return home"; "It is time to see the other world" . . .

This return path to the stars will be crossed by the soul with the aid of an angel . . .

"Through the space of blue ether,
"One of the sainted Angels
"Soared on golden wings;
"And in his arms he bore
"A sinful soul leaving earth . . ."

Even if we admit that in all similar images there is rather a symbol than a true mystic faith, it will be nevertheless right to believe that the Russian Byron was very near to mysticism . . . Some of latest literary critics are of the opinion that Lermontov was the first Russian poet to visit in his mystic experience "other worlds"; that he sensed their objective reality.

In the final analysis, the mystic background of Lermontov's poetry is almost imperceptible behind the "Will to live" which is boiling fast, fed by the passion of rebellious nature of the poet . . . ("Life is tame when there is no struggle" . . .)

Mysticism and Tragicalness

The tragicalness of Lermontov's work lies in the fact that the passionate love of life brings one to "hell" on earth, while the heavenly side of men gravitates toward "different things".

Lermontov's mysticism, if we admit the presence of the latter, was so negligible when compared, for instance, with Dostoevsky's mysticism, that it was not an outlet for the above mentioned tragicalness, and it did not soothe all torments.

There were critics who tried to explain the tragicalness of Lermontov by his disagreement with politico-social setting. Lermontov was called "Untimely Hero" which was a parody on his work *Hero of Our Time*. They had in view the harsh epoch of Emperor Nicholas I, during which Lermontov lived and worked. Such a view is certainly one sided. It is true that Lermontov knew the sufferings resulting from such a regime . . . He was dismissed from Moscow University for his participation in some insignificant protest; he was twice banished to the Caucasus, then almost a wild country. In one case this banishment resulted from his severe attacks, in his poem *Of the death of a poet*, against that "high society" which surrounded as a "mob of slaves" the throne, and which performed the duties of "executioners" of liberty, of genius, and of glory . . . Thus spoke its

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author when lamenting the death of Pushkin . . . There are other poems political in spirit, but they are very few; one of those, however, (*The day will come*) is remarkable as a prophecy of the coming revolution. But it is not in "politics" that are the chief roots of the "sorrow" of Lermontov, though "politics" and baseness of many representatives of "higher society" made sometimes his muse to declare as follows:

"Good bye, thou Russia unwashed, country of slaves, country of masters;
"And you, sky-blue uniforms (gens d'armes, political police), and thou,
"People, obeying them" . . . .

Likewise the chief roots of the poet's pessimism cannot be looked for in the personal lines of his life, though there is a wealth of material for it. The early loss of his mother, discord in the family; the fight between his father and his grandmother, who "snatched" him from his father . . . Entrance into a Military Academy against his wishes, only to please his grandmother . . . A love frustrated in its bud by corrupt society, when "Into his hand, extended for receiving alms (love), somebody put a stone" . . . Finally, the tragic loss of a dearly and long loved Varenka Lopuhina, who married somebody else . . .

In a most dainty short poem *Cliff;* are shown in a modest but impressive form, tears shed due to the fragility of love.

Yearning for Freedom

The tragicalness of Lermontov is mostly fed by the sense and conviction of the imperfectness of human nature which gravitates towards the ideal, but is bound to suffer, being chained to earthly life full of vicissitudes. "Heaven and stars, heaven and stars, and I am a man," mournfully exclaims the poet.

"Of the earth earthly"; baseness, hypocrisy, deceit, petty passions, malice, slander; the deviation from the beauty of nature and subservience to prejudices; impossibility to make "heavenly ideas" reign on earth, limitedness and impotence of human nature;—those are the chief sources of pessimism and also Lermontov's "revolt" which sometime take form of sarcasm and even of "defiance of God."

The motives of that revolt are varied. In some instances the poet throws at the face of lazy dissipated society his "verse of iron drenched with bitterness and scorn" (*The first of January*); in others, he grieves over the young generation which does not comprehend its destiny, and which in its inertness does not think of leaving to coming generations a "fertile thought", or results of work "started by genius". (poem *Duma.*) Then again the poet grieves at the idea that though there "is enough

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room under the sky for everybody", men are ready to fight to the bitter end for a piece of land (*Valerik*). . . Finally the poet is in despair and very indignant over the fact that all neighbors are throwing stones in frenzy at the prophet (i.e. poet) for his declaration of omnipotence of Love and Truth . . . And very often life seems to him to be only an empty and stupid joke ("I feel sad and wearisome"). Then the soul is in need of brighter moments, wishes to be free from the present surroundings, from the present order of things on this sublunary abode. It (soul) denounces "the chains of civilization" and "fetters of existence" . . .

"Freedom has made me a nest boundless as a universe", says the poet.

"Let thunder rumble, let lightning flash . . . I yearn for
"Freedom, freedom and freedom . . .
"Let us put down the bars . . .

"I would like to embrace the tempest," says the hero of storm and the beautiful poem *Mtzyri*, while recounting the flight from the monastery of a young monk.

Generally speaking, the union with nature is one of the chief motives of Lermontov's poetry, as will be shown later.

While Lermontov is very much like Rousseau and Tolstoy in this respect (note the fear of psuedo-civilization in *Quarrel*), he is at the same time very near to their antipode Nietzsche in many ways.

As against the trivial multitude, Lermontov shows us his own world of heroes-individualists, detached forever from the average crowd, sure of themselves and of their power, almost super-men, who recall to us "Oriental poems" of Byron . . . Nevertheless, they are "of and by Lermontov" . . .

Such are the heroes of his earlier dramas and poems (*Strange Man, Spaniards, Corsair*, et cetera); similar are also personages in his drama *Masquerade*, the hero of which "saw everywhere evil, and proud as he was, never bowed to it."

Of the same type is Arseny in *Boyarin Orsha*, poem from the epoch of Ivan the Terrible—who even in the days of his slavedom kept up his self-respect.

Lermontov expresses his disdain towards France which did not appreciate sufficiently the powerful individuality of daring Napoleon ("The last house-warming"), a noted "super-man."

But it is in his "fighting God" mood that Lermontov is most outspoken.

While he believes in the presence of God and is not unmindful of prayer-like frame of mind (*Prayer, Branch of Palestine* and others), Lermontov—in the same way as the rebellious heroes

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of Dostoevsky—defies sarcastically the Supreme Being for imperfections of the universe, as he sees them. Especially when that imperfection reacts unfavorably on the destiny of a strong personality, which tops the average. "You cursed at the hour of my birth, I will curse your dominion at the hour of my death", says Lermontov's Vadim (*Vadim*), this modern Quasimode with Byronic soul.

Shortly before his death Lermontov writes his famous verses: "I thank *Thee* for everything, for all", where he blames God scornfully "for tears, bitterness, for poison of the kiss."

Sometimes when contemplating nature, at night, when "star speaks to star," and when "there is splendor and wonders in Heaven," the poet proclaims: "The anxiety disappears from my soul" . . . But this is not Christian meekness* . . .; it is only a temporary calm on the ocean of the soul before the majesty of God . . . A moment passes, and the same soul yearns again for tempest—"as if there were calm in tempest" (*Sail*). "What is the life of a poet without suffering, and what is the ocean without tempest", is one of the most cherished motives of the poet.

Earth and Heaven

Finally, there is on one side, a "different world," and a God who is above and outside of the suffering humanity and on the other side, "a sinful earth", over which soars Lermontov's *Demon*, and which one would crave to cherish, to "kiss," as would say Dostoevsky.

"We cannot help loving earth more than heaven," explains Lermontov . . . and he craves for earthly happiness; he would love to carry that happiness "in a snuff-box in his pocket" . . ., provided it is sincere, deep, pure and eternal. But life is terrible . . . "Man is a combination of evils" . . . Love is perfidious . . . and then "you cannot love forever," and to love for a time "is not worth while," and therefore, notwithstanding all the "will to live," the poet bends unhappily his head, and the fear of death leaves him, because life loses its value . . . The feeling of fatalism, of blind laws governing the universe, overrules the soul of the poet, as well as the soul of a Fatalist, one of his heroes.

While sometimes he feels like "smashing with one stroke the whole universe," Lermontov looks for attenuation of his sorrow not exclusively in the hope of returning to the "other" world.

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* D. Merejkovsky remarks that there is no mention of Christ in Lermontov's works, although there is mentioned "small sainted icon" in the hands of a mother who blesses her son going to war . . . There is a tender feeling of love . . .

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The ways of that attenuation are many: Forgetfulness (not Manfred-like), "to sleep" but in such a way that there "should move in one's breast the stimuli of life"; that "a still voice should sing of love" . . .

Or again that kind of unity with nature which has been described before. It is a unity which prompts one to "come close to the clouds"; to wander through steppes with "heavenly clouds"; to smile at lilies of the valley which greet you with nods from under the bush; to pray to Creator on top of snow-clad mountains . . .

"The blue mountains of Caucasus,* I greet you"; "You made me familiar with skies"; "Henceforth I dream of you and of heaven" . . .

Solaces

The sorrowness of Lermontov finds solaces in the bright and light eyes of a child whose "sleep is guarded by an angel"; in the prayer of a mother; in the purity of a girl's soul not yet touched by the insipidness of life, and for whose soul the poet prays to Mother of God "Intercessor of the World." (*Prayer*).

These moments are dearer to him than the rest of the span of life . . .; especially when it seems that some mysterious "sounds", "calls" attract one to the world of ideal feelings . . . At such moments the poet is ready to stop at his half-finished prayer in order to answer that call.

Sometimes, the feeling of sorrow and loneliness among the cold "masks" on the faces of men is mollified by the visions of dear "fatherland". That fatherland (*Rodina*) was adored by Lermontov with a "strange kind of love", as he tells us . . . In verses full of patriotic feelings (*Two Giants*, where Alexander is juxtaposed to Napoleon); *Borodino*, depicting a simple soul of a Russian soldier, full of love for fatherland, and some others**; Lermontov found a special delight in approaching the unofficial side of Russia's life. Village holidays, wide fields, risings of Russian rivers are dearer to him than "fame paid for by blood" . . .

Lermontov expressed at its best one of the tragedies of his many-sided soul in the poem *Demon****. It is a brilliant work from the point of view of form; not quite finished, though there

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* The impressions of Caucasus were alive in him since his childhood, when he went there with his grandmother . . . Later he visited against his will this most picturesque part of Russia.

** Lermontov was in sympathy with early Slavophilic outlooks.

*** Anton Rubinstein has composed two operas taking for their subject *Demon* and *Merchant Kalashnikov*. In the last one, besides Kalashnikov himself, are vividly depicted Ivan the Terrible and his "life-guardsman" Kiribeyevich.

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are a few versions of the finale; it took Lermontov years to write it.

We see there a fallen angel, who defies God, wandering over the earth and throwing seeds of evil . . . But even evil does not satisfy him . . . Passing once over the mountains of Caucasus* the "exile from heaven" saw Tamara, an ideal of girlhood, whose soul has been made by the Creator from the "best ether"; one of those lovely creatures who are not of this world, and "the world was not created for them." Demon in his love for Tamara seeks purification, salvation, return to better life . . . He enters her cell "with a soul open to good"; he believes that this is "the very beginning of a new life" . . . But his love for Tamara brings only her death; her virgin soul is taken away by an Angel, and Demon returns again to his wanderings over beclouded worlds.**

Though the theme is not new, it is put in a most perfect way into the frame of his most sonorous verses.

Leaving aside the "prose of Lermontov (there is a very good English translation of his best novel *Hero of Our Time*) which is the best specimen of Russian prose (on par with Pushkin, Turgenev and Tchekhov), we wish to close our article by noting that Lermontov's poetry is only a particle of poetical wealth that would have been created by him if only the young poet were not killed at the duel which he brought upon himself by his intolerant and aggresive attitude towards every kind of insipidness and stupidity.

---

* "And over the peaks of the Caucasus flew the exile of Paradise" . . .
** "Alone amid the universe entire" . . .

THE LORD IS RISEN*

Christos Voskrese!

Poem by DMITRI S. MEREJHKOVSKY
English version by GEORGE HARRIS, JR.
Music by RACHMANINOFF

"THE Lord is ris'n"
His praise is ringing,
But in my soul is naught but shame,
Blood fills the world and tear-drops stinging,
And at the altar this loud singing
Seems like an insult to His name:
And should He choose the worthy from us
Who should eternal light attain,
He would but find Hate has o'ercome us
And brothers wrangle, to His pain;
And should He come to where is ringing
"The Lord is ris'n from one and all,
Before the host what teardrops stinging
Would fill His sad eyes, at our fall.

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How To Learn Russian

Michael Jerlitzyn

I HAVE been asked to put accents on those vowels which are to be stressed since one cannot guess the vowel in question. I do not think it is necessary, because the Russian texts have no marks just the same as English, and it might lead to some misunderstanding; those interested in Russian phonetics will find ample material for the study in some substantial dictionary like *Golovinsky's*.

Besides, one should not rely on oneself when trying to learn Russian, but find a teacher, with a university diploma of the philological faculty, who will explain properly all the intricacies of his language. Mind as well that I do not give here instructions. I am merely trying to stimulate your interest in the Russian language. Only a working knowledge of the tongue will enable the American salesmen to enter the Russian market, in the face of European competition, and to understand the peculiar psychology of the Russian people; their needs and their outlook are totally different from those of the western nations.

So to sum up I must repeat once more that I give here not lessons, but a few suggestions so far as my own ten-year experience goes, plus my professional training.

For lack of space the following words were omitted in the preceding issue. I shall, therefore, postpone my promised instalments for advanced students and give here the omitted words, which are valuable for beginners.

Человек, мужчина, женщина tchehlahvyehk moohzh tcheehnah zhenshtcheehnah	*Human being man woman*
Гражданин grahzhdahneen	*Citizen*
Дом, улица, как? отчего? dohm oohleetzah kahk? ahttchevoh?	*House (home) street how? why?*
Если я могу, я не могу yehslee yah mahgoo yah nye mahgoo	*If I can I cannot*
Здесь, там zdyehsj tahm	*Here there*
Сюда, туда syuhdah toohdah	*Hither thither*

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Город, деревня **gohrahd dyehryehvnyah**	*Town (or city) country (or village)*
Поезд, пароход, море, река **pohyehzd pahrahhohd mohryeh pyehkah**	*Train steamship sea river*
Идти, ехать **eedtee yehhahtj**	*To go (on foot) to go (ride, travel)*
Купить, продать заплатить **koopeetj prahdahtj zahplahteetj**	*To buy to sell to pay*
Прощайте, всего хорошего **prahshtchaityeh vsyehvoh hahrohshehvah**	*Good bye (farewell) of all the best (best wishes)*

THE EASTER CANTICLES

From the Russian Service Book.

Translated by ISABEL FLORENCE HAPGOOD.

LET GOD ARISE, and let his enemies be scattered. Today is the holy Passover revealed to us: the Passover new and holy: the passover mystical, the Passover all-august, Christ, the Passover and the Atonement. The spotless Passover, the great Passover, the Passover of the faithful, the Passover which openeth unto us the gates of Paradise; the Passover which sanctifieth all the faithful. The Day of Resurrection! Let us be illumined with the solemn Feast! Let us embrace one another. Let us say: Brethren! And because of the Resurrection let us forgive all things to those who hate us, and in this wise exclaim: Christ is risen from the dead, trampling down Death by death and upon those in the tomb bestowing life.

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Some Recent Books

The Soviet Challenge to America,
By George S. Counts, Associate Director, International Institute,
Teachers College, Columbia University. The John Day Company. $4.00

The Economic Life of Soviet Russia,
By Calvin B. Hoover, Professor of Economics, Duke University.
The Macmillan Co., $3.00.

BEFORE me are the above volumes, both dealing with the same subject—the challenge of the order now being instituted in Russia to the capitalistic order now prevalent in the rest of the world. How differently the subject is treated! One is an effervescent exaltation of the "noble experiment", with further beclouding of the general concept, revelry in ideas and goals, extenuation of bloodshed and sufferings of millions of people, perpetuation of the still prevalent bogey man, "The Terrible Tsarist Russia", et cetera. The other is an orderly analysis of the economic structure, the forces behind it and the actual working of it—a splendid dispassionate study.

Prof. Counts states in his foreword—"Because of the clouds of passion which still envelop it (*the experiment*), there is serious danger that its most revolutionary, though least sensational, features may escape adequate notice" . . . "In these pages I have tried to reveal what seems to me to be the inner source of its power" (*meaning the Russian revolutionary movement*).

He then enumerates the trips to Russia he has made personally, the persons he has interviewed, his Russian assistant's trip to Russia to check up on the material and finally we have the enormous bibliography at the end of the book. After taking cognizance of all this, it seems to us a pity to see this book as the result of this apparently enormous labor. He fails to describe the things that he himself has stated usually escape one's notice. The book scrapes the surface, is full of phrases (like fireflies in the darkness, the darkness still prevailing), phrases that only touch superficially upon the subject and excite the mind, citations of Five Year Plan goals, and many a statement like the following: "Clearly, the cultural Five Year Plan, if successful will go far towards removing that cultural backwardness which has been traditionally associated with Russian civilization." There is, however, an adequate description of the organization of the Communist Party, its iron discipline and its thorough penetration into every phase of life with ruthless determination.

Prof. Hoover's work is a book in which the student of the economic life of Russia in the present period of her history will find much illuminating material. It is a veritable outline of

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various phases of the economic order in Russia, not without enlightening facts proving or disproving the soundness, propriety or necessity of the steps taken. He makes no effort to convert his readers to anything except a realization and interpretation of facts as he sees them. The final conclusions are left to be drawn by the reader. It is a just study of industry, agriculture, the cooperative movement (a special instrument in Communist hands and different from the ordinary concept), monetary system, labor, et cetera. One also sees the complete permeation of everything with attainment of the Communistic ideal.

Prof. Hoover is fair towards Old Russia, as for instance, he says in one place: "Industrialization had developed in the Western World before its introduction into Russia and as a result such mechanized industries as were established in Russia (*Tsarist*) were usually on a large scale, highly mechanized and producing a large volume of products per industrial unit." Such references dispel to some extent the prevalent idea of an absolute lack of industries in Russia before the Bolsheviks.

He questions the worth of the sufferings of the people, to attain the physical comfort claimed by the Communist. He says: "Never before has the human soul been so placed in bondage." We are reminded of the discussion between the two brothers Karamazoff when one says that if the attainment of the comfort or good of the whole people costs only one life of a babe, this good has lost its worth, its value.

There is only one sentence in the whole book, really a part of one sentence, to which I wish to take exception and that is . . . "while the standard of honesty among Russians is generally low, for they are a primitive people and primitive people are not honest" . . . "

While Prof. Hoover's book on the whole is a good study, it would have benefited much by the addition of diagrams of official, economic, social forces.

—VSEVOLOD FEDOROFF

THESE RUSSIANS

By WILLIAM C. WHITE
Charles Scribners' Sons. $3.00

THE Old Corner Book Store of Boston gives in its circular on Russian books the following description of *These Russians*:

Mr. White has very recently returned from Russia after three years spent among the people in city and country. Instead of recounting the confused history of the rise of the Soviets, and giving all kinds of detailed statistics about manufacturing plants, et cetera, he has presented in this book seventeen representative people, The Housewife, The Professor, The Student, The Merchant and The Engineer, et cetera.

I would like to add that these types not only are very well

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selected but are also vividly described. It is to the credit of Mr. White that he has managed to avoid all exaggerations and tries to give as true a picture of present day Russia as a foreigner can. I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. White personally and know that he speaks our language quite fluently. Moreover he has a most pleasing personality from our Russian point of view. This has enabled him to penetrate deeper into Russian life and to bring out in his book many things which as a rule are generally overlooked, willingly or unwillingly, by most foreigners.

To the liberal minded American professor interested abstractly in the Russian experiment, I especially recommend the chapter entitled "The Professor" so he may get a clear picture of the kind of life a Russian savant has to lead in the Soviet Union at present.

—IVAN CHERNIKOFF

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On board the Steamer "Paris," Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, Marie Kurenko and Carmela Ponselle.

Courtesy of Musical Leader

NIKOLAI ORLOFF

NIKOLAI ORLOFF is one of the most brilliant pianists of our age. He has a very rare talent of attracting the sympathies of his audience by the peculiar humanity of his playing. He can obtain the confidence of the public by his artistic consciousness, which is doubtless his greatest asset. There is not a single piece which would not be worked out thoroughly, which would not prove that the artist knows exactly what his intentions are, even if these intentions are somewhat different from the standards accepted for a given piece.

We heard Orloff for the first time during the Winter season of 1913-1914 in Moscow. A young man of about 20 years of age, just graduated from Moscow Conservatory, he was invited to take the post of professor in the School of Music and Drama founded by the Moscow Philharmonic Society. He was a student in the School of Law at the Imperial University then.

We heard Orloff at that time take part in the same concert with Rachmaninoff. The latter appeared as the accompanist of Madame Koshetz, while Orloff rendered a solo, or rather several solos, because his Moscow audience was just as enthusiastic

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about his talent, as is now his New York audience. We also may mention the fact that in May 1914 Orloff was suddenly summoned to leave Moscow and appear in a concert before Their Majesties in their Summer Palace in Crimea. This was an honor which was bestowed only upon the choicest Russian musicians.

Orloff's most outstanding musical quality is his quite exceptional and probably inborn sense of rhythm in all its aspects. This quality discloses itself mostly in various rhythmical liberties quite capricious sometimes. They take forms of retards, increases of tempo, almost unnoticeable *luft-pauses*, et cetera. But these liberties are counterbalanced by a proportional straightening of the "general line," which is always done with an almost sportsmanlike ability. If we add to the above his technical qualities, as perfect finger mechanism, large variety and gradation of sound effects, able pedalization, et cetera, we can easily understand the steady success which accompanies Orloff in his concerts played before audiences quite different in regard to their musical education.

We had the extreme pleasure of hearing Orloff's piano recital February 4, at Town Hall. We most sincerely think that all his advantages as a pianist increased with the years passed since the Moscow concert. His playing seems to be more that of an accomplished artist, while in the meantime all the brilliancy of the younger Orloff is present.

Pieces of smaller size are more familiar to Orloff's art than musical compositions written in major cyclical forms. This could be noticed particularly in the execution of Brahms' Sonata, where the pianist failed to create the feeling of a single composition, although the separate parts of the Sonata were played artistically. The composition itself is in part responsible for this fact; it was written under Schuman's influence and in any case is not one of the best Brahms' works.

The rest of the program presented the artist from an entirely different angle. The execution of Chopin's preludes was marked by an exceptional tastefulness and grace. The same may be said about the Etude by Liszt and particularly about the concert transcription of Strauss' *Blue Danube* waltz.

His rendition of the Russian dance from Stravinsky's *Petrushka*, Scriabin's *Pathetic* etude, and finally Liszt's *Polonaise*, showed also other sides of Orloff's musical and technical talent; his very strict and exact pianistic touch, his real musical temperament, and especially his artistic sense in finding the *leit-motif*, the nerve of every composition he played.

—SERGE KOUSHNAREFF.

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Russkaya Grand Opera

Boris Godunov — — Khovanchina

ANYONE attempting to portray the role of Boris Godunov to an audience remembering Chaliapin is doomed to suffer by comparison. Yet, Max Panteleieff succeeded in giving an original, entirely non-imitative, performance of the leading role of Moussorgsky's opera at the Mecca Temple, New York on the evening of March 6th.

It was a tender, perhaps a more pathetic and certainly a less tyrannical and autocratic Czar than an American expected to see. Such a rendition, such a characterization, to a Russian seems nevertheless correct. At times, however, one labored under the impression that the cast, which incidentally sang in Moscow and Petrograd in the old days, was far superior, vocally and dramatically, to the principal. This condition is the reverse when Chaliapin is the tragic Boris.

Very special mention should be given to the work of Alexander Kurganoff in the role of Dimitri and to Michail Schvetz, the drunken monk, Varlaam.

The orchestra directed by Michael Feveisky received just ovation. It sometimes was let out too much (if we may so unmusically express it) for the singers to show off to the best advantage. Not in a pit, but on a level with the first rows of the audience, the instruments and music stands too often obstructed the vision of some of the spectators. But this is rather a complaint of the acoustic properties and limitations of the auditorium itself and not of the artistic abilities of the company.

It is not always possible to understand even one's native words in an opera production, yet we venture to remark that the diction of the singers could be considerably improved.

On March 7th *Khovanchina* was given by the same company. Max Panteleieff in the role of Dositheus, head of the Old Believers (Rasskolniki) was easily the best in the cast. The Persian dances performed by Mikhail Mordkin and his Corps de Ballet were given much applause. It is surprising that this opera, although produced once in Philadelphia, had never before been presented to a New York audience. It seems to offer greater possibilities than the *Fair at Sorochintzy* (likewise left unfinished by the composer).

Our wish that Russian opera be performed in New York with an all Russian cast has been fulfilled. While *Boris Godunov* and *Khovanchina* were presented in connection with the Moussorgsky Jubilee (1881-1931), it is hoped that the Russkaya Grand Opera Company will give the operatic public in New York and elsewhere additional opportunities of hearing the works of Russian composers in the original language.

—L. J.

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SMATTER

"MY small complaint is really a compliment," writes a North Dakota reader. "You have sent me a copy of the February issue which is printed on one side of the sheet only. I think I would like to have the printed sheets only and eliminate the notes."

"That printer's devil," we thought as we prepared to massacre him via the telephone. But at that moment the Texas mail came in with this:

> I was rather disappointed upon opening my copy of the February 'Russian Student' magazine to find a considerable portion of the contents illegible due apparently to a mishap in printing. As I am very much interested in the articles in each issue of this little magazine, I am taking the liberty of returning my copy and should greatly appreciate your sending me another copy that is more legible if possible for you to do so.

If anyone else received a crazy looking copy please tell us. The printer is still at large.

Your editor must have been somewhat disorganized, too. Readers who took the trouble to look for Baratynski's poem on page 16 last month found the Apse of College of City of New York, by Theodore de Postels.

We're printing the poem here, just one month late. That's all!

SPRING

EVGENI ABRAMOVICH BARATYNSKI (1800-1844)

From *Anthology of Russian Literature,* Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons

SPRING, O spring! How pure the air, how clear the vault of heaven!

With its bright azure it blinds my eyes,

Spring, O spring! How, upon the pinions of the wind, caressing the sunbeams, the clouds fiit upon high!

The rivulets babble, the rivulets sparkle: roaring the river carries on its triumphant back the uplifted ice,

The trees are still bare, but in the grove the old leaves, as before, rustle under foot and emit fragrance.

Rising to the very sun and invisible in the clear height, the lark sings the song of welcome to the spring.

What has happened to my soul? With the brook it is a brook, and with the bird a bird: with one it babbles, with the other it flies into heaven:

Why do sun and spring give it such joy? Does it, as a daughter of the elements, make merry at their banquet?

Well, happy is he who there drinks oblivion from thought,

Who there is carried far away from it!

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SMATTER

We never intended to perpetrate a joke. At the last moment we suddenly changed our mind. We have a sneaking suspicion it may have been due to the fact that the sunbeams were not very caressing around the office that day and the clouds were very low.

Anyway it's more definitely spring now than it was in March. That was an excellent rendering by Mr. de Postels. We are told that City College itself never before saw such a good cut. Hoopla!

We're laughing up our sleeves because there have been so many complimentary remarks about the March issue. It was due to the articles, to the printer and to the brown ink. We're laughing because people are so color blind. We've gone around this town, buttonholing the natives and whispering in their ears: "Would you ever guess that's brown ink, all the way through? Well, it is!"

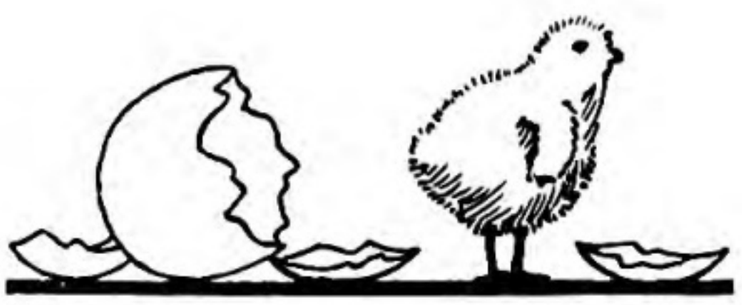
Russian Easter, this year, is only one week after American —which makes life more or less complicated. It would take us more than a week to make a batch of *koolich* (sweet bread). Needing so much of everything, where would we get five or six hours to knead the dough. For the *Paskha,* we are told, an earthen pot with a hole in the bottom will be a good substitute for wooden forms. Anyway it takes five pounds of cottage cheese, pressed all night—but it's licking good! If you don't believe it, ask some Russian lady to invite you for supper from midnight till dawn, April 11-12.

On second thought we'll spend that extra week thinking of all the things we've said in this column for which we should be forgiven. The other day we were introduced to a nice American gentleman in glasses as, "That terrible person who slams in *Smatter.*" We hope it was a Grand Slam, but it might have been a little one.

It's Easter! We forgive everything and everybody, even those who owe dollars for subscriptions. We hope they'll pay though. What a scandal would be created if we have to flit around and kiss each unpaid subscriber three times!

Christos Voskrese!

—deN.



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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover design is by Leon Zaitzevsky (M.I.T. '26), an architect with Maginnis and Wash, Boston. The design shows the crowds rushing to the Easter service, St. Isaac's Cathedral, St. Petersburg, which has been illuminated.

* * * * *

In the Russian Orthodox Churches the Easter services will begin about ten or eleven o'clock Saturday evening, April 11th and continue until early Sunday morning. In New York City these services will be held at the Russian Cathedral, 109 East Houston Street and at the Church of the Savior at 121st Street and Madison Avenue. American readers will find an English translation bv Isabel Hapgood known as the *Russian Service Book* from which we have quoted in this issue. American friends are especially invited to these services and seats are usually provided for them. The best time to go is about eleven o'clock, remaining until after the procession leaves the church and re-enters singing *Christos Voskrese*, at midnight.

* * * * *

Tatiana Boldyreff of Battle Creek, Michigan, has recently been appointed associate editor of the *American Poetry Magazine*. Articles by Miss Boldyreff have appeared in *The Russian Student* for April and November 1930.

* * * * *

Emma Ponafidine (Mme. Pierre Ponafidine) is a lecturer and writer on Russian themes and a contributor to many magazines. Her article, *Folk Songs of Old Russia* appeared in *The Russian Student* for December, 1927.

Many have enjoyed Xenia Nazarevitch's article on Moussorgsky in the March issue, and her comments on *The Fair of Sorochintzy* in December. Miss Nazarevitch recently gave her first public piano recital in Town Hall.

* * * * *

For information regarding Prof. Alexis Fovitsky, who is a frequent contributor, the reader is referred to *The Russian Student* for December 1928, March 1930 and recent issues.

* * * * *

The book reviewers in this issue are interested in and well informed on new and old material concerned with Russia. Vsevolod Fedoroff is a graduate of Yale University (M.S. '25). Ivan Chernikoff received the degree of Master of Commercial Science at Amos Tuck School, Dartmouth College, in 1928.

* * * * *

Serge Koushnareff is an occomplished pianist and a student in the School of Business, Columbia University.

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Agricultural Graduate

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Mechanical Draftsman

Pratt Institute graduate of industrial mechanical engineering. Drafting experience.

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

Quiet Street. *By Michael Ossorgin.* Translated *by Nadia Helstein. Dial Press.* $2.50. A picture of the Russian Revolution by a writer banished by the Soviet Government. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, March, 1931.

Economic Trends in Soviet Russia. *By A. Yugoff. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Richard R. Smith.* $4.25. Considered a reliable work on Russia, giving a complete picture to the fall of 1929 of Soviet economics, using figures that have been completely verified.

From Double Eagle to Red Flag. *By Peter Krassnoff. Duffield & Co.* $3.50. A popular edition of this tremendous epic of Russia.

The Unknown Tolstoi. *By Rene Fulop-Miller. Dial Press.* This volume includes a play which has never before been published.

The Russian Paradox. *By Bernhard Edelhers. Walton Book Company.* An account of conditions under Soviet rule.

Memoirs of General Wrangel. *Duffield & Co.* $6.00. A translation from the Russian of this record of the White Campaign.

Kostia the Cossack. *By General P. N. Krassnoff. Duffield & Co.* A novel of Russian life in the seventeenth century.

Gog and Magog. *By Vincent Sheean. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $2.00. A novel of Soviet Russia. Most of the characters seem to be American who serve as mouthpieces for groups having opposite beliefs.

Shambhala. *By Nicholas Roerich. Frederick A. Stokes Co.* $2.50. An account of the experiences of this artist and philosopher in Asia, principally in Tibet, together with explanation of some legends of the land.

Medieval Slavdom and the Rise of Russia. *By Frank Nowak. Henry Holt & Co.* $1.00. The rise of the Slavs to European power.

Uncle Vanya. *By Anton Chekhov, Translated, Adapted and With an Introduction by Rose Caylor. Covici-Friede.* $2.00. A new translation of the play which ran so successfully last season at the Cort Theatre, New York.

These Russians. *By William C. White. Charles Scribners' Sons.* $3.00 An interesting account of 17 types of Soviet citizens. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, April 1931.

The Economic Side of Soviet Russia. *By Calvin B. Hoover. Macmillan Co.* $3.00. An objective analysis of conditions in Soviet Russia. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, April 1931.

The Soviet Challenge to America. *By George S. Counts. John Day Co.* $4.00. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, April 1931.

Making Bolsheviks. *By Samuel N. Harper. University of Chicago Press.* $2.00. Six lectures given at the University of Chicago in the autumn of 1930.

The X Y Z of Communism. *By Ethan T. Colton. Macmillan Co.* $3.00. A factual study of the present regime, evidence taken from Soviet publications.

Romance of Leonardo da Vinci. *By Dmitri Merejkowski. Translated from the Russian by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Illustrated. Random House.* $5.00.

Borzoi Pocket Classics, *published by Knopf.* $1.00 a volume.

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Merezhkovsky—*The Death of the Gods*
The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci
Peter and Alexis

Tchekov—*Rothschild's Fiddle*
Plays

Tolstoy—*Redemption and Other Plays*
Anna Karenina
The Death of Ivan Ilyitch and Other Stories

Turgenev—*Fathers and Sons*
Smoke

The Economic Policy of Soviet Russia. *By Paul Haensel. London: King.*

The Russian Experiment. *By Arthur Feiler. Harcourt Brace & Co.* $2.00. The editor of the liberal German daily Frankfurter Zeitung studies Russia.

The Red Trade Menace. *By H. R. Knickerbocker. Dodd, Mead & Co.* $2.50. A reprint of a newspaper correspondent's articles originally appearing in the *New York Evening Post.*

Black Bread and Red Coffins. *By Negley Farson. The Century Co.* $4.00. A reporter on the wing sets down his impressions of life in Soviet Russia.

History of Russia. *By N. Brian Chaninov. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50. Biographies from the ninth century to the assassination of the Imperial family in 1918.

The Challenge of Russia. *By Sherwood Eddy. Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.50.

Women and Monks. *By Joseph Kallinikov. Harcourt Brace & Co.* $3.50. A novel of monastic life in pre-revolutionary Russia.

Theatre Street. *By Tamara Karsavina.* E. *P. Dutton & Co.* $5.00.

The Russian Theatre. *By Réne Füläp-Miller & Joseph Gregor. Translated by Paul England. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $25.00.

Education of a Princess. *A Memoir by Marie, Grand Dutchess of Russia. Translated from the French and Russian under the editorial supervision of Russell Lord. Viking Press.* $3.50. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, March, 1931.

My Russian Memoirs. *By Sir Bernard Pares. Jonathan Cape. London.*

Agricultural Russia on the Eve of the Revolution. *By George Pavlovsky. London: Routledge.*

Oblomov. *By Ivan Goncharov. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. The Macmillan Co.* $3.00. First published in Russian in 1858, available in English in shortened form, but now published for the first time in English in complete form. A great novel which explains Russian inertia and apathy. Reviewed in *The Russian Student, June* 1930.

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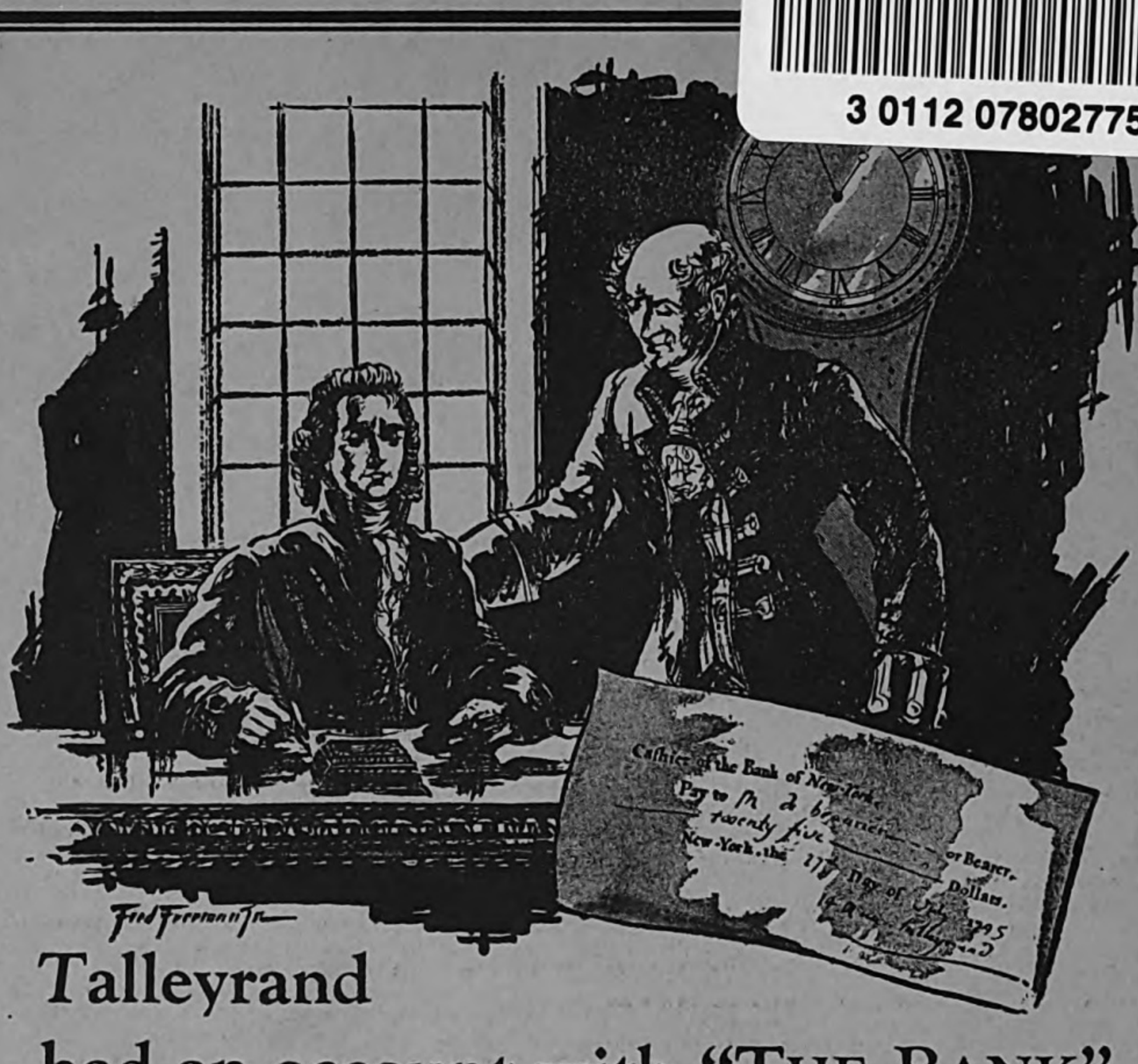

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